

THIRTY CENTS

MARCH 29, 1963

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

*"Keep your tents separate
and bring your hearts together!"*
—ARAB PROVERB

Robert Vickrey

EGYPT'S
NASSER



VOL. LXXXI NO. 13

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



The gracious life aboard the s.s. United States for Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Acker of Charlevoix, Michigan. They'll arrive in Europe refreshed, ready to enjoy every moment.



Hors d'oeuvres for Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Frates before a dinner selected from specialties of 5 continents. Mr. Frates is President of the Ridge Tool Company, Elyria, Ohio.

Prepare for Europe with this 5-day weekend — a vacation in itself



On the sports deck: Miss Mary Jane Kahn of Houston, Miss Susan Cronin of San Francisco, Thomas C. Watson and Philip M. Francoeur, Jr. Next a swim in the pool! At night they can dance to Meyer Davis music or see a first-run movie.

You can enjoy all the pleasures of a fashionable resort aboard the s.s. United States — or s.s. America.

Days of fun and leisurely living aboard the United States or the America prepare you for any adventure to come. There's nothing to do but live elegantly — rest, play, and be pampered. You'll appreciate why so many experienced travelers choose these ships for their crossings to and from Europe.

The s.s. United States regularly includes a weekend in its 5 days to Europe, saving time for businessmen.

The s.s. America. Popular, luxurious. Offers two extra days at sea for a more leisurely crossing.

Fares are lowest in the Thrift Season with additional 10% reduction for round trip, even if one way is by air. For even greater savings ask about excursion fares and special group rates.



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United States Lines

ONE BROADWAY, NEW YORK, and in Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, Norfolk, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C.

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couldn't be done...
couldn't be done...
couldn't be done...
couldn't be done...

until **Curon**[®]



High fashion crepe for all weather? Won't it go limp in the rain? Not with Curon inside. Curon keeps coats in shape!

NAMAN designs the A-line coat with panel back in water-repellent rayon and acetate crepe laminated to Curon. The collar is velvet; the lining is Milium[®] for all-weather comfort. Black only. In sizes 6 to 16 and 5 to 13. \$29.98. **STERN'S**, New York, 41 W. 42nd St., N.Y.C. and branches (telephone LO 5-6000); or write Naman, 500 Seventh Ave., New York. Curon is a registered trademark and a product of **REEVES Brothers, Inc.**, 1071 Sixth Avenue, N.Y. 18.

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The offering is made only by the Prospectus.*

NEW ISSUE

March 20, 1963



\$30,000,000

CROWN CORK & SEAL COMPANY, INC.

4 $\frac{3}{8}$ % Sinking Fund Debentures, Due March 15, 1988

Price 101.25% and accrued interest

*Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any State from only such of the undersigned
as may legally offer these Debentures in compliance with the securities laws of such State.*

Francis I. duPont & Co.

The First Boston Corporation

Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

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Goldman, Sachs & Co.

Harriman Ripley & Co.

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Stone & Webster Securities Corporation

White, Weld & Co.

Dean Witter & Co.

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The offering is made only by the Prospectus.*

NEW ISSUE

March 20, 1963



400,000 Shares

CROWN CORK & SEAL COMPANY, INC.

Common Stock

(Par Value \$2.50 per Share)

Price \$31.25 Per Share

*Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained in any State from only such of the undersigned
as may legally offer these Shares in compliance with the securities laws of such State.*

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Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

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You'll never forget enchanting Paris, and her famous Eiffel Tower.

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Send for free "Adventures in Europe 1963"

Europe! Just thinking about it is exciting. Being there is pure magic. But of course it takes some planning. There are passports to get, hotel reservations to make. And what about currency, tips, taxes, local customs?

► That's just where TWA's "Adventures in Europe" comes in. It answers every question

from bon voyage to welcome home. It tells you what to take, what to see and how to see it, all about those low-cost TWA tours, and hundreds more travel facts. In fact, an hour or so with these 16 pages is almost like a get-acquainted trip abroad. Mail the coupon today for your free copy.



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P. O. Box 1460, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please send my free copy of "TWA Adventures in Europe 1963."

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Address

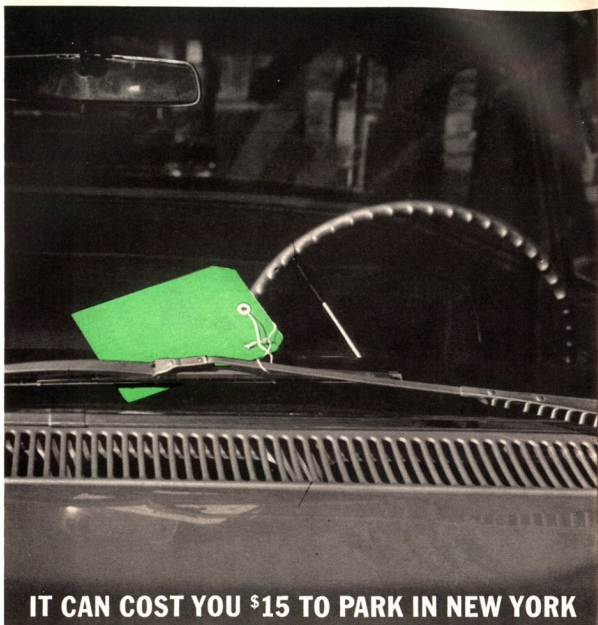
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My travel agent is

Please allow reasonable time for delivery.

Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on





IT CAN COST YOU \$15 TO PARK IN NEW YORK OR NOTHING!

(When you drive a Kinney Summer Rental car)

You have your own place to park this summer when you're driving a Kinney Summer Rental car. Because, on a four-month rental, you get free parking at handy spots all over New York from July 4 to Labor Day.

You also get the brand-new car of your choice—Valiant or other fine makes. And every car is equipped with automatic transmission, radio, heater and seat belts for your safety.

Kinney pays for all maintenance. Also for registration and license plates—and protects you with \$1,000,000 worth of insurance. You pay only one low monthly IBM bill plus your own gas and oil.

\$25 Free Bonus! If you reserve your Summer Rental car before April 15, Kinney will give you a certificate worth \$25 in daily car rentals...free. Good any time for a full year. Call today! LT 1-7900.

KINNEY
RENT A CAR

Kinney Rent a Car, Div. of Kinney Service Corp., 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y.; Queens and L. I., PE 5-4600; Westchester, WH 9-3114; Newark, MI 2-3719.



Punctures? Flats? Blowouts? Forget them all.

It's a General Dual 90

This is the tire that seals punctures instantly. Permanently. While you keep right on driving.

Fair weather or foul, you'll never limp home on half-a-tire of air.

You'll feel safer because you are safer. To protect you against blowouts, stout

Nygen Cords embrace the Dual 90 like steel cables.

Traction is terrific. Even on rain-slick surfaces. Stop. Pass. Merge. Exclusive Dual Treads give your car twice the grip on the road.

And you'll roll up thousands of miles

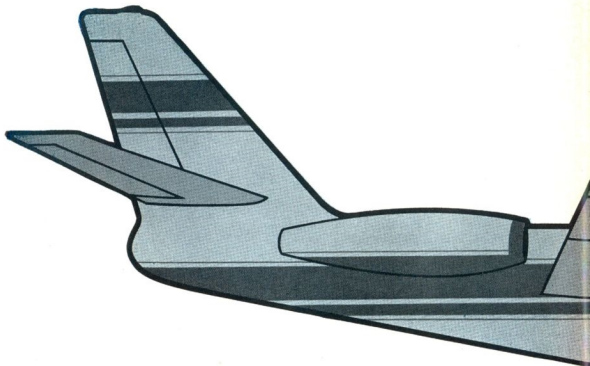
more than you ever got from any other tire. The Dual 90 is now built with an amazing new kind of super-tough rubber ... General's exclusive Duragen.

Before you wear this great tire out, you'll probably trade your car in.

Remember that!



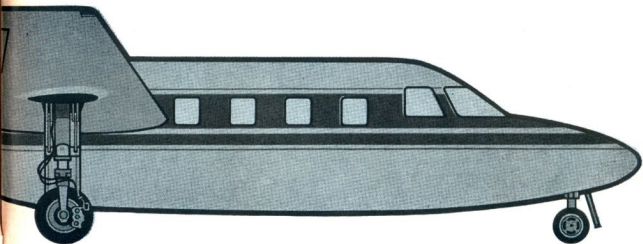
THE SIGN OF TOMORROW... TODAY



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Airplanes and lock springs. What's the connection? Rockwell-Standard®. We spread ourselves out without spreading ourselves thin. Nobody turns out more types and sizes of springs. Heavy-duty springs to take the jolting loads of 100-ton off-highway vehicles. Precision springs as fine as a human hair for cylinder and tumbler locks. And the new Jet Commander, first American executive jet aircraft to sell for less than \$500,000, speaks eloquently for our competence in the field of aviation. Specialists in

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springs. Specialists in airplanes, specialists in ten other major product lines. We've contributed a number of "firsts" in all the fields we serve. That testifies to our ability to solve many problems well. And to do it for people all over the world. We'd like to serve you. Our illustrated booklet "Dynamic . . . Diversified" tells the complete story. Write to Rockwell-Standard Corporation, Department 13, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania.



STAMPINGS • TRANSMISSIONS • UNIVERSAL JOINTS / **ROCKWELL-STANDARD:** MANUFACTURING SPECIALISTS FOR A WIDE WORLD OF INDUSTRY



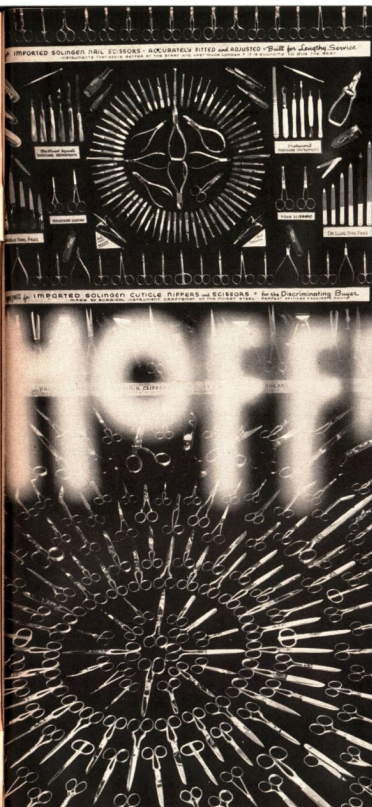
BERMUDA

More fun than you hoped for

Take leave of the humdrum. Come to Great Britain's loveliest Island Colony. The Islands sparkle in their setting of blue sea, blue sky, and brilliant foliage. You've never loafed on such soft sandy beaches. For golf there are four championship courses, two interesting nines. All-weather courts for tennis. Sail among the Islands. Fish inshore or deepsea. In the town of St. George 17th century Bermuda comes to life. And



shopping is something special too. At night you dine and dance to Calypso music or a continental band. Bermuda is only ninety minutes from New York by air... daily flights by four major airlines... or a weekend cruise by ocean liner. See your travel agent. Write for illustrated booklets to: "BERMUDA", 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y. • 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill. • 111 Richmond St., W., Toronto,



How long can you look in a HOFFRITZ window?

You can peer at 492 pocket, hunting and household knives. You can look at ten dozen ideas in nail clippers and nippers. Scissors? Hoffritz has left-handed and right-handed scissors, electrician's scissors, baby nail scissors and buttonhole scissors. Razors? Gee

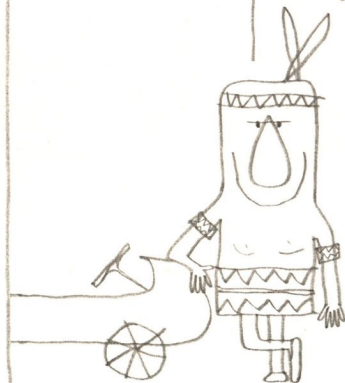
whiskers! Hoffritz has hundreds. Well, don't just stand there, go on in, Grand Central Terminal, 50 West 34, 30 Church, 551 Fifth, 331 Madison, Port Authority Terminal, Eastern Air Lines Terminal at Idlewild, Broadway at Fulton, and two in Penn Station.

Me keep feathers crossed
 -hope old boat last til reach
 um **Buick Trading Post**. 7 a.m.
 smoke signal say dealer give
 um best allowance now during
Buick Trading Pow Wow. We
 get car we want um at price
 we want um. Use wampum saved
 to join Country Club!

Latest research shows that 8 out of 10 new car buyers pay the price of a Buick, yet many wind up with only a "low price name" car! Which is silly because the Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for a Buick Special 2 dr coupe is \$2309*-for Skylark 2 dr sport coupe \$2257*-for LeSabre 2 dr sedan \$2869*-for Wildcat 2 dr sport coupe \$3249*-for Electra 225 4 dr sedan \$4051*-and for Riviera, only \$4333*! Six different price ranges-26 models to choose from! No wonder Buick sales have increased 40% in the past year!

EXCLUSIVE! Now RCA Victor Dynagroove LP. Greatest sound since records began. Just \$1 with special order form at Buick dealers. (Most Buick dealers have album on hand.)

Is it time to change places yet, fellas?



* Based on Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for models named above (includes reimbursement for Federal Excise Tax and Suggested Dealer Delivery and Handling Charge). Transportation charges, State and local taxes, accessories and optional equipment additional.



HALF

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*We believe Scotch
Whisky should be
Scottish all the way*

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in Scotland*
- *Teacher's is bottled
only in Scotland*



*Read it on our label
Taste it in our whisky
The flavour is
unmistakable*

TEACHER'S
*Highland Cream
Scotch Whisky*

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK



Grit is unique, the only national publication that chooses to soar into the small-town market *alone*. Because Grit gets readership in—and response from—more than 900,000 families concentrated in 16,000 true small towns, Grit adds balance to metropolitan-oriented advertising programs. Come fly with Grit—a rugged individualist well qualified to round out your advertising team.



Grit Publishing Company, Williamsport, Pa.

Grit Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit;
in Los Angeles and San Francisco—Doyle & Hawley Division, The Katz Agency

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

How the West Was Won. Cinerama turns from picture postcards to epic storytelling with a spectacle worthy of its wide-screen wonders. Sodbusters, Indians, outlaws, good guys, and a thousand thundering buffaloes all but shake the balcony off its hinges.

The Wrong Arm of the Law. Sneaky Pete Sellers as a raffish Raffles heads a gang of candid-camera jewel robbers, meets his match when a rival gang, disguised as policemen, muscles in on the racket.

The Quare Fellow. In this movie version of his first successful play, Brendan Behan storms out against capital punishment. And, because Irishmen laugh when others might weep, he also laughs at the way men are made to live in jail, and condemned to die.

To Kill a Mockingbird. The Pulitzer Prize novel by Harper Lee has been made into an engaging movie that exchanges some of the novel's cuteness for a charm of its own—some of it supplied by the hero (Gregory Peck), most of it by three gumptious young 'uns (Mary Badham, Phillip Alford, John Megna).

The Trial. Orson Welles presents Kafka in chiaroscuro, an adaptation filled with wondrous Wellesian camera work, spectacularly haunting sets, and a troupe of actors who try to outdo themselves and—in some instances—end up by being undone.

Term of Trial. Sir Laurence Olivier matches skills with Simone Signoret; as a miserable married couple they make a sad little mess and a good little movie of their lives.

Love and Larceny. Vittorio Gassman is a gasser in a grab bag of disguises, ends up as a con man conned *con amore*.

A Child Is Waiting. This film takes an impassioned look at the problem of mental defectives (there are 5,700,000 of them in the U.S.), and makes some surprising recommendations. Burt Lancaster, Judy Garland and Bruce Ritchey play the principal parts with distinction.

Days of Wine and Roses. Remick-on-the-rocks with a twist of Lemmon is the recipe for this effective temperance lesson.

Lawrence of Arabia. Will run 'til the sands of the desert grow cold.

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 27

Portrait (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* An interview with Winthrop Rockefeller from his Arkansas farm, Winrock.

Thursday, March 28

Read a good book.

Friday, March 29

Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Rerun of an excellent series. Tonight: "Götterdämmerung," the deaths of dictators and Germany's surrender.

Saturday, March 30

Exploring (NBC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.). The program includes a reading of *Casey at*

* All times E.S.T.



BLUE WATER. Bright tropic sun, cooling breezes and brilliant coloring combine to make the Caribbean delightful the whole year round.



OVER THE YARDARM. Relax with new friends. The "Santas" are noted for congenial atmosphere.



HOIST YOUR NAPKINS. Buffet luncheons at poolside. Gala dinners at night. The food is superb.



FLOAT. Take a refreshing dip in the largest outdoor pool that ever put to sea. Sit and soak up the sun.

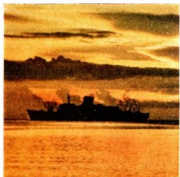


TREASURE HUNT. Colorful ports offer native handicrafts and European imports at free-port prices.

Sea story

You'll never forget the fun and relaxation of a 13-day Grace Line Caribbean cruise. The *Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula* are in a class by themselves—the only two ships specifically designed and built for Caribbean cruising. They are resorts at sea, luxury hotels in port. Their itinerary is superb. Plot your getaway. There's a sailing from New York every Friday.

YOU VISIT Curaçao and Aruba, N.W.I.; La Guaira (Caracas), Venezuela; Kingston, Jamaica; Port-au-Prince, Haiti; Fort Lauderdale, Florida.



GOLD NIGHT. The evening is ahead of you. Cocktails, dinner, dancing, music. Stroll the deck by moonlight.



YOUR TRAVEL AGENT will handle all the details. Grace Line, 3 Hanover Square, New York 4. Digby 4-6000.





Fall in love with Spain.

Spain is a land of contrasts. There are bullfighters, flamenco dancers, festivals and fiestas. There are magnificent cathedrals, quaint fishing villages, medieval castles and fabulous Mediterranean beaches lined with palm trees. All this is just 6½ comfortable hours away on Iberia, one of the world's most modern air lines. Read what you can see and do in Spain for as little as \$50 a week.



MODERN jet travel has made it easy for millions of people to enjoy the remarkable beauty, climate and prices of Spain.

The variety of color and scenery is unequalled anywhere in Europe. Here you'll find rugged snowcapped mountains. Vast rolling plains. Lush olive and orange groves. Medieval villages. Bustling modern cities. And magnificent beaches.

On the Mediterranean, there's a three-hundred-mile stretch of beaches along Costa Brava, Costa Blanca and Costa del Sol. On the Atlantic, there are the resort cities of Santander and San Sebastian.

Spain has the climate to go with these beaches. You can count on good weather from March to November along Costa Brava and Costa Blanca. And you can swim year round at Costa del Sol.

The prices in Spain will amaze you. You can stay in a first-class hotel for \$6.00 a day, meals included. Or you can splurge and stay in a de luxe hotel for \$7.50 to \$10.00 a day. Again, this includes all meals.

If you prefer, you can get a room without meals. This will cost you about \$6.00 a day in a de luxe hotel and \$3.00 a day in a good hotel. Then you're free to choose your own restaurants.

Spanish food is hearty, but not nearly as spicy as many people believe. A typical meal may include Gazpacho (an excellent soup made from cucumbers, garlic, tomatoes, and a dozen other ingredients). Cochinito asado (roast suckling pig). And a half bottle of wine.

You can get a full course dinner in a moderate-priced restaurant for about \$1.50. A de luxe restaurant will serve the same type of meal for \$3.50. A budget restaurant will fill you to the brim for 75 cents to \$1.00.

Iberia Air Lines of Spain will give you a 6½-hour head start in enjoying Spanish food and hospitality. Stewardesses from Spain's finest families serve you delicious meals and wines in the tradition of Spanish graciousness.

Iberia has the most modern DC-8 jets. They are meticulously maintained. The cabins are tastefully decorated, spacious and comfortable. Your pilot's training surpasses the most rigorous standards. He is a veteran of millions of flying miles.

There's no end of things to see or do in Spain. There's a festival or fiesta somewhere almost every day of the year. There are bullfights every Sunday from Easter till the end of October. And flamenco dancing in the cabarets every night.

The Prado Museum in Madrid has one of the finest art collections in the world. Here you can see the works of the great Spanish painters: Goya, El Greco, Velazquez, Murillo, Ribera. Admission charge is 10 pesetas (16 cents).

There are three medieval cities within 75 miles of Madrid. Avila, Segovia, Toledo. Here you can explore ancient cathedrals, castles, palaces and forts. When you approach from Madrid, the skyline of Toledo looks exactly as El Greco painted it in the sixteenth century.

Getting around Spain is a cinch. Taxi fares are about one third as much

as in the United States. Subways cost about 2 cents. Or you can hire a chauffeur-driven car and travel in style. This costs \$7.00 a day, plus 4 to 7 cents a kilometer.

Air travel in Spain is excellent. Iberia Air Lines serves the major cities, plus the Balearic and Canary Islands. Fares are low. You can fly from Madrid to Valencia for \$10.70. Or from Barcelona to the island of Majorca for only \$8.30.

Add it up. For less than \$50.00 you can spend a full week in a good hotel in Madrid. Eat to your heart's content. Watch the bullfights and jai alai matches. Go to a flamenco cabaret. Visit the Prado.

For \$25.00 more you can take side trips to El Escorial, Segovia, and Toledo. And take a plane to Seville or Valencia.

Iberia is the way to get there

Spain is 6½ hours from New York by Iberia DC-8 jet. One-way fare to Madrid is \$292. Spain is fast becoming the place to go. Make the decision. Your travel agent will take care of all the details.

Fall in love with Spain.



©1963, SPANISH NATIONAL TOURIST DEPARTMENT
Write to: 485 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Formentor beach on the island of Majorca is one of the finest beaches on the Mediterranean. Majorca is 120 miles south of Barcelona and is served by daily flights by Iberia Air Lines from six Spanish cities.

Reader's Digest

35¢

may interest you to this moment you are of the two biggest in the West," he said. "We are several miles nearer to the enemy and we should form the first wave of

beginning of an im- Britain's ability and age herself to the war war be visited ilization.

unachievable to completely in the the air marshal a man discussing whatever happens of nuclear war. off x-number of o sites dispersed are overwhelm- think he knows

ghtfully. "Our mission differs egie Air Com- is the com- bombers—all standards—are quickly and e than yours. in less time t get to alti- cause his air ch closer to cious. It is t to launch er force, er weapons



Why sales of Ehlers Coffee jumped 22%

"Since we first began advertising in Reader's Digest our sales have increased 22% . . . the most dramatic rise in our 82-year history," reports Albert Ehlers, Jr., president of Ehlers Coffee Company.

"A full-color spread in the December 1961 Metro New York Edition announced our SAV "A" STRIP plan which offers a free pound of Ehlers for every twelve can-strips mailed in. Response was overwhelming and increased with each ad that followed. We

receive an average of over 53,000 strips each week from the New York area alone. That's more than 4,400 cases of Ehlers.

"When our salesmen told dealers that Ehlers would be advertised in The Digest, they got displays and features where they could never get them before."

People have faith in Reader's Digest. 13,500,000 U.S. families (23,000,000 world-wide) buy each issue.

the Bat and an explanation of why a baseball curves when thrown. Color.

Sports International (NBC, 3:30-5 p.m.). A study of British auto racing, which focuses on former Champion Speedster Stirling Moss. Color.

The Defenders (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). "A Book for Burning" concerns a self-appointed censor and a novel he considers pornographic. Cast includes Walter Abel, Sam Wanamaker and Georgann Johnson.

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9 p.m. to conclusion). *Ten North Frederick*, an adaptation of John O'Hara's undress address, with Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi, Suzy Parker and Geraldine Fitzgerald. Color.

Sunday, March 31

Directions '63 (ABC, 2-2:30 p.m.). The final program in a series, "Ethics in Five Acts," features Rabbi Louis Finkelstein, Protestant Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, Jesuit Father Robert Johann, and Authoress Santha Rama Rau.

NBC Opera Company (NBC, 1:30-3:15 p.m.). Part one of Johann Sebastian Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, with Alfred Wallenstein conducting. Color.

The Sunday Sports Spectacular (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.). "Hunting and Fishing" ranges, with Sportsman Leo Wulff, from moose in Newfoundland to fresh-water sharks in Nicaragua.

Wild Kingdom (NBC, 3:30-4 p.m.). "Exploring the Reef" examines the ways in which animals propel themselves through water. Marlin Perkins, director of the St. Louis Zoo, is host. Color.

The Sunday Night Movie (ABC, 8-10 p.m.). *Tunes of Glory*, with Alec Guinness and John Mills.

The Voice of Firestone (ABC, 10:30-11:30 p.m.). *I Am the Way*, a special Lenten opera composed and sung by Metropolitan Opera Bass Jerome Hines.

Monday, April 1

Ben Jarrod (NBC, 2-2:25 p.m.). Premiere of a new daytime drama series about a lawyer.

General Hospital (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Premiere of a daytime serial concerning doctors, nurses, and requiring patience.

The Doctors (NBC, 2-2:30 p.m.). Premiere of an anthology series about—of all things—a hospital.

Tuesday, April 2

The World of Darryl Zanuck (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A study of filmland from the days of Valentino to the daze of Elizabeth Taylor, as told through the colorful producer of *The Longest Day*.

THEATER

On Broadway

Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill. The Actors Studio Theatre with a high-voltage cast makes a redoubtable debut and Geraldine Page fills the stage with prismatic splendor. The play itself, a 4½-hour marathon, is a dated *Lost Generation* curio, infused, at odd moments, with O'Neill's personal anguish.

Enter Laughing, by Joseph Stein. The Jewish situation comedy is not a trend but a glut. This one offers traces of honest observation, and as a clown of a would-be actor, Alan Arkin is outrageously funny.

Never Too Late, by Sumner Arthur Long. Actor Paul Ford cannot face belated fatherhood, but he does glow at it



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A BONUS
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First choose your dealer—then select your Mercedes-Benz. Your dealer makes an important difference—in what you pay... in the proper conditioning of your new car... in the satisfaction it will bring you over the years.

The bonus we give with every car, at our Park Avenue Salon, has many facets.

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Think first of Mercedes-Benz Park Avenue Salon; it will repay you many times.

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In MIAMI...



staying at the NEW EVERGLADES makes good sense, and lots of extra dollars!

The New Everglades' perfect, near-everything location puts you where all the business is being done—quickly! Its 4 fine restaurants and superb resort facilities (including South Florida's only rooftop heated Swimming Pool and Sun Deck) keep you at your up-and-at-'em productive peak. The low, year-round rates mean you get more comfort, convenience and luxury—for less. It all adds up to a successful, money-saving, money-making Miami trip every time!

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T. JAMES ENNIS
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Please open: ☐ Individual Account
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all evening, which results in considerable jollity. As a son-in-law who moves as if popped from a toaster, Orson Bean helps with the fun.

Little Me welds song, dance and gag with high-precision skill in this musical-comical saga of Belle Poitrine. Sid Caesar, clown supreme, stokes the evening with steady laughter.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, by Edward Albee, is the play that gets on more people's tongues and under more people's skins than any other current Broadway offering. Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen are shatteringly good as a sterile couple who savage each other in a night-long bout of wit, alcohol and cruelty.

Beyond the Fringe. Four wickedly clever young English sharpshooters riddle such sacred institutions as God, Shakespeare and Harold Macmillan. The wackiest loon of the lunatic lot is Dr. Jonathan Miller.

RECORDS

Brecht on Brecht (Columbia) is a perfect reminiscence of the works of Bertolt Brecht, recited by the original cast that played it last year at Manhattan's Theatre de Lys. Since the action of the players consisted mainly of squirming about on high stools, nothing is lost in the recording. Brecht's own voice is heard, and the readings by Anne Jackson, Viveca Lindfors, George Voskovec, Dane Clark and Michael Wager are almost as pleasing to the ear as Brecht's songs as sung by Lotte Lenya.

Bentley on Brecht (Riverside) is a gesture more of love than of talent, but it captures the clattering, frightening spirit of Brecht's Berlin better than Columbia's *virtuosi* recording. Eric Bentley, Brecht's scholarly interpreter and entrepreneur, sings tinnily, recites brokenly, and now and then plays the piano badly, with the result that he is totally convincing and totally true to his master's idea of a winning performance.

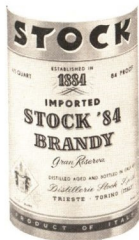
Love Poems of John Donne (Cedmon; Richard Burton) shows what three centuries can do to the collision between love and sex. Donne's ardent poems (circa 1600) sound merely arch in Burton's reading, which wavers between the sleazy-sexy and the sticky-sentimental. Only in the poems to prideful love (*The Good Morrow*, *Sweetest Love, I Do Not Go*) does Burton's good voice ring out far enough to retrieve Donne from the mush.

Dramatic Readings from Eugene O'Neill (Columbia, Jason Robards Jr.) is a masterwork by one of the most masterful dramatic voices now on the stage. Robards reads with conviction from *Long Day's Journey into Night*, *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, *The Hairy Ape* and *The Iceman Cometh*, providing a good primer to O'Neill, and a better primer for other actors who dare the trick of reading on records.

Poetry of Lorca (Riverside) is excessively decorated by the Spanish guitar of Jose Motos, but the recital by Marius Goring is excellent and the choice of works discriminating. Included is Lorca's beautiful *Romance Sonambulo* (*Somnambulist Ballad*), and his famous lecture, *The Theory and Function of the Duende*.

The Happy Prince and The Devoted Friend (Folkways) presents Oscar Wilde's two gentle fables told by the cheerful and gentle voice of Claire Luce. The stories

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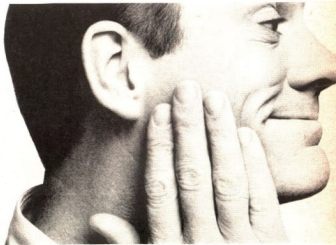
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— "honor," answers Louis Kronenberger. He wonders "Whatever Became of Personal Ethics?" in the current issue of HORIZON. A code of personal honor is for squaresville. Back-stabbing is a social art (and this noted critic-turned-professor has watched the masters of this art perform). The penthouses are full of militant fighters for equality — as long as it doesn't live next door. Kronenberger's chastisement may make you want to punch him, your neighbor, or yourself in the nose. But it's lively reading in the rich and varied HORIZON tradition. More?

Europa (on bullback at right) appears near Kronenberger in the same issue. She personifies the new and sassy unified Europe that Pulitzer Prize-winner Edgar Ansel Mowrer puts on the couch in another timely HORIZON analysis. Also present in this issue, a picture portfolio of Venice, siren among cities; a discourse on Utopias gone sour; a conversation between Diogenes and Alexander (as repeated by Gilbert Highet). Basil Davidson shatters some stereotypes with "The Face Behind the Mask" in Africa. Robert Graves discusses the way of the poet with words. Russell Lynes puts a frame around bowling's stylish elevation from back alleys. Between HORIZON's hard covers, this diversity fits as handsomely as a London suit.

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HORIZON—A MAGAZINE TO ENGAGE THE MIND AND DELIGHT THE EYE

are fey and perfect for aging children. Anthony and Cleopatra (Shakespeare Recording Society) is a handsome, three-record addition to the large collection of Shakespeare already recorded, the best *Antony* available (another good version shrinks it onto one long-playing record). Anthony Quayle is a splendid Antony, Pamela Brown a tremulous Cleopatra.

BOOKS

Best Reading

That Summer in Paris, by Morley Callaghan. The Canadian novelist reminisces about some old pals, notably Fitzgerald and Hemingway, in the Montparnasse of the 1920s, when every Tom, Scott and Ezra thought he was a writer of genius.

V., by Thomas Pynchon. A likable, mad and unfathomable first novel about a beatnik's search for the meaning of V.—which could stand for Venezuela or Vesuvius or almost anything else in the dream country of the hero's past.

The Ordinal of Change, by Eric Hoffer. Eisenhower's favorite philosopher argues in these essays that history is a constant —and constantly fruitful—tussle between the intellectuals and the masses.

Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller, A Private Correspondence. In an exchange of letters that crackled back and forth for nearly 25 years, the two novelists speak with wit, wisdom and dedication about the practice of their trade.

The Second Stone, by Leslie Fiedler. A zany triangle of Americans in Rome soon turns out to be a parable in which Author-Critic Fiedler pits the U.S. artist as rebel against the U.S. artist as public entertainer. **Voltaire and the Calas Case**, by Edna Nixon. With precision and power, the author brings to life a moment in French history when the aging Voltaire came from retirement to rouse all Europe against French persecution of the Huguenots.

The Party, by Rudolph von Abele. The symbol of Nazi Germany, the author suggests in this biting novel, is not an armed camp or an insane asylum but a lurid party at which decent men lose their bearings and capitulate to monsters.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour An Introduction**, Salinger (1, last week)
2. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. **The Sand Pebbles**, McKenna (3)
4. **Fail-Safe**, Burdick and Wheeler (4)
5. **The Moon-Spinners**, Stewart (6)
6. **\$100 Misunderstanding**, Gover (5)
7. **A Shade of Difference**, Drury (7)
8. **The Moonflower Vine**, Carleton (8)
9. **Triumph**, Wylie (9)
10. **The Cape Cod Lighter**, O'Hara (10)

NONFICTION

1. **Happiness Is a Warm Puppy**, Schulz (2)
2. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (1)
3. **The Whole Truth and Nothing But**, Hopper (5)
4. **The Fire Next Time**, Baldwin (9)
5. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!**, Hudson (4)
6. **Final Verdict**, St. Johns (3)
7. **Silent Spring**, Carson (8)
8. **The Points of My Compass**, White (6)
9. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (10)
10. **The Fall of the Dynasties**, Taylor (7)



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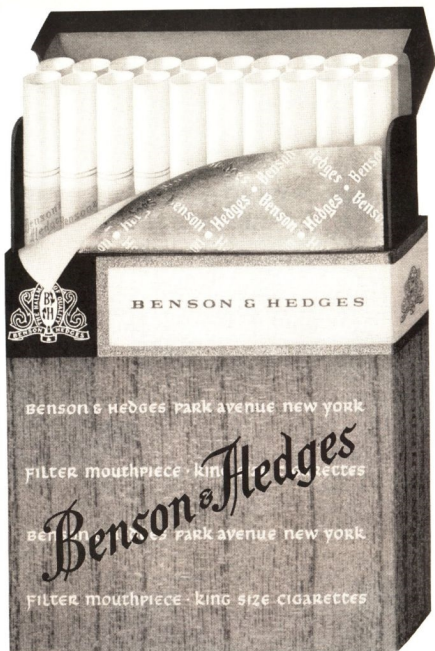
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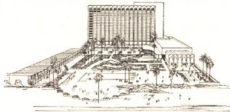


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LETTERS

Teen Feel

Sir:

I was morosely slapping my baby fat, mourning my acne, and tearfully considering my martyrdom to high school while searching the pages of your fine magazine for a subject for my next current events report in world affairs class, when I happened to find an article in *Music* called "St. Joan of the Juke-box" [March 15]. It looked interesting, so I read it. Being 16, I find that I am pretty well "over the hill" from the point of view of your article; nevertheless, it touched a few soft spots in my memory. I speak from years of experience, you might say.

You have, and in your own inimitable style, presented a very good picture of the pop record field and what you call the "teen feel."

I am considering the article for my current events report, except that I don't think it would go over very well with my teacher, and therefore would only add to the pain of my high school martyrdom.

KATHRYN HARMON

Pomona, Calif.

Sir:

TIME is my favorite magazine, but Dion is my favorite singer. You must admit that the songs we teen-agers listen to are better than the songs you old fozies listened to when you were kids (if you ever were).

STEVE YOUNGS

Hastings, Mich.

Sir:

What's wrong with Dion? He is anything but pathetic looking, and saying that he has a little voice is like saying President Kennedy is bald. Dion has everything a rock-'n'-roll singer needs, especially hair.

CAROL REISS

Brooklyn

Sir:

Your article has reason, directness and logic, but it is written with adult uncomprehension. Being 17, I suppose I am above what you consider the "teen feel," yet I cannot help sensing that you have missed the point entirely.

Everything you said is true: we do try to drown our sorrows, or whatever you may call them, by listening to simple sounds on the radio, and yet there are two sides to every story. Presumably, being an adult, you looked in from the outside and could not see for the reflection. Today I think we all feel the push, rush and tension in our lives. Young people feel this drive as much as adults, if not more, because of their youth. We seek to relieve this tension of "broken dates, homework, high school," not as adults, but with something as simple, as idiotic, as repetitive and as "dumb" as popular "dirges."

CHARLOTTE R. DENNETT

Riverside, Conn.

Sir:

It is my belief that teen-agers claim these weird conglomeration of noise and moaning for their own only until they can find their own places in society—or out of it. I went through it all (I'm 16), and now sometimes I turn on the radio and it just makes me sick.

Teen-agers aren't being sophisticated; they're being asinine about the whole music industry—especially folk music. Rock 'n' roll is too superficial to be of any lasting value, while the folk songs they insult will live on.

S. WHEAT

Bayside, Va.

Peeping Sam

Sir:

The "Peeping Tom" relationship between the U.S. and the planet Venus [March 8] began a good many years ago, if this cartoon from an 1858 issue of *Yankee Notions* can be relied on. The caption reads: "What may be expected. After annexing all the territory this side of Jordan, Jonathan [an early name for Uncle Sam] casts a longing eye upon the other, with a view to 'absorption' of some of the other planets. Venus will be the first one taken in, probably."

ROGER BUTTERFIELD

New York City



The Valet's Ordeal

Sir:

Regarding "The Valet's View" [March 22], I can only say this—Caesar had his Brutus, Christ had his Judas, and Eisenhower had his Emmet John Hughes.

EDWARD DEH. STICK

Carlisle, Pa.

Sir:

It seems that all you have to do these days to get a book published is write down all the nasty things you've ever thought about a revered public figure.

What do you suppose Emmet John Hughes does when he isn't writing books? Taps his friends' and neighbors' telephones, I'll bet.

MARTHA KRAFT

Indianapolis

Sir:

Perhaps Emmet Hughes should join Princess Margaret's former footman, David John Payne. They could dig dirt together.

MRS. THOMAS CHIKALLA

Madison, Wis.

Time Piece

Sir:

I liked TIME's timely piece on U.S. Time's great timepiece [March 15].

JOHN BEDNER JR.

(A stockholder of U.S. Time)
Arlington, Va.

The Waiting Game

Sir:

On behalf of all the have-been-nauseated, burped-and-wet-upon, bleary-eyed, straggly-haired mothers, many thanks for your article on maternity fashion ads [March 15]. Reading it helped me to lose the guilt complex built up by not being able to match those lovely, serene creatures in the ads. I hereby challenge all advertisers to use models 8½ months pregnant.

BARBARA FRICKE

Claremont, Calif.

Sir:

Nine months ago I was 23, weighed 105 lbs., stood 5 ft. tall, and worked as a high-priced secretary—efficient, chic and sophisticated. Now I am still 23, 5 ft. tall, weigh 128 lbs., and when I am not being sick all over, I am trying to keep house. I am disorganized, sloppy and cranky.

Oh, both my husband and I read these women's magazines where a "lady-in-waiting" is beautiful to everyone—she not only has some of the "sweetest-looking" clothes to choose from but has an inner glow that makes her radiant. I do have some of those "sweet-looking" maternity clothes but what good do they do me when they don't hang right or button shut (they fitted at six and seven months, but not now) and when my feet, ankles, hands, arms and face are swollen? As for an inner radiance, how can I? I know I look awful.

MRS. E. J. MCCABE JR.

Climax, N.Y.

Sir:

Obviously "The Waiting Game" was written by a woman with experience in such things. Such delightfully accurate pieces of reporting are the reason that I always pass up women's magazines in favor of TIME.

(MRS.) ELIZABETH VITEK

Guildford, Australia

William Carlos Williams

Sir:

I read your wonderful report on William Carlos Williams [March 15], and my day was made. Your reporter's poignant finish was a masterpiece of poetry itself. After the quotation on death, which truly could have been Williams' own epitaph, there followed

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those two wallop-packed sentences: "Except for the poems. Except for the babies."

Such an affirmation would have had Dr. Williams himself cheering—as I am cheering.

ETTA CLUSTER MERCUR

Baltimore

Chicago

Sir:

Your cover story [March 15] describes the feeling and sense of Chicago as I've tried to do since moving from there last year. It was real enough to taste.

FRANK H. STILES

Bridgeville, Pa.

Sir:

Having worked in the heart of Chicago's South Side for two summers and having seen its police bought and its people suffer, I agree with Willard Motley, who, in *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*, calls your "man among cities" "a lady with a painted face and dirty underwear."

JEFFREY BIES

Minneapolis

Sir:

Your article on Chicago's Mayor Daley says that his power is "dedicated to making Chicago a better place." It is more dedicated to creating Democratic vote totals where none exist, and the city's elections are probably the most dishonest in the nation.

Presumably you know the story about John Kennedy, Dean Rusk, and Mayor Daley adrift in a lifeboat with food for only one person, so that two people have to jump overboard. Kennedy says he is too important; Rusk says he is too important; but Daley says that the democratic way to decide on the martyrs is to have an election. So they vote. Daley wins the vote, 8 to 2.

WARREN SNYDER

Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

The particular base from which I'm writing is a volunteer, nonpartisan civic activity seeking to update and thus improve the world's information about Chicago.

To state our objective, in oversimplified terms, it would be very nice if some day Chicagoans could travel the world without small children pointing fingers and making noises imitating machine guns.

My mission at the moment is to thank you. Many of the finer aspects of Chicago's total personality came to light as collateral material in your March 15 cover story. Thus you have moved us closer to our objective.

ALLEN H. CENTER

Committee for Economic & Cultural Development
Chicago

Solitary, Not Lonely

Sir:

Please assure your readers, many of whom have written to me, that I am not lonely. A solitary Lutheran monk, yes—but not lonely.

One Lutheran pastor has written that "many celibate clergy and laymen, myself being a case in point, live neither in solitude nor in loneliness, and have neither need nor desire to be an Anglican, Catholic or Lutheran monk." TIME did quote me correctly, I believe. However, I should have made it clear that I was thinking of the Lutheran celibate called to the religious life.

To correct a misunderstanding, it should be made clear that the Mass is celebrated here only when there is someone along with the celebrant to receive Holy Communion.

ARTHUR KARL KREINER, C.S.C.
St. Augustine's House
Oxford, Mich.

The Computer & the Amanuenses

Sir:

The evidence obtained from an electronic computer by the Scottish Rev. Andrew Morton [March 15] as to the undoubtedly Pauline authorship of four New Testament Epistles confirms the findings of the higher critics of the 19th century. Basing their judgment not only on literary style but on various other clues as well, they picked the same four Epistles as the only genuine ones in the 14 attributed to the Apostle Paul.

Having known this for a good many years, may I now feel a little smug about it?

BESSIE B. CHENIECK

Chicago

Sir:

Our canny Scot demonstrates only that one can prove anything by statistics.

Paul was no classical author, writing by hand or dictating and correcting his manuscripts like a Plato or Plutarch, but a busy missionary bishop employing the amanuenses that he could pick up in the cities where he wrote his Epistles. These were first-class, well-educated Greek, balancing every sentence with the copious use of *kais*. Others were third-rate and knew only the *koine kais*, which have as much meaning as our colloquial *ands*. So *kais* are the most unreliable "figures" to pour into a computer.

(THE REV.) WILLIAM TOEDTMAN
Oceanside, N.Y.

O, Jonny

Sir:

I never knew whoop put the oo in shampoo until I read the article on page fifty-two of your March 8 issue. I won't pass judgment on phonics as a rule for teaching Jonny to read, but I must doubt that it improves his spelling. There are simply few, many exceptions to the rule—when *tew* os get together *tew* say "boo." For example:

Luk at the kangaroo I drue.
To make him stand out in a group
I colored his bluo.
But yoo'll have to luk in luk in buk to spell him

For I drue him by ear.

Now that yoo've seen the kangaroo
See if yoo can find the yew.
I'll give yew a gud cloo—
She's hiding behind the ewe.

Yours truly,

ROOTH FERNWUD

Fresno, Calif.

Sir:

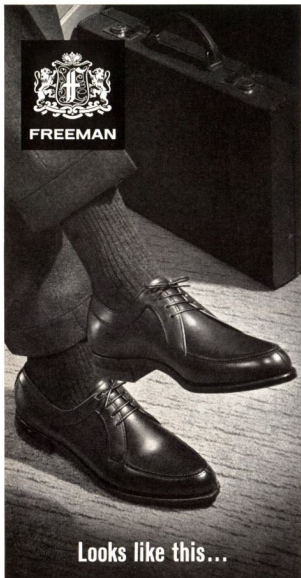
I have read the letter from the lady who thinks I shouldn't have learned to read the way my mother taught me. I do know how to spell raccoon. We had one in camp when my family went to Maine. It came at night.

JONNY WENKART
(Aged 7)

Cambridge, Mass.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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... an engine that sets crosswise instead of lengthwise. This simple maneuver finds 80% of the car's length devoted to luggage and passengers, 5 passengers. Even long-legged riders will find the back seat as big as a bathtub ...

... while up front, sports car enthusiasts sit snugly in two buckets ... Dual carburetion ... 4-speed stick shift ... Crunchproof synchromesh gear box ... Speeds in excess of 80 mph, the guts and spirit of a true MG. But Mom likes this MG because it's a tiny marvel in big city traffic. It parks in a pocket, stretches budgets (24 to 30 mpg). It goes shopping, visits Grandma, hurries to the station, hushes to church and sits comfortably at a drive-in movie. But on the road, when you're all by yourself—it's an MG. Flattens hills, corners like a cat. Sports car disc & drum combination brakes for safer, surer stops. Revolutionary fluid suspension system (no springs, no shock-absorbers) for a creamy smooth ride. Front wheel drive ... the engine pulls instead of pushes ... Incredible stability (especially on slippery roads).

The MG Sports Sedan—a car that anyone can drive with enjoyment, comfort and confidence. A little giant, bigger on the inside than it appears on the outside.

Put a racing stripe on its top ...

... or a picnic basket in its back. You have at your command an obedient servant, a sporting spirit—an elegant rascal.

And even sports car drivers wave ...



MG SPORTS SEDAN
\$1898^{00*}

*Suggested retail price New York P.O.E. included. Turn signals; windscreen washer; spare wheel; tool kit; ash tray light. (Heater, whitewalls and racing stripe optional)

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FOR THE STANDARD FAMILY AUTOMOBILE POLICY

*COMPARE GEICO RATES WITH BUREAU RATES

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Medical Payments.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	20% reduction
Collision.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	30% reduction
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Uninsured Motorists.....	No reduction or increase.....	25% reduction
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Name _____ ☐ Male ☐ Female ☐ Single ☐ Married

Residence Address _____ Zone _____ County _____ State _____

City _____ Occupation (Rank if on active duty) _____ Age _____

Is car principally kept on a farm or ranch? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Location of car if not at above address _____

Year	Make	Model	# Cyl.	Body Style	Purchase Date	New	Used
					Mo. Yr.	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

My present policy expires Mo. _____ Yr. _____

Days per week auto driven to work? _____ One way distance is _____

Is car used in business other than to or from work? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Additional male operators under age 25 in household at present time: _____

Age	Relation	Married or Single	% of Use
			%
			%

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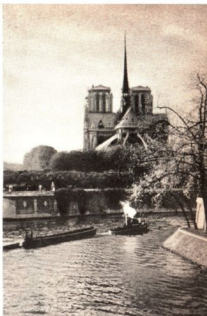
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Rome, London and Paris are three of the cities you can visit on KLM's new "\$5-a-day Plan." Clip coupon for more details.

How to see Europe with KLM and spend only \$5 a day on bed, breakfast and sightseeing

This summer, thousands of Americans will see Europe on an unusual, new kind of tour. They will plan their own itineraries, set their own pace—yet pay the low prices that most people think are available only on the least expensive group tours. This new tour plan has been developed by KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch.

THE great advantage of our new tours," says Charles Bulterman, KLM's Tour Manager, "is that you visit only the cities you want to see—no more and no less—and you stay exactly as long as you want in each."

What you get for \$5 a day

Here is what KLM's \$5-a-day tour plan includes:

1. Accommodations in good, comfortable hotels—the kind where you are likely to meet more European than American travelers.
2. A hearty European breakfast.
3. At least one sightseeing tour in every city you visit—and two in many of them.
4. In some cities, lunch will be included. KLM also has \$10 and \$15 a day tour plans. They provide more luxurious accommodations, lunch or dinner in most cities, and extra sightseeing tours.

"KLM can bring you these low prices," Mr. Bulterman explains, "because it has been flying around Europe for 43 years. This has given us time to

evaluate hundreds of lower-priced hotels. We now know the best bargains."

How the plan works

KLM's plan is simplicity itself. First, decide how many days you want to spend in Europe and whether you want to spend \$5, \$10, or \$15 a day. Then decide which cities you want to visit, and how long you want to stay in each.

Next, take all this information to your travel agent and tell him you want to fly on KLM's plan-it-yourself tours. And that's all there is to it. He'll do the rest.

How KLM can save you more money

KLM can cut the cost of your European tour still further. If you fly to the farthest city on your itinerary, KLM lets you visit the others for little or no extra fare.

KLM will also advise you about reliable, inexpensive restaurants where you can have

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Bernard M. Auer

TIME MARCH 29 1962



“I can’t get my brother’s pants over his shoes!”

The young man had a problem. He was quite serious about it as he dialed the telephone operator.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“Nobody’s home and I can’t get my brother’s pants on over his shoes!”

“Why don’t you try taking off his shoes and *then* putting on

his pants?” the operator gently suggested.

There was a long pause, some heavy breathing, then finally, “Gee, that works swell! Thanks.”

* * *

This little story is true. And it tells something of the spirit that thousands of telephone people

bring along with them to their work each day.

There are no written rules in the Bell System on how to assist bewildered small boys, or others in need of some neighborly service that falls in our line.

We just try to be helpful. We don’t *always* succeed—but we try.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

The Spirit of Spring

To the Kennedy Administration, it seemed that spring 1963 might be balmy. There were the usual world tensions and domestic disputes. But there were no really burning crises. And the President, fresh from a triumphal visit to Central America, was at his jauntiest.

His mood was reflected at a post-Post-Rican press conference. Newsmen tossed him some pretty sticky questions—and he took them in easy stride.

A Family Example. Was he upset by the grilling that Defense Secretary Robert McNamara was getting from Congress over the TFX fighter-plane contract? McNamara, for one, seemed disturbed by the committee's intimations of favoritism. In a highly emotional state, he told the Senators that his son, reading newspaper accounts of the controversy, had asked: "When is my father going to be proved an honest man?"

But the President took a relatively relaxed view of the TFX fuss. He stuck up staunchly for McNamara: "My judgment is that the decision reached by Secretary McNamara was the right one, sound one, and any fair and objective hearing will bring that out. I have no objection to anyone looking at the contract as long as they feel a useful function is served."

Then, smilingly, the President alluded to his brother, Massachusetts' Senator Teddy Kennedy, in making the point that McNamara is above political influence. Said the President: "I know from personal experience that Senators and Congressmen who recently visited Secretary McNamara, asking to prevent plans from being turned down, who happen to be members of my own party, and indeed even more closely related, have been rejected by the Secretary of Defense."

Similarly, only a few weeks ago Kennedy had been issuing dire warnings of economic recession if his tax program was not accepted by Congress. Now, at his press conference, he said: "We don't believe that there will be a recession this year." What were the prospects for his program? Said he: "I plan to get the tax cut." Later, while in Chicago on a trip to dedicate the city's new O'Hare International Airport, he grimly insisted that action must be taken to reverse the nation's unemployment trend, but he ended on an

optimistic note: "The growing pool of manpower continues to grow, a burden that *should* be a blessing, a liability that *could* be an asset. I have no doubt that these problems will some day be solved."

A Strong Conviction. There did, of course, remain Cuba as a dark spot on the

Alexander: "I am told if this happens it puts them in a position of being able to mount a nuclear weapon in space, and if that happens, what would be the American response?" Replied Kennedy: "These are all presumptions. . . . We are expending an enormous sum of money to make



KENNEDY LEAVING PRESS CONFERENCE
Things looked good to him.

presidential horizon. But at his news conference, the President drew comfort from the fact that of some 17,000 Cuba-based troops, the Soviet Union has "withdrawn approximately 3,000 in these past weeks. We are waiting to see whether more will be withdrawn, as we would hope they would be." And he felt confident about Cuba's future: "I think the strong conviction is that the people of Latin America want to be free, they don't want to live under a tyranny, and that Cuba will be free."

Kennedy was even able to shrug off a press conference question about the possibility that Russia may soon "launch two spacecraft and perform a rendezvous and a docking and the men are supposed to change ships." Said Columnist Holmes

sure that the Soviet Union does not dominate space. We will continue to do it."

A Year Ago. Behind President Kennedy's optimism lay an unmistakable fact: whether in Berlin, or Southeast Asia, or elsewhere, the Soviet Union is not stirring up as much trouble as usual. Administration officials recognize that an aging, less active Khrushchev has all sorts of problems within his own Communist world. Said one Kennedy foreign policy adviser last week: "We've taken another look at the whole international situation. And, by God, Russia is in trouble."

The classic political position has always been: look out for an enemy who has trouble at home, since he might launch diverting trouble abroad. But the New Frontier is reinterpreting that max-



PETER ANDERSON—BLACK STAR

PRESIDENTIAL CONFERENCE IN SAN JOSÉ'S NATIONAL THEATER
In an atmosphere of *El macho divino*.

im. Administration leaders are convinced that the U.S. has Russia on the defensive, and that this means a period of calm. The evidence they marshal is considerable. Says a presidential aide: "We held in Berlin, engaged the enemy in Viet Nam, made Cuba a costly operation to the Kremlin, focused new attention on Latin America, and re-established the superiority of our weaponry."

There is just one thing to remember. Almost exactly a year ago there was a similar period of quiet, a similar spirit of confidence. Yet at that very time, Khrushchev was getting ready to sneak long-range, atom-armed missiles into Cuba.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Success at San José

By the thousands and scores of thousands, they gave a cha cha rhythm to their chant of his name: "Kenn-e-dee! Kenn-e-dee!" Women swooned while sighing "*El macho divino*" ("The divine he-man"). Carried away by his presence at Mass in San José Cathedral, the organist thumped out *The Star-Spangled Banner*, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, and *Yankee Doodle*. Even the fact that his nose, after a weekend in Palm Beach, was pink and peeling, seemed to add to his appeal. Cried a teen-age girl in ecstasy: "*Tiene la nariz roja!*" ("He has a red nose!").

So greeted, President Kennedy last week visited San José, the capital city of Costa Rica, to confer with six Central American Presidents. Estimates of the crowd lining the streets upon his arrival ranged up to 250,000—more than the total population of San José (200,000), and about one out of every five citizens of the entire nation.

Of the crowd, at least 1,000 were se-

curity personnel—agents and troops, conspicuous in their efforts to appear inconspicuous, on hand to protect the lives of the seven Presidents.

A Lot of Carefulness. With everyone mindful of the troublemaking potential of Castro's Communist Cuba, the security arrangements were indeed remarkable. Some 50 U.S. Secret Service men were there; a U.S. Army company moved in from the Canal Zone; the carrier *Wasp*, its jet fighters just three minutes away, cruised offshore. Some of the food for Kennedy's private meals was flown into San José from the *Wasp*. Preparatory to it all, the U.S. had requested and received from Costa Rica the right to screen all visa requests for entry into the little country. Among those who applied and were refused: Cuban Exile Leader José Miró Cardona (TIME cover, April 28, 1961), on the ground that the U.S. did not care to turn the occasion into a propaganda festival for anti-Castro Cubans.

Ostensibly, the chief purpose of the meeting was to discuss Central American economic problems. Central America already has a common market, of sorts. Since July 1961, the U.S. has committed about \$117 million to bolster the area's economy. Of that amount, about \$47 million remains unused. With U.S. pledges made last week, and with additional funds from the Inter-American Bank and other sources, Central America will soon have about \$100 million to spend on a vast variety of development projects. There are those who fear that this is more than Central America can, at the moment, use either wisely or efficiently.

A Vote of Confidence. But always, despite the serious intention of talking about economics, that pesky problem of Cuba kept popping up. Arriving in San José the day before Kennedy, El Salva-

dor's President Julio Rivera spoke to his greeters with a grim quip: "Let us first have a minute of silence for me. Castro said I would be dead by now." In his first statement to the Presidents, Kennedy eloquently reiterated the anti-Castro theme: "At the very time that newly independent nations rise in the Caribbean, the people of Cuba have been forcibly compelled to submit to a new imperialism, more ruthless, more powerful and more deadly in its pursuit of power than any this hemisphere has known. We will build a wall around Cuba—not a wall of mortar or brick or barbed wire, but a wall of dedicated men determined to protect their freedom and sovereignty."

Formally, the seven Presidents agreed to send top representatives to an April meeting in Nicaragua. The aim: "To develop and put into immediate effect common measures to restrict the movement of [subversive] nationals to and from Cuba, and the flow of materials, propaganda and funds from that country." The sessions will seek ways of cutting Cuba's subversive airlift (see THE HEMISPHERE). The representatives will also try to draw plans for stepping up air and sea surveillance of shipping between Cuba and other Latin American ports.

In closed-door sessions, Kennedy pretty much convinced his presidential peers that: 1) the U.S. is keeping close watch on vessels outbound from Cuba to other Latin American ports; 2) the U.S. will interfere with any such ships carrying arms or troops; 3) the U.S. will send, to any Central American nations that request it, enough military force to combat Communist subversion.

A lot of the specifics about such policies were left unexplained. But Kennedy did seem to satisfy the Central American Presidents, some of whom have been for far stronger action against Castro than the U.S. has ever suggested. Said Guatemala's President Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, 67, after talking to Kennedy: "This young man seems to know what he wants and where he is going."

Thus, when he returned to the U.S., to be met at Andrews Air Force Base by Wife Jackie, the President of the U.S. had earned a vote of confidence.

Report on Aid

In 17 years, since the end of World War II, the U.S. has contributed close to \$100 billion in economic and military aid to more than 100 foreign countries and foreign groups. There has, of course, been a lot of U.S. grumbling about the size and shape of the foreign aid program—to the point that President Kennedy last December asked retired General Lucius D. Clay to head up a ten-man committee to re-examine foreign aid policies. Last week the Clay group, both in a 22-page report to Kennedy and in a longer, more detailed series of recommendations to Foreign Aid Director David Bell, made known its findings. Clay's committee offered no bold new approaches to foreign aid—but it did take a hard look at the old avenues.

Clay recognized that foreign aid em-

phasis has shifted over the years, With U.S. help, Western Europe got back on its feet, to become a more formidable economic power than ever before. In the 17-year dollar-amount totals, France and Britain still lead the aid list (see box). But last year France received only \$81 million, and Britain just \$25 million. At the same time, India, with \$838 million

last year, and Pakistan with \$439 million, have come from far down.

The Clay committee argued that both India and Pakistan should continue to be heavy beneficiaries of U.S. aid, if only because of their precarious positions against the "Red Chinese colossus." But what is the sense of helping a mixed-up country like left-leaning Sukarno's Indo-

nesia? Says the Clay report: "We do not see how external assistance can be granted to this nation by free world countries, unless it puts its internal house in order, provides fair treatment to foreign creditors and enterprises, and refrains from international adventures."

The committee could point to several nations—Greece, Israel, Nationalist Chi-

WHERE THE MONEY WENT

The breakdown of military and economic aid given to foreign countries and groupings from July 1,

1945 to June 30, 1962. An asterisk indicates classified military aid that is included in the regional totals.

	Economic	Military	Total
	(In Millions of Dollars)		
EUROPE			
Austria	1,173.8	—	1,173.8
Belgium-Luxembourg	739.5	1,256.4	1,995.9
Denmark	300.3	605.3	905.6
France	5,175.6	4,262.4	9,438.0
West Germany	4,097.5	951.9	4,999.4
Berlin	131.0	—	131.0
Iceland	70.2	—	70.2
Ireland	146.2	—	146.2
Italy	3,463.3	2,292.5	5,755.8
The Netherlands	1,228.6	1,252.8	2,481.4
Norway	349.8	797.0	1,146.8
Poland	522.6	—	522.6
Portugal	152.1	336.6	488.7
Spain	1,173.6	537.7	1,711.3
Sweden	108.9	—	108.9
United Kingdom	7,668.2	1,045.0	8,713.2
Yugoslavia	1,703.0	693.9	2,396.9
Regional ¹	718.4	1,908.6	2,627.0
	\$28,872.7	\$15,939.8	\$44,812.5

FAR EAST			
Burma	95.4	—	95.4
Cambodia	248.6	85.9	334.5
Nationalist China	2,051.6	2,376.7	4,428.3
Hong Kong	30.4	—	30.4
Indo-China Region ²	825.6	709.6	1,535.2
Indonesia	670.9	—	670.9
Japan	2,660.7	1,033.1	3,693.8
Korea	2,431.4	2,002.2	5,433.6
Laos	291.9	169.8	461.7
Malaya	23.2	—	23.2
Philippines	1,334.4	418.8	1,753.2
Thailand	336.1	417.8	753.9
Viet Nam	1,699.3	742.4	2,441.7
SEATO	1.8	—	1.8
Regional	41.9	461.1	503.0
	\$13,743.2	\$8,417.3	\$22,160.5

MIDDLE EAST & SOUTH ASIA			
Cyprus	16.9	—	16.9
Greece	1,784.8	1,602.8	3,387.6
Iran	732.3	577.9	1,310.2
Iraq	21.6	46.1	67.7
Israel	874.7	3.0	877.7
Jordan	325.2	24.1	349.3
Lebanon	80.4	8.6	89.0
Saudi Arabia	46.6	—	46.6
Syria	—	—	—
Turkey	3,581.3	2,288.0	5,869.3
U.A.R. (Egypt)	628.6	—	628.6
Yemen	22.9	—	22.9
CENTO	27.4	—	27.4
Afghanistan	216.8	2.8	219.6
Ceylon	79.7	—	79.7
India	3,952.0	—	3,952.0
Nepal	48.4	—	48.4
Pakistan	1,889.6	—	1,889.6
Indus Basin ³	33.8	—	33.8
Regional	139.4	713.0	852.4
	\$12,577.7	\$5,266.2	\$17,843.9

	Economic	Military	Total
	(In Millions of Dollars)		
LATIN AMERICA			
Argentina	596.5	44.0	640.5
Bolivia	254.9	3.5	258.4
Brazil	1,736.8	215.9	1,952.7
Chile	675.6	62.2	737.8
Colombia	360.7	47.8	408.5
Costa Rica	89.1	0.8	89.9
Cuba	41.5	10.6	52.1
Dominican Republic	39.3	6.1	45.4
Ecuador	113.1	25.2	138.3
El Salvador	39.6	1.1	40.7
Guatemala	158.2	4.4	162.6
Haiti	94.6	6.2	100.8
Honduras	43.0	2.3	45.3
Jamaica	3.8	—	3.8
Mexico	760.7	6.2	766.9
Nicaragua	65.1	3.8	68.9
Panama	99.9	0.9	100.8
Paraguay	57.9	1.4	59.3
Peru	387.1	83.6	470.7
Uruguay	58.7	29.5	88.2
Venezuela	220.9	52.9	273.8
West Indies	22.5	—	22.5
British Guiana	3.5	—	3.5
British Honduras	2.4	—	2.4
Surinam	3.4	—	3.4
Regional	262.0	7.4	269.4
	\$6,195.5	\$616.1	\$6,811.6

AFRICA			
Algeria	15.0	—	15.0
Cameroon	15.3	0.3	15.6
Central African Republic	0.2	—	0.2
Chad	0.4	—	0.4
Congo (Brazzaville)	1.3	—	1.3
Congo (Leopoldville)	94.6	—	94.6
Dahomey	5.6	—	5.6
Ethiopia	117.8	67.5	185.3
Gabon	0.5	—	0.5
Ghana	156.5	—	156.5
Guinea	14.3	—	14.3
Ivory Coast	4.6	—	4.6
Kenya	18.5	—	18.5
Liberia	127.2	4.3	131.5
Libya	187.2	4.5	191.7
Malagasy	1.3	—	1.3
Mali	5.1	1.0	6.1
Mauritania	1.6	—	1.6
Morocco	352.0	—	352.0
Niger	3.2	—	3.2
Nigeria	43.6	—	43.6
Rhodesia-Nyasaland	36.1	—	36.1
Ruanda-Urundi	6.1	—	6.1
Senegal	4.6	—	4.6
Sierra Leone	3.5	—	3.5
Somali	27.4	—	27.4
Sudan	65.0	—	65.0
Tanganyika	17.6	—	17.6
Togo	5.8	—	5.8
Tunisia	293.3	—	293.3
Uganda	5.2	—	5.2
Upper Volta	3.2	—	3.2
Zanzibar	6.0	—	6.0
Other French Possessions	12.8	—	12.8
Other British Possessions	0.9	—	0.9
Regional	11.1	34.3	45.4
	\$1,664.7	\$112.0	\$1,776.6
Nonregional ⁴	\$3,561.4	\$708.0	\$4,269.4
Total	\$66,615.2	\$31,059.5	\$97,674.7

¹ "Regional" expenditures include multilateral programs in given areas; in Europe "Regional" also includes contributions to NATO.

² Aid given before Indo-China was given up by France in 1954.

³ India, Pakistan and other nations' participation in the Indus River project.

⁴ Includes international bodies such as the United Nations and the International Labor Organization.

na and the Philippines—which have, under U.S. aid, progressed to the point where they can soon stand on their own, needing little more than conventional loans from the Export-Import Bank.

But for every such praiseworthy example, there is another where U.S. money seems to be going down the drain. Write the Clay committee: "There has been a feeling that we are trying to do too much for too many too soon, that we are overextended in resources and undercompensated in results, and that no end of foreign aid is either in sight or in mind. . . . While we are concerned with the total cost of aid, we are concerned even more with whether its volume is justified, and whether we and the countries receiving it are getting our money's worth. We cannot believe that our national interest is served by indefinitely continuing commitments at the present rate."

Yet even if the Clay committee's recommendations were followed, foreign aid would continue as a pretty expensive proposition for the U.S. It presently runs about \$4 billion a year. And the Clay group suggested that only about \$500 million could or should be shaved from that total under an improved program.

In the Black

When the call went out for aid in ransom the Bay of Pigs prisoners from Castro's Cuba last December, more than 60 U.S. drug and medical equipment companies contributed some \$50 million worth of products. On the corporate balance sheets, the donations have turned out quite well.

Last week Merck & Co. of Rahway, N.J., which committed \$2,500,000 worth of its goods to the ransom, announced that it figured to come out ahead after taking its tax deductions. Just how much ahead, Merck did not say; in any event,

the company said that it plans to turn over the profits to charity, on behalf of medical research.

Asked by newsmen, three other big Castro contributors said that they too stood to make money. Johnson & Johnson of New Brunswick, N.J., which gave \$1,011,000, and Hoffmann-La Roche, Inc. of Nutley, N.J., a \$1,132,000 donor, also plan to give their tax profits to charities. The Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co. of Morris Plains, N.J., which contributed \$1,500,000, intends to plow its tax profits back into basic research.

Other contributing companies either declined to comment or said that they would not know the outcome until later this year, when they close their books.

In treating their Castro contributions as charity, the companies base their deductions not on the actual production costs of the goods but on wholesale prices, which include a markup of 100% or more on many items. These, when applied in deductions against the 52% corporate income tax rate, create a situation best explained by one drug company executive: "We couldn't help doing better than break even."

ARMED FORCES

Pulling the Carriers' Plug

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara last spring stood beside President Kennedy on the tenth-deck bridge of the nuclear-powered carrier *Enterprise*. For as far as the eye could see, other U.S. ships deployed over the Atlantic seascapes. Overhead screeched half a dozen different types of carrier-based planes. The U.S. Navy was performing an exercise aimed at impressing its civilian bosses. The show impressed McNamara all right—but not in the way the Navy intended. He leaned over to Kennedy and asked: "What good

are all these different kinds of planes?"

An even more basic question, enough to shiver any admiral's timbers, was on McNamara's mind: What good are carriers themselves? Unconvinced by a Navy report on "the future role of the aircraft carrier," he ordered a new study. The Navy now has until May 15 to justify its carrier-construction program. Says a McNamara aide: "We want logic and options, not a sales pitch."

Cheaper Ways? McNamara has no present plans for scuttling the Navy's carrier fleet-in-being: 16 modern attack carriers and nine World War II flattops. But he has grave doubts about letting the Navy continue its program of starting a new carrier every other year. Says one of McNamara's Whiz Kid analysts: "It's a question of how many we need. The more we ask the question, the more one thing becomes clear: we're not sure the Navy has any clear strategic rationale for building more carriers. We're determined to find out."

Typically, McNamara wants the Navy to put its case in terms of "cost effectiveness." He notes that a new carrier costs at least \$300 million. It normally carries some 100 jet fighters, requires up to six destroyers for protection and three ships for supply. Such a task force costs more than \$1 billion, and according to a McNamara man, "many of us think there may be cheaper ways to do much of the carrier's work."

To many admirals, asking the Navy to justify the carrier is akin to asking it to explain why there should be a navy. Outwardly, they profess confidence that they can ease McNamara's doubts. "I'm not defending carriers," says Admiral George Anderson, Chief of Naval Operations. "Carriers defend themselves—for the good of the U.S. They represent the only weapon system simultaneously prepared to wage general war, limited war, sub-limited war, or simply to make a show of force whenever and wherever necessary in support of our national policy."

Time to Doubt. Navy officers point to the use of carriers to dramatize U.S. power merely by steaming into crisis areas, such as those in Lebanon and the Formosa Straits in 1958. They cite the key role of the *Enterprise* and the *Independence* in the Cuba quarantine last fall, claim that carrier aircraft would provide mobile bases to deliver a nuclear punch in a big war, could support ground action almost anywhere in a small one, would be indispensable in seeking out enemy submarines. Declares one admiral about McNamara's doubters: "There's always the need to educate these new people about the great value of carriers. We've just got to put our reasons in terms McNamara's Whiz Kids can understand."

Some carrier enthusiasts consider it no coincidence that McNamara's Defense Department last week announced that four Soviet Russian Bear bombers had made nine passes over the *Constellation* about 600 miles southwest of Midway. Earlier, McNamara had announced four other such overflights. These flights could



KENNEDY (POINTING) & McNAMARA (AT HIS RIGHT) ON CARRIER "ENTERPRISE"
"What good are all these different kinds of planes?"

hardly help point up the vulnerability of the carriers—despite Navy insistence that the Soviet planes were detected on radar while still 200 miles from the *Constellation*, were intercepted by the carrier's planes while some 100 miles away and were escorted in their passes. When asked whether the announcement of the overflights had anything to do with McNamara's doubts about carriers, a top Defense Department civilian said: "If you haven't wondered about carriers before, you should now."

THE ATOM

Why the U.S. Keeps Talking

Despite his generally buoyant mood, President Kennedy last week expressed considerable concern about the negotiations to get a treaty with the Soviet Union to ban the testing of nuclear weapons.

At his news conference Kennedy was asked whether he still has hopes for such a treaty. "Well," he said, "my hopes are somewhat dimmed, but nevertheless I still hope." There has, he continued, been some progress, since the Soviet Union now seems to agree to the principle of on-site inspections to enforce a ban. But the U.S.S.R. wants to limit such inspections to three annually, while the U.S. insists on at least seven.

Whatever the difficulties, Kennedy indicated that the U.S. will keep talking, and he explained why: "I am haunted by the feeling that by 1970, unless we are successful, there may be ten nuclear powers instead of four, and by 1975, 15 or 20. I regard that as the greatest possible danger and hazard. We test and test and test, and you finally get weapons which are increasingly sophisticated. But the fact of the matter is that somebody may test ten or 15 times and get a weapon which is not nearly as good as these mega-ton weapons, but nevertheless, they are two or three times what the weapon was which destroyed Hiroshima or Nagasaki, and that was dreadful enough. So I think we have a good deal to gain if we get a test agreement and so we are going to keep at it."

TAXES

The Price Is Wrong

For nearly eight weeks, Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills and his House Ways and Means Committee have listened to testimony about President Kennedy's tax program. With the hearings due to end this week, the committee is about to get down to the actual work of drawing up a tax bill.

During the hearings, the committee received information and advice from some 200 witnesses. Arguing for the Administration program were such officials as Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, Budget Director Kermit Gordon, and Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. also spoke up, along with the National Association of Manufacturers, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Americans for Democratic Action, the Girl Scouts and,



THE SUPREME COURT*

What do all those earlier decisions mean?

in the person of Ralph Bellamy, Actors Equity.

There was remarkable agreement on one point: everyone, it seemed, would love a tax cut. But how big? Or how soon? Or what taxpaying bracket should receive the biggest benefits? Or, most important, should taxes be slashed even while the Kennedy Administration is requesting \$9.8 billion for fiscal 1964—with a projected \$11.9 billion deficit?

On that last question, Roger Fleming, secretary-treasurer of the American Farm Bureau Federation, lodged perhaps the most persuasive objection. Said Fleming to the Ways and Means Committee:

"Tax policy cannot be—or, at least, should not be—divorced from spending policy. Government spending must be paid for, either through taxes or inflation . . . While taxes are undesirably high, our past record of fiscal management has not earned us a tax cut. The fact is that in recent years we have consistently 'borrowed from the future' through deficit financing. The Federal Government has spent more than its revenue in 26 of the past 32 years . . . If the Federal Government's expenditures are increased, a tax cut means more deficit financing, an increased national debt, the threat of inflation and a loss of confidence in the soundness of the economy, which would discourage investment and prevent sound economic growth."

What bothered Fleming, among many others, was the apparent shift in the Administration's argument about what the economy needs. At first, the reasoning was that the tax cut itself would stimulate business incentive and release plenty of private spending to put new pep into the economy. Now, the Administration says that tax reduction is not enough: the prescription must include Government spending at the price of a massive, planned deficit.

THE LAW

The Uneven Flow

Ideally, the flow of U.S. law should run straight and true. In fact, it has countless twists and turns, often reverses its course according to the personalities and politics of reigning judges. Thus in three cases, the Supreme Court last week overturned or amended its previous decisions.

• **COUNSEL FOR ALL.** By a unanimous vote, the court ruled that the states, under the 14th Amendment, must provide free legal counsel to any person charged with a crime and unable to pay for his own lawyer. It thereby reversed its 1942 decision in *Beltz v. Brady*, in which it held that such aid is required only if the defendant is charged with a crime punishable by death. Justice Hugo Black, one of three dissenters in the 1942 case (all six judges then in the majority have either died or retired), wrote last week's majority opinion: "In our adversary system of criminal justice, any person haled into court cannot be assured a fair trial unless counsel is provided for him. This seems to us an obvious truth."

• **APPEAL FOR ALL.** Amending its long-held principle that state prisoners may not turn to federal courts until all avenues of state appeal have been exhausted, the court ruled that Convicted Murderer Charles Noia could be released from a New York State prison on a federal writ of *habeas corpus*. Two other men, convicted with Noia in 1942 for the same murder, appealed to the state that they had made confessions under coercion. They were released. But Noia waited until after the state time limit for such an appeal; a lower federal court therefore refused to entertain his petition. The Su-

* Seated, from left: Justices Clark, Black, Chief Justice Warren, Douglas, Harlan. Standing: White, Brennan, Stewart, Goldberg.

preme Court ruled that its doctrine of "exhausting state remedies" did not mean keeping a man in jail because of that sort of procedural default.

• **A VOTE FOR ALL.** On four previous occasions, the latest in 1958, the court had in effect declined to upset Georgia's county-unit voting system. Under that system, politicians with rural backing have been able to hold state power even though they failed in winning a popular majority. The system was suspended for last September's primaries after a panel of Federal District Court judges ruled against it. The Supreme Court decision erased the system once and for all. In its opinion, the court held that "the conception of political equality can mean only one thing—one person, one vote."

AGRICULTURE

Pat on the Back

At Carnegie Hall, that Manhattan temple of classical music, an organ began bombarding a very unclassical tune, and the audience burst into collective song:

*Oh, give your friend a pat on the back,
A pat on the back, a pat on the back,
And say to yourself it's jolly good health,
We've had a good day today.*

Upon a signal from the stage, the audience turned to the left in unison and each person gave his neighbor a hearty pat on the back. Then they all turned to the right and patted again.

The back-patters were farmers and farm wives, members of the National Farmers Union. They were aging people, mostly—farming has little appeal for young men nowadays, and the average U.S. farmer is about 50. But rarely had Carnegie Hall held a friskier audience.

Plenty of Zing. While the farmers were still thumping each other's backs, a spotlight picked up the evening's star performer, striding down a side aisle. The organ abruptly switched to that old Democratic anthem, *Happy Days Are Here Again*, and onto the stage bounded Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman. The farmers cheered, whistled and clapped.



FREEMAN & PATTON IN CARNEGIE HALL
They cry more, more, more!

Farmers Union President James Patton, wearing a black eye patch as a result of a cancer operation, introduced "the great Secretary of Agriculture."

Standing beneath a big yellow banner proclaiming FARMERS UNION—ABUNDANCE, PEACE, FREEDOM, Freeman gave his audience some pats on the back: "Most city folks are not aware of the benefits they derive from your success." He gave himself some too: "I am pleased that we have made real progress in the last two years." What he said was the familiar fodder of New Frontier farm speeches, but he said it with plenty of oratorical zing, and his audience interrupted 24 times with applause.

The Future Direction. Liberal Democratic in its politics, the Denver-headquartered Farmers Union counts on its membership rolls some 300,000 families, mainly in the wheat country of the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountain states. Of the union's 61 annual conventions, only two have been held east of Springfield, Ill.: one in Washington, three years ago, and last week's gathering in New York.

During their four days in Manhattan, the farmers did a lot of sightseeing, voted numerous resolutions, heard eight speeches plus a recorded message from President Kennedy. What the President stressed was the importance of the May wheat referendum, in which growers will decide whether to accept the Administration program of high price supports and a cutback in production. The outcome may decisively influence the future direction of U.S. agriculture—toward more or less Government involvement.

If it were up to the Farmers Union, the answer would be a clear call for more. Said the convention's statement on the wheat referendum: "We unanimously go on record favoring a 'yes' vote, and urge every effort be made to bring about an overwhelming victory for farmer families."

POLITICS

A Winner At Last

After 4½ months of counts and re-counts, a panel of three district court judges last week picked a winner in the race for Minnesota's governorship. Their decision: Democrat Karl Rolvaag over incumbent Elmer L. Andersen by a bare 91 votes out of 1,239,593 cast. Republican Andersen decided against a last-ditch appeal to the state Supreme Court, thereby ending one of the longest delays in U.S. history in deciding a gubernatorial contest.

Old Happy

Kentucky, land of high spirits, never seems to tire of one particular product. It is called Old Happy. Known also as A. (for Albert) B. (for Benjamin) Chandler, Old Happy has a guaranteed age of 64, has given Kentuckians a kick for three decades—and seems good for many more. This year "Happy" Chandler is running for Governor, an office he has held twice before (1935-39, 1955-59) in a career that includes a stint in the U.S. Senate (1939-



KENTUCKY'S CHANDLER
They nod, weep and roar.

45) and a notably unhappy period as commissioner of major league baseball (1945-51). Opposing Chandler in the May 28 Democratic primary is Lawyer Edward T. Breathitt Jr., 38, who has the backing of Incumbent Governor Bert Combs. Old Happy is pretty much ignoring Breathitt (pronounced breath-it) and is popping his cork at Combs.

Chandler's campaign is vintage stuff. "The people love it," he has said. "Why, they eat it up." His crowds weep as he belts out a chorus of *There's a Gold Mine in the Sky*, nod reverently when he quotes the Bible, roar as he castigates Combs. Speaking of a \$60,000 floral clock on the capitol grounds, Happy cries: "What time is it? Two petunias past the Jimson weed!" He promises that he will exempt food, medicine and clothing from the state's 3% sales tax without hurting the economy. When a woman asks him how he will find the revenue to make up for a resulting \$23 million loss to the treasury, Happy beams: "Honey, I'm glad you asked me that question. I'm not going to tell you. But I do have a plan."

Chandler deliberately avoids mentioning his opponent's name, except to call him "that inept, incompetent, nice, pretty young fellow who wants to be Governor." By actual count, Chandler has so far ignored or declined 80 challenges to debate Breathitt on television. As for Breathitt, he has some good references. An ancestor was a pre-Civil War Kentucky Governor, for whom Breathitt County was named; his grandfather was a state attorney general, and an uncle was lieutenant governor. Schooled by his family in politics, Breathitt took a law degree at the University of Kentucky, served three terms in the legislature, once even helped Chandler in a gubernatorial campaign. "I tacked his signs up on every tree and post in Christian County," he recalls. "I carried box lunches. I have seen the light. All I ask is forgiveness."

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

The Subversion Airlift

Around 12:30 p.m. every Monday and Friday, an aging Cubana Airlines turbo-prop Britannia whistles to a halt at Mexico City's International Airport. Squads of police stand by. All passengers arriving without diplomatic or Mexican passports are photographed and questioned by immigration men. Sometimes the travelers grapple with the cameramen; they always dodge questions. "Why are you here? Where are you going?" ask the Mexicans. "None of your business," answer the secretive travelers. "Tourists," say the others blandly. Going to Cuba or coming, it is all perfectly legal, and they proceed on their way.

Castro once had several pipelines of subversion around the hemisphere. Pan American flew daily flights between Miami and Havana; Delta flew from Haiti and the Dominican Republic; K.L.M. went in from Curaçao, a Dutch self-governing territory off the coast of Venezuela. But now the flights have ended, leaving only the twice-weekly Cubana flight to Mexico—and Castro makes the most of it. The 96-seat Britannia is usually half full, an estimated 5,000 people flew back and forth last year. Of those, says CIA Director John A. McCone, about 1,500 have received indoctrination and guerrilla warfare training.

Blueprints & Money. Communist couriers and political agitators fly into Mexico, fan out across the hemisphere carrying propaganda, blueprints for revolt, and their share of the estimated \$120 million annually that goes for Latin American subversion. When a Varig Airlines 707 jet crashed near Lima last November, ten Cubans were on the plane, and Castro rushed a 27-man delegation to pick up the pieces. But the Peruvians collected the evidence first, including documents reportedly detailing guerrilla activities in Brazil. Last week a Lloyd Aéreo Boliviano DC-6B crashed in the Andes on a flight from Arica, Chile, to La Paz, Bolivia. Aboard were two Cuban diplomatic couriers on their roundabout way to La Paz via Mexico and Chile. Investigators found a batch of Cuban documents and an automatic pistol with silencer. Another interesting discovery: both Cubans appeared to have been in the cockpit of the plane, which was 35 miles off course and 9,000 ft. too low when it crashed.

Obvious agents and big-name Communists are relatively easy to track. Francisco Julião, leader of Brazil's trouble-making Peasant Leagues, was in Cuba last month; so was Brazilian Communist Boss Luis Carlos Prestes. When he was arrested last October, Venezuelan Communist Fabricio Ojeda had been logged into Cuba 13 times, so often that he was nicknamed "Lieutenant Hilton," for the suite he occupied in Havana's expropriated Hilton hotel.

Telltale Mark. The more elusive travelers—and in a way the bigger potential danger—are the thousands of students, small-time labor leaders, intellectuals and professional men who go to Cuba on scholarships and "all-expense-paid" tours. Some return disenchanted with Cuba's socialist paradise; many others become terrorists, guerrillas and Communist party workers. Bolivia still has diplomatic relations with Cuba, and an estimated 1,000 Bolivian workers went to Cuba last year; some 400 are still there. Brazil, Chile, Uruguay and Mexico will not talk about their nationals in Cuba, but the figure runs into the thousands. Other nations frown upon travel to Castroland, but until last Feb. 15 it was no trick to fly to Mexico, where the Cuban embassy issued a visa on a slip of paper. No telltale stamp marred

obviously, is Mexico. And while the Mexicans may pass on the airport mug shots, stamp passports and occasionally confiscate a load of propaganda, they have done nothing to stop the flights, or to stem the flood of people pouring into the country bound for the Cuban island dictatorship—and bound to make trouble at home.

Raid 'Em and Weep

As if the Russians weren't having enough trouble playing nursemaid to Fidel Castro, last week one of their freighters was laced with 20-mm. cannon shells as two boatloads of anti-Castro exiles staged a hit-and-run raid on the north coast Cuban port of Isabela de Sagua. Havana radio reported that wounded Russian sailors were taken to a hospital, and Moscow's *Izvestia* railed that "the strings of the



CUBANA PASSENGERS AT MEXICO CITY

"Where are you going?"—"None of your business."

the passports. Now the Mexicans stamp passports "*Salidó a Cuba*" in bold letters. But, of course, passports can be conveniently "lost," destroying the evidence.

U.S. intelligence estimates that more than 200 Venezuelans went to Cuba for training last year, and as one U.S. official says, "We do not consider it sheer coincidence that the Venezuelan democratic government is being subjected most heavily to the terrorist and guerrilla activities of Castro Communists."

At San José last week, Castro's subversion threat was a first order of business. The seven Presidents agreed to hold a ministerial conference next month to devise "stricter travel and passport controls" and a "more rapid and complete exchange of intelligence information on the movement of people, propaganda, money and arms." The subversion airlift also figured prominently in the questions and answers at Kennedy's press conference two days later. The key to the airlift,

while open plot against the heroic people of Cuba lead either to the CIA or the Pentagon." In Miami, two exile organizations—Alpha 66, an action-minded band of Cuban professional men, and the Second Front of the Escambray, one of Castro's disillusioned old revolutionary groups—took all the credit. The State Department professed to be embarrassed by it all: "Such raids do not weaken the grip of the Communist regime in Cuba—in deed, they may strengthen it."

Oh, to Punch Khrushchev

It was one of those late-at-night talkathons in Havana, and Fidel Castro sat toying with a penguin that shot pingpong balls. "We are the only judge of what is right for our defense," he told the visiting reporter. "I said this to Mikoyan when he was sent by Khrushchev," Castro laughed, and added: "If Khrushchev had come himself, I would have punched him."

The bearded Cuban talked on for seven

hours to Claude Julien, 37, foreign news chief of Paris' influential *Le Monde*. When Julien published the interview last week, it stirred a missile crisis all its own in Havana. Fidel might have been kidding about wanting to bust Nikita in the snoot, but he obviously felt that his Moscow comrade Khrushchev had played him for a double sucker last October—once when he planted the missiles in Cuba, and again when he took them out without consulting the bearded Maximum Leader in advance.

"We had envisaged the possibility of asking the Soviet Union for missiles," said Castro, "but had reached no decision—when Moscow proposed them to us with-

UNIVERSITIES Back to the Books

A Bolivian father sadly surveyed his nation's seven universities, then made up his mind. "I don't want my son mixed up in politics, and I don't want him to be a bad engineer because of the lack of facilities or because of endless strikes. I know he will not come back, but at least his future is assured." So saying, he sent his son off to West Germany to college.

Many more Bolivian parents would do the same if they could afford it. In the past two years, enrollment at San Andrés University in the Bolivian capital of La

FRANK SCHERSCHEL



CLASS AT LIMA'S SAN MARCOS
Unless the students respond...

out prompting." Apparently Castro did not think they were really wanted for Cuba's sake: "They told us that by accepting them we would strengthen the socialist camp throughout the world. We decided to accept them to defend international socialism."

"Khrushchev should never have withdrawn his rockets without consulting us. They were Soviet rockets, but they were on Cuban territory. I went down into the streets and talked to the people. Their reply was always the same: 'We should keep the rockets.' Some wanted to prevent by force the withdrawal of the rockets." Worse yet, complained Castro, "what support did we get when we were on the verge of a major catastrophe? Where were the demonstrations in our favor? The great so-called revolutionary parties didn't move. They are satellites. Whenever Khrushchev makes a decision, these satellites applaud. When Khrushchev criticizes abstract painting, the satellites here ask me to outlaw abstract art. And I say to them, our enemies are capitalism and imperialism, not abstract painters."

Moscow was obviously displeased, and before long Havana was issuing denials that any such interview had taken place. Actually, Castro acknowledged having had an informal talk "about different topics" with Julien, but added nervously: "It is not true that in any instant I expressed myself in an unfriendly manner toward Prime Minister Khrushchev."

are aware of the shortcomings, and in recent years have been engaged in a drive to improve and broaden the universities.

Older Than Harvard. Such universities as Peru's San Marcos and the University of Mexico (both established in 1551) are older by 85 years than Harvard. Founded by the Roman Catholic Church as adjuncts to the colonial empires of Spain and Portugal, they were in the beginning centers of relative enlightenment. But after the wars of independence in the early 19th century, they became part and parcel of the rigid social and political system that dominated Latin America through a long succession of tyrants. Not until after World War I did a wave of liberalism sweep the hemisphere.

At Córdoba University in Argentina, rioting students refused to obey the school's administrators and demanded a voice in running things. They asked for relaxed entrance requirements, looser attendance rules, the virtual elimination of tuition. To eliminate narrow-minded professors who preached the dogma of the oligarchs, they also called for review of professorial qualifications.

Flourishing Rebellion. Known as the "University Reform," the student movement swiftly spread the length of Latin America, only to be turned back on itself by new platoons of tyrants. Fearful of the universities as centers of rebellion, the new dictators slashed government funds, leaving schools staffed with underpaid, part-time professors to teach an



MEXICO'S MONTERREY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
...the material progress will mean little.

Paz has jumped from 2,700 to 6,400. The government, which fears San Andrés as a hotbed of opposition, gives the school little money, and last year actually refused a United Nations grant. In Bolivia, the university presidents and deans are elected by councils divided fifty-fifty between students and professors. Communists have grabbed control of three universities outside La Paz and are reaching for the rest.

Bolivia is an extreme case. But higher education throughout Latin America has long been plagued by similar problems. Without enough money or facilities, often more concerned with politics than learning, the universities have failed to produce the large number of doctors, engineers and widely skilled people needed to develop their nations. Latin American educators

ever-growing student body. Learning suffered, but rebellion flourished.

Only after World War II, when the dictators began to fall for good,* did the students—and some of their professors—think about getting back to the fulltime business of learning. By then it was not easy. At many universities, far-leftists had moved into control during the revolutionary years and provoked riots and strikes when their control was threatened. Even when the Reds were ousted from university councils, many students, some of them in their 30s and making a career of campus politics, fought against reforms that would send them back to their books.

* The only dictators other than Castro are Paraguan's Alfredo Stroessner and Haiti's François Duvalier.

Communists so dominated Caracas' Central University that officials of Venezuela's liberal government were virtually barred. In 1961 Red students burned the car of visiting U.S. Ambassador Teodoro Moscoso. But lately, determined groups of anti-Communists have regained ground; last month police were able to search the campus for paintings stolen by far-left terrorists from a traveling Louvre exhibition.

Less Time for Politics. Elsewhere, reform and order are also making gradual headway. Argentina's Córdoba has a dynamic new rector named Jorge Orgaz, who has launched a ten-year building plan. "We have less and less time for politics," he says. "The population is burgeoning, and the old careers are giving way to demands for training to deal with contemporary technical and scientific problems."

At Lima's San Marcos University, Rector Luis Alberto Sánchez has wheeled more financial support from the government, has straightened out the administration of university-owned real estate to produce more revenues. In two years he has increased the number of fulltime professors from 63 to 320 (still not enough for 14,300 students), has introduced departments of sociology, psychology, and business and public administration, and is completing a new Institute of Tropical Diseases. "Yet all of this material progress will mean little," he says, "unless the students respond by concentrating their best effort on learning, and by paying less or no attention to political agitators in their midst." The results are coming in; in the past two years, attendance has increased 60%; exam grades are up by 20%.

On with the New. Despite cramped quarters and a meager budget, Rector Juan Gómez has broadened the University of Chile's scope to provide training for 135 specialized careers instead of the 38 offered when he arrived in 1959. At the University of El Salvador, students and professors joined to elect reformist Rector Fabio Castillo, who has used a \$275,000 Rockefeller Foundation grant to turn the medical school into Central America's best. In Ecuador, the 400-year-old Central University of Quito last month signed an agreement under which the University of Pittsburgh will use an Alliance for Progress grant of more than \$1,000,000 to strengthen the entire university program from top to bottom.

Outside the old readin'-and-riotin' tradition, new universities are springing up. To fill growing Mexico's need for well-trained men that the overcrowded, low-standard, left-riddled National University does not provide, businessmen in Monterrey in 1943 founded a nonpolitical, high-standard Institute of Technology. Today the institute boasts a crack teaching staff of 250, a professor-student ratio of 1 to 22, and a reputation as the finest engineering school in Latin America.

◊ Where Richard Nixon was stoned and spat upon during his 1958 tour.

CANADA

Demagogue from Quebec

In the small, grey Quebec villages, political meetings have a clanish, almost family atmosphere. Réal Caouette, 45, strides down the center aisle, chatting, shaking hands. A small, bespectacled man, he speaks rapidly in French Canadian patois, his jokes homey and telling. At meeting's end, as party workers pass cardboard ice cream containers for campaign contributions, he says to his audience of stubble-chinned farmers and somber-faced workmen: "Give if you can, but don't be shy if you can't. And if you really need some money, take it."

Caouette is the most conspicuous new political phenomenon in Canada, and a man who on April 8 could wind up holding the balance of power in a nation deeply divided between Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's Conservatives and Lester Pearson's Liberals. Caouette's platform is based on the funny-money Social Credit party, which in the Depression promised a printing-press prosperity (each citizen should get a share of the national wealth—in cash).

French v. English. In last year's elections, Caouette singlehandedly built Social Credit strength in Quebec from nothing to 26 of the province's 75 seats in Parliament, while in the rest of the nation the party won only four seats. "This time," promises Caouette, "we are going to take 60 seats." Last week's Gallup poll gave the Liberals 41% (a drop of 3%), the Conservatives 32%; the only significant shift since the beginning of the campaign was a 5% gain, to 16%, for Social Credit. Pearson needs Quebec to win clear control of Parliament, and it looks as if he won't get it.

It is not Social Credit's oddball economics but Caouette's French Canadianism that is his true strength. He makes skilled demagogic use of Quebec's nagging dissatisfaction with its role in Canadian life. French Canadians make up nearly 30% of the country's population, and most of them feel like second-class citizens. They complain that they hold only 10% of the jobs in the federal civil service, usually at lower levels, that bilingualism, though given lip service in the federal capital at Ottawa, is ignored throughout the rest of the nation; that even their own province's economy is dominated by English-speaking Canadians.

To War—No! Caouette shares their insecurity and makes it his platform. The son of a Quebec civil servant and the fourth of 13 children, he was forced by pinched family finances to give up a classical education and go to commercial school. He struggled to run a grocery store, sold used cars, finally became a Chrysler dealer in the town of Rouyn (pop. 18,500), 320 miles northwest of Montreal. But he never made big money. In 1939 he dropped in at a Social Credit meeting in Rouyn, listened, and decided that the movement's economic theories made sense. After the lecture he stepped forward and asked to become a worker.



BRISIT E. BOLAN

RÉAL CAOUEUETTE

"I feel their misery. I identify."

Like thousands of other French Canadians, he ignored the notifications that he had been drafted to fight in World War II—"that English war." "Why should you fight for the right to starve and die in your own country?" asked Caouette. He made his first political speech in 1941, and never forgot the cheers. Three years later, he ran as a Social Credit candidate in a provincial election, got licked, lost again in 1945 when he ran for the federal Parliament. In 1946, when his opponent died, he won the by-election to replace him, but lost again in 1949, 1957 and 1958. Then Caouette discovered TV, and soon claimed a Sunday afternoon French Canadian audience of a million and a half.

"Pension, Ah-ha!" On TV and at rallies, Caouette sticks to the stomach and the pocketbook. "When I'm up there," he says, "and I talk about the people in Montreal who had to dig in garbage pails for chicken last Christmas, I really feel their hunger. I feel their misery. I identify." He vaguely blames the "big interests," meaning the English-speaking people who rule Canada. "Have you ever heard of them lacking money to build a cannon? No. But family allowances, old-age pensions, money for the blind, ah-ha! That's another matter." And he continues: "No one doubts the abundance in the country now. Look at the stores. They have spring sales, before-season sales, after-season sales, Christmas sales, pre-sale sales. The question is how to spread purchasing power to distribute the goods."

Before election day, Caouette will have carried his message to 74 of Quebec's 75 ridings—all but ice-bound Îles de la Madeleine in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. And for the rally that will climax his campaign, he has rented the 13,728-seat Montreal Forum, home ice for the Canadiens hockey team. "It won't be Imperial Esso hockey night in Canada," cries Caouette. "It will be the night of national liberation."

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST

The Camel Driver

[See Cover]

At 6:30 one morning early this month, a phone shrilled in the small office of the bedroom of Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser. Already awake, he lifted the receiver to hear exciting news: a military coup had just been launched against the anti-Nasser government of Syria. The phone rang again. It was the Minister of Culture and National Guidance. How should Radio Cairo handle the Syrian crisis? Support the rebels, snapped Nasser.

Then Egypt's boss rapped out a succession of telephoned commands. To the air force: alert the bombers and fighters in case the Syrian rebels call for help. To the navy (six destroyers and ten submarines): steam northward and await orders. To the army: prepare to move in case the Israelis might be thinking of intervention; place missiles on launch pads ready to fire.

This done, Nasser finished dressing and went downstairs. The phone rang again, long distance from Baghdad. President Abdul Salam Aref, who only four weeks before had overthrown another anti-Nasser regime in Iraq, solicitously asked what Nasser intended doing about Syria. Nasser said that he would recognize a rebel government as soon as it was formed. Aref delicately responded that of course, Egypt should be the first state to grant recognition, promised that Iraq would follow suit five minutes later.

Limb from Limb. Since the Syrian coup was both swift and successful, Nasser's nerves and the Egyptian army were not put to the test. Israel alerted its border defenses but made no further move. On the surface, in fact, the Syrian affair was much milder and less bloody than most Arab revolts. In the past 15 years, the Middle East has been continually shaken like a kaleidoscope, constantly falling into new patterns. There have been two sizable wars and fully two dozen armed uprisings and rebellions. Premiers and princes have been torn limb from limb by street mobs; thousands of politicians and army officers have been killed by hanging, beheading, firing squads and assassins; and swarms of students, workers and tribesmen have been mowed down by machine guns and bombs.

It was quite clear last week that the latest shake of the kaleidoscope resulted in new patterns and alignments overwhelmingly favorable to Gamal Abdel Nasser. The Syrian revolution was the third in six months by rebels pledged to make common cause with Egypt. Flights of new leaders poured into Cairo for tear-stained embraces with Nasser and night-long conferences on the future course of that misty concept called Arab unity. Nasser stands at the pinnacle of prestige, if not of power, and the shadow he casts has never been longer. Today, it falls over the entire Arab world from the Persian Gulf to the Atlantic Ocean.

Matter of Sabotage? For the first time in 500 years, the three key Arab states of Egypt, Iraq and Syria have a similar political posture and are on close and friendly terms. The new crowd in primitive Yemen, where 28,000 Egyptian troops are propping up still another pro-Nasser rebellion, is eager to join any alliance that can be hammered out. The monarchies of Saudi Arabia and Jordan—close friends of the West but hated enemies of the Arab nationalists—face the threat of uprisings at the hands of powerful local friends of the man in Cairo. When King Saud's private Comet



GAMAL ABDEL NASSER
Casting a 3,000-mile shadow.

plane, equipped with a royal throne, crashed last week against an Italian mountain, killing all 18 aboard, the Saudi Arabs automatically assumed that it had been sabotaged by Nasser agents.

Maybe it was and maybe it was not. In the swirling Middle East struggle, Cairo would flex its muscles where it could. The successful coups in Yemen, Syria and Iraq were no surprise to Gamal Abdel Nasser. He knew they were coming, if not precisely when and how. He knew the conspirators involved in each, though he claims to have pulled no strings. Cairo is thickly populated by exiles from every corner of the Arab world, ranging from Syria's tough Abdul Hamid Seraj, who originally failed Nasser in Damascus, to obscure Tunisians, Yemenis, Saudis, Jordanians and refugees from the British-backed sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf. Many of them live well on Egyptian subsidies. Former Saudi Petroleum Minister

Abdullah Tariki is in and out of Cairo frequently, helping organize arms shipments to Saudi Arabian dissidents by air and across the long, empty border with Kuwait. Nasser has won over Saudi Arabia's Ambassador to West Germany, who resigned a fortnight ago in protest at his country's failure to institute reforms. At least six other Saudi ambassadors are sympathetic to Nasser's cause.

Accented Voice. All the Arab world is influenced by Nasser's genius as a propagandist. Rising to share Cairo's skyline with the huge dome of the Mohammed Ali mosque is a forest of transmitting antennas that carry Radio Cairo's message to all the world. Cairo's voice bears many accents. There is the overt Voice of the Arabs, and a whole concatenation of "Voices" (Voice of the Arab Nation, Free Voice of Iran, Voice of Free Africa, etc.), which bleed incitement to rebellion with no identification of their Egyptian origin. The transmitting complex is elaborate and devilishly clever. Recently, Somali-language transmissions have supported the claims of Somalia to a portion of northeast Kenya, while Swahili broadcasts aimed at Kenya denounce the idea. A U.S. construction firm is building a new transmitter, which will be beamed at Tunisia and aimed at destroying President Habib Bourguiba.

Egyptian TV, the liveliest in the Middle East, manages to keep three channels busy 20 hours a day, while kinescopes subtly loaded with Nasser propaganda are shipped out to Algeria, Kuwait and Lebanon. Nasser has collected the best entertainers in the Arab world, and uses them superbly. When Um Kalsoum sings *We Revolutionists*, the Bedouins in the desert are deeply stirred. One of the most popular songs among Arab kids is *How We Build the High Dam at Aswan*. Every transistor radio in the Middle East is a Nasser agent. When Yemen revolted against the Imam, Nasser sent them arms and transistors. Arab Communists who broadcast long, windy speeches from Bulgaria have not a chance against Nasser's entertainers.

Fire Striker. But Nasser's triumphs are not solely the result of subversion and pop singers. His very example is an inspiration. He has been the uncontested ruler of Egypt for almost a decade, ever since February 1954, when he put down a revolt of cavalry officers and consolidated his regime. During that time, the old political remnants such as the Wafdists have disappeared and even been forgotten. It is Nasser whose personality stands above all others in Egypt and the Arab world, and no other name strikes fire like his. He is hailed as the man who destroyed Egypt's corrupt past and gave Arabs a new dignity. His picture, with its Pepsi-toned smile, is found in every corner of the Middle East, from Iraqi bazaars to the huts of royalist Yemeni tribesmen who still cling to Nasser's picture even though they are fighting Nasser's troops.

What Nasser has working for him is the deep desire of all Arabs to be united in a single Arab nation, and their conviction—grudging or enthusiastic—that Nasser represents the best hope of achieving it. This dream of unity harks back to the golden age of the 7th century when, spurred by the messianic Moslem religion handed down by Mohammed the Prophet, Arab warriors burst from their desert peninsula and conquered everything in sight. In less than 150 years, the Arabs swept victoriously north to Asia Minor and the walls of Byzantine Constantinople, south over Persia and Afghanistan to the heart of India, east through Central Asia to the borders of China, west over Egypt and Africa to Spain and southern France. It was an incredible empire—larger than any carved out by Alexander the Great or Imperial Rome.

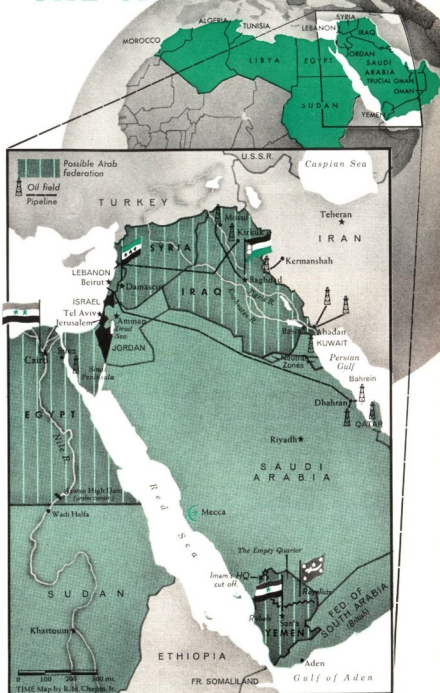
It was also an empire that fell swiftly apart. By the 16th century, the Arab states, one by one, fell to the Ottomans and passed into the long sleep of Turkish domination. Then, in World War I, Arab nationalists rebelled against their Turkish overlords and fought beside the British armies in the Middle East, confident that they would obtain unity and freedom. Moviegoers who have seen *Latter Days of Arabia* know the gloomy result: under League of Nation mandates, most of the Middle East was handed over to Britain and France, and frustrated Arabs wasted themselves in futile rebellions against the colonial powers. World War II did little better for the Arab nationalists. Individual states gained independence, but control was securely held by feudal monarchs or coalitions of landowners and businessmen who were often little more than colonial puppets. Sir Winston Churchill "invented" the state of Jordan "on a Sunday afternoon in Jerusalem." Even worse, in the Arab view, was the partition of Palestine to provide a national homeland for the Jews. Humiliation became complete in 1948, when the combined armies of the Arab countries were crushingly defeated by the Israelis.

Moon Orbit. Hence the enormous prestige Nasser won in 1956, when he survived the massed assault of Britain, France and Israel in the Suez War. Arabs ignored the fact that the Egyptians were beaten in the field and that only intervention by the U.S. and the Soviet Union saved Nasser from collapse. What mattered was that Nasser had engaged the imperialists and Israel in battle, and managed to survive. When Egypt later proved that it had the technical skill to operate the Suez Canal efficiently on its own, Arab nationalists were as proud as if Nasser had personally orbited the moon.

His Arab brethren also share pride in Nasser's achievements at home in the years since Suez. Cairo, a city as populous as Chicago, has become a bustling, busy metropolis. New skyscrapers line the banks of the Nile, throwing glittering light on the river at night and by day reflecting in their glass walls the stately grace of the sails of feluccas headed upriver with cargoes of wheat and lime.

The building boom is not confined to

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the hotels, which were host this winter to a record half-million tourists. On the edge of the city, entire new suburbs are in being or abuilding. At Medinet el Waqf, Egypt's new managers are housed in modern stucco cottages. On the northern rim of the city, 40,000 low-cost housing units were erected last year.

But most of Cairo remains the same: close, crowded and cacophonous with hard-pressed auto horns. In Imbaba, on

the west bank of the Nile, camels streaked with henna still plod unknowingly toward the slaughterhouse, and gully-gully men delight bright-eyed, brown-faced children with magic tricks as they did their grandfathers 50 years ago. Imbaba's junk market is still unchanged, and bent nails and half-shoelaces are traded with solemnity and diligence. The red flowerpot of the tarboosh has all but vanished from Cairenes' heads, and Nasser has even made



CAIRO'S NEW NILE WATERFRONT
Walking well-dressed, well-shod, with shoulders back.

AUTHENTICATED NEWS INTERNATIONAL

considerable progress in his campaign to get his city folk to switch to European clothes from the nightshirt-like *galabiya*. Most astonishing is the fact that a visitor seldom sees a barefoot man, woman or child. Even urchins from the Cairo slums wear shoes—and socks. Today Cairo walks well-dressed, well-shod and bareheaded, with its shoulders back.

Swallowed Revenues. Of all Egyptians, the industrial worker has fared the best under Nasser. Next to him comes the fellah, the timeless peasant working the timeless land. It was the jest of 1952 that Nasser's foremost ambition was to raise the fellahin at least to the living standard of the *gamoosa*, the water buffalo of the Nile. He has more than succeeded. You can see it simply in the fellah's clothes. But also the fellah, who used to have meat only once or twice a year, now eats it at least once a week.

In pre-Nasser Egypt, the most common characteristic of the fellahin was summed up in the phrase *ama mali*, which roughly translates, "I couldn't care less." Today the word heard over and over is *nahdha*, a term meaning to sit up and take notice of the world around you. Egypt has been awake, taking notice and participating since the hot summer morning in July 1952, when Nasser and a group of young army officers put an end to the regime of King Farouk.

The resulting economic upsurge was hardly accomplished by Egypt alone. The intense development campaign swallowed up revenues from the Suez Canal, and from the biggest crop, cotton. In the process, the nation has spent its savings. Egypt's foreign-exchange reserves, which stood at a billion dollars after World War II, have dwindled to scarcely \$10 million. The consequence is an increasing dependence on foreign aid. The Communist bloc has committed itself to \$700 million in

economic aid since 1955, and Russia is footing the bill for the famed High Dam at Aswan, which by 1972 will increase the arable land of Egypt from 6,000,000 acres to 8,000,000 acres and supply 10 billion kw-h in electric power. Since 1945, the U.S. has supplied Egypt with \$628.6 million, mostly in the form of surplus food paid for in Egyptian pounds, 85% of which can be (and is) loaned back to Egypt. Today, Egypt is dependent on the U.S. for its food, and on Russia for its arms and the Aswan Dam.

The fact is that Nasser is not totally dependent on any one power or group of powers. He is still determinedly non-aligned. But things are better than the word implies. A few years ago, Nasser was nonaligned toward the East; today, he is more accurately regarded as non-aligned toward the West.

Happy Nausea. But Nasser's one-man rule has not brought unmitigated bliss to Egypt. The banks and insurance companies were nationalized, and their owners paid off partly in bonds that may not be redeemed for years to come. Contractors whose earnings reach \$69,000 a year are taken over, or forced to accept joint participation by the government. Wiped out are the great landowners: farm holdings are now limited to 100 acres per family. This form of socialism is benign enough. It leaves most of the nation's commerce in private hands and does not affect the overwhelming number of small farmers, who own far less than 100 acres.

The press was nationalized in 1960, and its editors are picked by the regime; they, of course, do not criticize Nasser's policies. Political activity in the usual sense is banned because, as Nasser puts it, "if I had three political parties, one would be run by the rich, one by the Soviets, and one by the U.S." The only party permitted by law is the official Arab

Socialist Union, which is supposed to provide democracy by its representation in every village, factory and urban district. There, leaders are chosen to pass local views along to provincial and national committees.

Nasser's revolution has never been particularly totalitarian, but there was a nasty period in late 1961, when Syria broke away from Egypt. Hundreds of people, including army officers, were arrested. Foreign diplomats were shadowed by secret police. But since then, the atmosphere of fear has largely vanished. General Mohammed Naguib, the 1952 revolution's first leader, who served for two years as a front for Nasser and was then deposed, still lives quietly in a Cairo villa near the Nile and is permitted to move fairly freely about the city. Old Nahas Pasha and other former Wafdist enemies of the new regime remain in their homes, which, in most cases, they have been allowed to keep.

Nasser's government has moved impressively into the fields of education and health. Primary schools were erected and staffed at a rate of two every three days. Education is free, and Egypt's universities are crammed with 126,000 students, including 20,000 from other Arab lands. Improved hygiene and free clinics have only increased the population pressure: the new arable land to be provided by the Aswan Dam will be barely enough to feed the estimated 55 million population in 20 years. In short, at tremendous cost, Egypt will not have gone forward but merely stood still. Faced with this challenge, Nasser has begun a nationwide birth control campaign. Oral contraceptives are being sold below cost (a month's supply for 46¢), and Egyptian women are said to relish the pills because they induce the same feeling of nausea experienced in pregnancy.

The pressure of Egypt's millions, in fact, is one of the things that makes other Arab states wary of being too closely embraced by Nasser. Egypt, like China, is always threatening to spill over its borders into the relatively empty land of its neighbors. Individualistic Arabs, as well, are nervously concerned about disappear-



AFALAK, NASSER
Arranging new patterns...

ing into the straitjacket of Nasser's one-man rule.

Laps of Generals. To these dissenters, there is another flashing beacon of Arab unity: the Baath (Renaissance) Party, which dominates the new governments in both Iraq and Syria. The street mobs and impatient young army officers may worship Nasser, but Arab students and intellectuals bow before the creator of Baath, a tiny, beak-nosed, meek-chinned Syrian named Michel Aflak.

Aflak, 53, an Arab Christian who counts his amber worry beads three at a time, shuns crowds and holds no post in any government, makes an incongruous rival to the brash, burly, good-looking Nasser. No crowds have ever shrieked over him, chanted his name or paraded his picture. He lives in a small, cramped Damascus apartment with a frayed carpet, cheap furniture, and clothes drying on a balcony washline. His two infant children toddle about and, last week, clambered on the laps of generals and Cabinet ministers who crowded Aflak's parlor.

The son of a nationalist-minded shopkeeper, Aflak passionately embraced the ideal of Arab unity as a Damascus schoolboy. His education at the Sorbonne in Paris, where he graduated with honors in history, was financed by a successful uncle who had emigrated to Brazil. After a brief teaching career at a Damascus lycée, Aflak resigned in 1942 to devote his life to politics and to his personal creation, the Baath Party.

What Aflak created was a mystic and lyrical hymn to *Wahadi Arabiyya* (Arab oneness), and he overflows with such sentiments as "Nationalism is love before everything else," and "A new page is open, the page of those who walk with naked souls as if they were in their own bedroom." He defines revolution as "that powerful psychic current, that mandatory struggle, without which the reawakening of a nation cannot be understood." The Baath slogan, "Unity, Freedom, Socialism," was blandly appropriated by Nasser for his own use, but Nasser has shown no eagerness to take over other Baath tenets, such as free elections, free press, and freedom of speech and assembly.



SYRIA'S EL-BITAR
... of the kaleidoscope.

TIME, MARCH 29, 1963



EGYPTIAN & YEMENI TROOPS AT MARIE
Rushing headlong into the 13th century.

From Syria, Baathism moved swiftly to Iraq and Jordan, more slowly to Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. Although the party is antibourgeois, most of its adherents come from middle-class intellectuals and small shopkeepers. Baath made conservative governments nervous with its socialism (which is actually a blend of mild Marxism and the New Deal), and was attacked by the Communists as a deviating exponent of weak liberalism. In Syria, during the course of 14 years and nine different coups, the Baath Party bobbed up and down. Not until 1958, when Syria's Communists were plotting an armed takeover, were the Baathists able to stampede Syrian conservatives into accepting unity with Egypt as the lesser evil.

Slipped Border. Unity was obtained, but at a high price. Once in control, Nasser insisted on the abolition of all parties, Baath included, and fixed on Syria the same tight controls and security-police system as in Egypt. Designated as the Northern Region of the United Arab Republic, Syria was flooded by officious Egyptian brass and cramped by Nasser's authoritarian economic schemes. Syrian officers who protested found themselves transferred to duty deep in Egypt; civilians quickly landed in jail. At last, even Michel Aflak rebelled and ordered the Baath Cabinet Ministers to resign in a body, setting the stage for Syria's angry secession from the U.A.R.

In Iraq the Baath Party faced crisis from the moment Dictator Karim Kassem established his bloody dictatorship in 1958. The Baathists participated in an armed revolt in the oil center of Mosul, which Kassem savagely suppressed with the help of Iraq's Communist militia. A Baathist group tried to kill Kassem, but failed and was butchered. Finally, last month, Baathist politicians and pro-Nasser military men organized and exe-

cuted the coup that resulted in the death of Kassem and the slaughter of hundreds of his Communist allies. Four weeks later, with far less blood, Baathists and pro-Nasser officers in Damascus brushed aside the conservative government of Syria. The way at last was open for the unity that everyone had been talking about.

Complete Lesson. The difficulty, of course, is that everyone wants unity on his own terms. Even Jordan's King Hussein, who is anathema to Nasser and the Baathists, says he hopes for eventual reconciliation with his enemies and admission of Jordan into the Arab Union. If necessary, Hussein told newsmen, he would abdicate to achieve Arab unity. But he quickly added, "Provided it's unity on a proper basis." Michel Aflak replies: "Jordan and Saudi Arabia are welcome to join the Arab Union, but not with their present regimes and rulers."

In Cairo President Nasser has given every indication that he intends to avoid the mistakes made during the hurried and ill-fated union with Syria. "The main reason for the lack of success," Nasser told TIME last week, "was that we accepted complete union and amalgamation, instead of federation and self-government in both states."

To begin discussion of a better system, Iraqi and Syrian delegations flew into Cairo fortnight ago for preliminary talks with Nasser. Last week an even more high-powered group of Syrians arrived, headed by Michel Aflak and Premier Salim al-Bitar, with the intention of laying down a solid foundation for the proposed unity structure. This week another set of delegates from Syria and Iraq will return to Cairo, each bringing a draft project for a new union.

Noise in Aleppo. It seems unlikely that any kind of federation with centralized authority will emerge. What is possi-

ble is a loose alliance, with harmonized defense and foreign policies. There might also be a degree of economic cooperation among the three nations, possibly including even Yemen, which is so backward that it has been described as "rushing into the 13th century." Such a system of sovereign states would represent a tacit admission that Arabs are not all alike and that their interests do not always coincide. The fact that the talks between Syrians, Iraqis and Egyptians have not yet produced anything concrete is less important than the fact that they are, at least, talking to one another and not screaming imprecations as they have done so often in the past.

But already some Arabs were becoming impatient. There were pro-Nasser demonstrations in the Syrian port of Aleppo. In Damascus a tough young Nasserite who had moved directly from a prison cell to an ornate government office dismissed the Baathists as ideologists, not political leaders. "We are going to run Syria with Nasser the way we want," he said. "We are going to unite with Egypt the way Nasser wants."

Blasting Paths? The fact that the Middle East is so consistently combustible and has so low an ignition point makes its affairs of deep importance to other powers. In the old city of Jerusalem last week, Arabs were jarred by recurrent dull explosions in the border areas, and there was speculation that Israeli demolition squads were blowing up old mines in no man's land to clear lanes for an advance into Jordan should King Hussein be overthrown by Nasserites.

Israel is not impressed by suggestions that Egypt's ruler has given up his domineering ways. One official in Tel Aviv warned: "Nasser finds it difficult to resist temptation. Success turns his head, and being basically a military man, he thinks in terms of external expansion." The Israeli government sees a hint of Nasser's dreams of grandeur in his Yemen adventure, which has already tied up one-third of his army. Israel's stated policy is that any change in the internal situation of her Arab neighbors affecting the security of her borders would free Israel of her undertaking to maintain the status quo. Many Arabs fear that Israel would move troops straight to the west bank of the Jordan River if Hussein's regime collapses.

Fat or Thin. Britain's present relations with Egypt are correct but cool. While recognizing Nasser's pre-eminence in the Arab world and his great abilities, the British remain wary of the man and his policies. Understandably, Britain is worried about the future of its few remaining Middle East colonies and its important oil interests. "Nasser's own stand on oil is ambiguous," complains one diplomat. "Of course, he would like to control oil-rich Kuwait, but so would everyone else."

British and U.S. oil executives, though admitting to some uneasiness about Nasser's intentions, see no immediate threat to the Middle East's daily flow of 6,500,000 bbl. "We have learned to live with political instability," says one oilman stoically. Their fear is not that the West will

lose access to the Middle East's proven oil reserves of 194 billion bbl., but that any new Arab grouping might start a campaign to reduce the producer's profits. "Arab unity may be good or bad for the oil industry," explained one official. "It depends on the goals of unity—and these are difficult to discern in the present situation."

Drawn Line. Sharply hostile after Nasser's Suez nationalization, and nervous at his flirtation with the Communists, U.S. policy more recently has turned in Nasser's favor. Recalling the days not so long ago when Cairo Radio was spouting ugly lies about the U.S., Washington is not inclined to be Nasser's sponsor. But the U.S. can cooperate with the man whose name is on every Arab lip. Officially, the U.S.



DOOMED IRAQI COMMUNISTS
Blood for blood.

aims at assisting any government, no matter what its form, that appears to be sincerely and effectively working for internal development and the good of its people. With indifference to social systems, the U.S. has aided Egypt on the left and Iran on the right, recognized the monarchies of Jordan and Saudi Arabia as well as pro-Nasser Yemen. But there is a line drawn by the U.S. "If the cold war in the Arab world threatens the large American interests in, say, Saudi Arabia, we'll have to take a stand," says a U.S. official.

Similarly, the U.S. considers itself non-aligned in the struggle between Israel and the Arab world. Washington's attitude toward Arab unity is still tied to a pronouncement made by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles during the Eisenhower Administration. Dulles said then, and it was repeated last week in Washington, that the U.S. looks with favor on any movement toward Arab union that is not imposed from outside the Arab world.

Great Coups. Nasser today takes an indulgent view of the U.S. His earlier resentments, he says, resulted from Amer-

ican attempts to force Egypt into joining such "imperialist" groupings as the Mediterranean Defense Organization and the Baghdad Pact. Nasser applauds the present Administration in Washington because "Kennedy tried from the first to understand us and to be realistic when facing the Arab world. Under John Foster Dulles, the U.S. withdrew its aid for the Aswan Dam, we faced blockade and even the blocking of our own money in U.S. banks." However, Nasser concedes, "it should not be forgotten that the U.S. stood by us in the United Nations during the Suez crisis, and that left a good impression."

President Nasser and President Kennedy have become close correspondents. "We are very frank with each other," says Nasser. "We don't exchange diplomatic words but express honest and frank opinions. I believe we have built up a confidence in each other." The confidence extends to U.S. Ambassador John Badeau, who speaks fluent Arabic and has unlimited access to Nasser, while his British counterpart sees Nasser only twice a year at formal meetings. The Communists are so convinced that the U.S. controls events in the Middle East that the Polish ambassador in Cairo stopped a U.S. diplomat at the entrance to a luncheon party and said bitterly: "I must congratulate you on your tremendous achievements in Iraq and Syria. You have made two great coups."

Jiggled Leg. At week's end in Cairo, the conferences on Arab unity droned on to the accompaniment of cigarette smoke and endless small cups of coffee. Nasser sat in on the negotiations, serenely confident that what finally emerged would be what he wanted. At 45, Nasser's hair has grayed at the temples, and he has given up tennis for the less demanding sport of swimming. He appears as physically fit as ever and retains his old nervous habits of jiggling his leg while sitting, and of smoking five packs of L. & M.s. a day; like most Egyptians, he cannot stand the local brands. He still works twelve and 18 hours at a clip and is still the only man in the government who can be reached at any hour. A close aide says: "I've never heard of anyone getting chewed out for calling Nasser in the middle of the night. I do know of many who have been given unshirred hell for not calling him when something happened. He won't like you to say this, but it is still strictly a one-man show. He has lots of good technical help, but he trusts no one else with politics."

Even more than Russians, Arabs express their folk wisdom in proverbs, ranging from the cautionary (see cover) to the racially skeptical ("Better the tyranny of the Turks than the justice of the Arabs"). There are proverbs aplenty to fit the dream of unity. To the ambitious Nasser, other Arab leaders might point out the one that says, "The camel driver has his plans, and the camel has his." But proverbs are eclipsed by power, and last week nothing was more certain than that whatever unity scheme emerges in the Middle East, must, first of all, be satisfactory to Gamal Abdel Nasser. For of all the revolutions involved, only his in Egypt has survived and prospered for a full ten years.



Steel guard rail stops deadly cross-overs on "Cemetery Curve"

This tricky stretch of US 22 snakes along the edge of a cemetery in Easton, Pa. For four years only a low concrete curb separated opposing lanes of traffic. During this period a number of speeding vehicles crossed over this curb. Three people died in head-on collisions . . . twenty-two were injured.

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CHRISTINE KEELER
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GREAT BRITAIN

Case of the Sensitive Osteopath

She was just another girl from Middlesex who called herself a model—a euphemism as vague as "starlet" and with just as many implications. But leggy, red-headed Christine Keeler, 21, managed to move in Mayfair's smartest circles and numbered among her wide range of gentlemen acquaintances top names in London's political, social, diplomatic and show business worlds. Last week the social life of Christine Keeler, onetime waitress and fulltime playgirl, was all over the front pages of the British press.

Christine's sponsor was a social gad-about named Stephen Ward, 43, an artist and osteopath who lives in a Thames-side summer house on Viscount Astor's famed estate at Cliveden. "I know a lot of very important people and am often received in some of the most famous homes in the country," says Ward. "Sir Winston Churchill and many leading politicians have been among my patients; Prince Philip, the Duke and Duchess of Kent and Lord Snowdon have been among my sitters." Ward also had a genuine interest in young girls of humble origin. "I like pretty girls," he says. "I am sensitive to the needs and the stresses of modern living." To the great and near great, Ward introduced "attractive young girls like Christine Keeler, who come from the provinces or the remote suburbs" and for whom "London is a battlefield."

Chain of Events. Ward arranged an unsuccessful screen test for Christine with Douglas Fairbanks Jr., introduced her to a naval attaché at the Russian embassy, and to a "senior naval officer of the American fleet who sorted out her problems." But Christine, said Ward, also had "occasional foolhardy adventures in the completely different world of colored men." One day last December, Johnnie Edgecombe, Christine's West Indian lover, showed up outside Ward's West End flat,

where Christine was visiting, and fired several shots at the door. Police carted Johnnie away and tagged Christine to be the principal witness for the Crown at his trial.

Then came a peculiar chain of events. Christine Keeler failed to show up for Johnnie's trial, and the leading newspapers hinted that Christine feared cross-examination about her private life and had dropped out of sight to protect her prominent friends. On top of that came news that Ward's Cliveden house, the scene of many a fashionable party and fortuitous introduction, had been ransacked; Ward's letters were stolen, and scattered all over the floor were a nude photograph of Christine and a slew of pornographic pictures, which Ward claimed were not his. In Whitehall and in the House of Commons smoking rooms, rumors began circulating that one of Christine's many acquaintances was a government minister.

Cheek to Cheek. At a late-night Commons session last week, a Labor M.P. unexpectedly asked the government "to deny the truth of these rumors . . . involving a member of the government's front bench." Another M.P. tried to make light of the issue. "What do these rumors amount to?" he said. "They amount to the fact that a minister has an acquaintance with a very pretty girl. I should have thought that that was a matter for congratulation rather than enquiry."

But left-wing Laborite Barbara Castle insisted on getting back to the question of "Miss Christine Keeler, missing call girl, vanished witness." What, she asked, "if there is something else of much greater importance? What if there is a question of the perversion of justice at stake?"

For the government's answer next morning, the Commons was packed. On the front bench with Prime Minister Harold Macmillan sat urbane Tory Secretary of State for War John Profumo, 48, whose beautiful actress wife Valerie (*Great Expectations*) Hobson sat quietly in the



STEPHEN WARD
A genuine interest.

speaker's gallery overhead. Profumo rose and calmly said, "I understand that my name has been connected with the rumors about the disappearance of Miss Keeler." Indeed, Profumo said, he and his wife had met Christine at Cliveden, and he had subsequently seen her "on about six occasions at Dr. Ward's flat" in London. "I last saw Miss Keeler in December 1961, and I have not seen her since. Any suggestion that I was in any way connected with or responsible for her absence from the trial is wholly and completely untrue. There has been no impropriety between myself and Miss Keeler. I shall not hesitate to issue writs for libel and slander if scandalous statements are made outside this House."

After the two-minute speech, Profumo and his wife left the Commons for the races at Sandown Park, where they were the guests in the royal box of the Queen Mother. That night the Profumos danced cheek to cheek at a Tory Party ball.

FRANCE

6,000 Miles from Home

Former Premier Michel Debré is such a listless political personality that a current joke says he was once seen riding in an empty limousine. He has a fussy manner and a flat, whining voice that somehow rub politicians and many other Frenchmen the wrong way, obscuring his considerable administrative talents. In Charles de Gaulle's electoral landslide last November, Debré—the dedicated Gaullist, major architect of the Fifth Republic's constitution, and the man who served a longer uninterrupted period as Premier (1,193 days) than any other in French parliamentary history—was ignominiously defeated in his own carefully cultivated rural constituency by a local garage owner.

De Gaulle, who himself had used Debré as whipping boy for many of the regime's mistakes, soon found, however, that he sorely missed Debré's parliamentary skill.



PROFUMO & WIFE
A dance at the ball.

Gaullist aides began to ponder ways to get him back into the legislature, where, if elected, he was likely to become majority leader. Trouble was, no Gaullist faction in France itself wanted him. But at last a constituency was found where Debré seemed unlikely to lose. Last week the former Premier gulped hard and accepted a bid to run for office on Réunion Island, a tiny French dot in the Indian Ocean nearly 6,000 miles from Paris.

SWEDEN

Caught in a Drought

When 40 years of liquor rationing[®] ended in 1955, most Swedes laid in ample reserve stocks, vowing never to be caught short again. But there they were, with cupboards bare last week, amidst the direst shortage since the height of government controls.

Trouble for the hard-drinking Swedes began when foremen of the State Wine and Liquor Monopoly distilleries went out on strike four weeks ago. The government declined their demands for longer vacations. As a result, the distilleries closed up tight, and the country began to dry up fast. Last week wines, whiskies and liqueurs were all but gone, and, even worse, the shops were running out of *akvavit*, Sweden's favorite drink.

As alarmed Swedes lined up at state-run package stores to buy what they could, the government restricted *akvavit* sales to a bottle per customer. And word went out that unless something is done this week, fully a third of all Sweden's liquor stores will be out of *akvavit* altogether. Bootleggers turned up furtively with the popular Brännvin *akvavit*, asking \$30 for the bottle which normally sells for \$5. "A disaster," muttered one Swede, waiting his turn in a Stockholm queue. In the south, some desperate Swedes were even hopping ferries across to Denmark to seek relief at Copenhagen bars.

SIKKIM

Where There's Hope

Guests in top hats and cutaways mingled with others in fur-flapped caps and knee-length yakskin boots last week outside the tiny Buddhist chapel in Sikkim's dollhouse Himalayan capital of Gangtok. Wedding parcels from Tiffany's were piled side by side with bundled gifts of rank-smelling tiger and leopard skins. Over 28,140-ft. Mount Kanchenjunga, the world's third highest mountain and Sikkim's "protecting deity," hung a blue haze. It was an "auspicious sign," said Gangtok astrologers, for the wedding of a quiet, blue-eyed New York girl, Hope Cooke, 22, and Gyaltsay Rimpoche Maharajkumar Palden Thondup Namgyal, 39, crown prince of the Indian protectorate of Sikkim, a tiny territory the size of Delaware, which has 3,000 varieties of rhododendrons, and where, according to local legend, the devils always travel uphill.

[®] Restricting most men to three quarts per month, austere by Swedish standards.

The American Touch. The ward of former U.S. Ambassador to Iran Selden Chapin and a graduate in Oriental Studies from Sarah Lawrence.[®] Hope met her widowed future husband four years ago while she was vacationing at the Indian resort of Darjeeling. But when the couple announced plans to marry last year, Sikkim's soothsayers forced the postponement of the wedding because of their forecast that 1962 was "a black year" for the marriage. Thus Hope had to wait until last week to become the first American girl to wed royalty since the daughter of



CROWN PRINCE & BRIDE
With the snow lions' blessings.

a former Philadelphia bricklayer married Monaco's Prince Rainier in 1956.

Hope's wedding dress was a wrap-around, frost-white brocade silk *mokey*, held in at the waist by a gold belt, from which hung a small dagger. To ward off evil spirits, Hope pressed her hand into a piece of dough. A pair of holy men conducted her to the chapel, where she was greeted by a fanfare of trumpeting, 10-ft.-long Himalayan horns, braying conch shells, and booming bass drums. Outside the chapel door was the only distinctively American touch in the \$60,000 Buddhist rite—a mat on which was written in English, "Good Luck."

Billions of Deities. During the 50-minute Buddhist ceremony, Hope sat on a throne slightly lower than that of the crown prince, who in turn was seated

[®] Hope is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Cooke. When her parents were divorced, custody of Hope was given to her mother. When her mother died, she became the ward of her maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Winchester Noyes. When they died, she became the ward of her uncle, Ambassador Chapin.

lower than his father, the 60-year-old Maharajah of Sikkim. After drinking tea laced with yak butter, a red-robed Buddhist lama in a flame-shaped hat invoked the blessings of the snow lions and billions of other Sikkimese deities. No wedding vows were spoken; the couple merely exchanged 12-ft.-long white silk scarves, which were hung around each other's neck to seal their marriage contract.

The end of the ceremony set off a four-day celebration in Gangtok, whose normal population of 12,000 swelled to 15,000 for the event. Mountain tribesmen in blue pajamalike clothes danced in the streets. Mixing happily with the celebrators, Hope settled into her new role with aplomb. When a pigtailed Sikkimese girl asked for her autograph, the new crown princess signed without a moment's hesitation: "Hope Namgyal."

BALI

The Gods Speak

When Java was lost to the Mohammedans 485 years ago, so the legend goes, the disgrusted Hindu gods hunted around for a new home. They chose the island of Bali, and since their exalted rank demanded a high dwelling place, they created a chain of mountains. On the most sacred eastern end of the island, the gods erected the highest of Bali's mountains, the 10,308-foot volcano of Gunung Agung, regarded by the Balinese as "The Navel of the World." Halfway up the slope of Agung, the pious Balinese built the huge mother temple of Besakih, and every hundred years they have held a solemn rite there to rid the island of ghosts. Last week, in the midst of the once-a-century festival, Agung erupted with catastrophic fury.

Agung gave fair warning. Only last month, after more than 100 years of inactivity, it burst forth with a shower of smoke and brimstone that killed 17 persons. There was worried talk on Bali that the gods were angry because the people had not asked permission to hold their festival. But the priests and their disciples stayed on to pray. At 7 o'clock one morning, Agung erupted again. The villages of Sebudi, Sorgah, and Sebihi were engulfed by a lethal black cloud of searing, 230° ash that roasted hundreds where they knelt. Rivers of grey-black lava boiled over Agung's southern lip and flowed in fiery rivulets down stream beds, raising clouds of steam; heavy rains, possibly caused by the heat of the volcano, mixed with the sulphurous ash to form an acid that killed plant life for five miles around.

For five days Agung belched death. At week's end the death toll stood at close to 1,200, and another 200,000 were left homeless. As survivors streamed into towns at the base of the mountain, many suffering third-degree burns from a trek over beds of smoldering ashes, Indonesia's President Sukarno declared all Bali a disaster area. There was little hope that Agung's fury was over. Experts in Djakarta predicted even more violent eruptions to come and ordered all residents to leave the area for at least two months.

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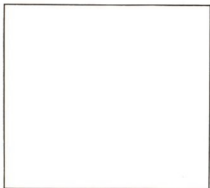
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SOUTH KOREA

Squeeze in Seoul

In South Korea last week, a farmer named Song Kyu Il traveled all the way from the southern provinces to parade before Seoul's Duk Soo Palace with a placard scrawled in his own blood: GENERAL PARK, PLEASE DO SOMETHING TO SETTLE THE CRISIS. Farmer Song was thrown in jail, along with some 200 other demonstrators who openly protested South Korean Strongman General Park Chung Hee's broken promise to call general elections in May and hand over power to the civilians. The wholesale arrests only served to attract more at-



POLICE ARRESTING ANTI-PARK DEMONSTRATORS
Not the time for civilians.

tention to the noisy campaign of former President Yun Po Sun, 65, and New Rule Party Leader Huh Chung, 67, who touched off the uproar with a series of antigovernment meetings.

Junta leaders were reluctant to arrest Yun and Huh for fear they would become political martyrs. But the men around Park did not hesitate to reject the opposition demands. Defense Minister Kim Sung Un summoned 160 top military men to Seoul for a strategy meeting, later took to a nationwide radio hookup to speak for them: "We strongly support the present government. There are seeds of uneasiness in the country, and this is not the time to transfer the government to civilians." Then, to make the point more emphatically, all 160 officers rode grandly through the streets of Seoul in a convoy of military Jeeps.

It was General Park himself who felt the squeeze, for he was less interested than the rest of his junta in retaining power in the hands of the army. But he could not bow to the clamoring civilians, or even to the pressure applied from Washington by U.S. Ambassador Samuel Berger last week. For if he reversed himself yet another time to support the civilians, a military coup might well topple him overnight.

RUSSIA

The Reasons Why

Ismail Y. Yusupov, 48, knew that he had a tough row to hoe when he was named Communist Party boss in the problem-plagued virgin lands of Kazakhstan (TIME, Jan. 4). But he could hardly have guessed the extent of the mess he would inherit from his purged predecessor. Last week Yusupov published a report charging that more than \$600 million had been wasted during the last three years on ill-conceived projects; no fewer than 16,139 regional officials were fired last year alone, 2,340 of them for stealing and embezzling \$1,270,000. A gang of crooks led by the

ing reassuringly that "the origin of blue jeans is not with Hollywood movie stars, but with real cowboys, who don't take part in wild chases and romantic gunplay, but in honest and hard work."

Next, it was Nikita Khrushchev's turn to peddle two other U.S. items: potato chips and cornflakes. Almost wistfully, he paused in a report to recall his trip to the U.S. in 1959, and how "we sat there in the plane, talking and munching factory-made fried potato chips. They were nutritious and tasty. And they are cheap." Khrushchev's plug for cornflakes was equally enthusiastic. Many people in the U.S. and Britain, he reported, happily breakfast on "vitaminized flakes of corn which are eaten with milk." Unfortunately, he added, "we consume corn in niggardly amounts because industry does not produce the foods we need."

Catching the spirit, *Izvestia* made one final suggestion: Russians should eat more popcorn—called "air corn" by the Soviets. "The Americans love it. Children and adults enjoy it. They sell small packages in theaters, railroad stations and airports." Soviet families would love it also, said the newspaper, which helpfully gave detailed instructions on how to grow hybrid corn for popping.

From the Second City

Most Russian intellectuals listened in tight-lipped silence as word of Nikita Khrushchev's latest cultural crackdown (TIME, March 22) filtered out to the provinces. Not so the writers and artists of Leningrad, Russia's second city. When the local commissars met to give them the word, the intellectuals talked right back.

The Leningrad edition of *Pravda* reported acridly last week that the curator of the West European art history section of Leningrad's famed Hermitage Museum rose to defend "formalistic distortions and asserted that 'this is buoyant, creative art.'" What's more, the prominent director of the Comedy Theater, Nikolai P. Akimov, "furiously defended the right to unlimited experimentation with form." Painter Leonid A. Tkachenko not only backed up colleagues who were under attack, but "did not give a correct evaluation of criticism directed at himself." That wasn't all. "Things even came to such a pass," said the newspaper, "that some began to feel 'shy' about speaking on Socialist Realism."

Shiest of all intellectuals in the Soviet Union was Poet Evgeny Yevtushenko, usually the most outspoken of the lot. Yevtushenko had been singled out by Khrushchev for a scathing attack because of the poet's popularity in the West. After the Premier's blast, he went into seclusion with his wife in a dacha south of Moscow, and last week let word circulate that he had indefinitely "postponed" long-scheduled trips to Italy and the U.S.

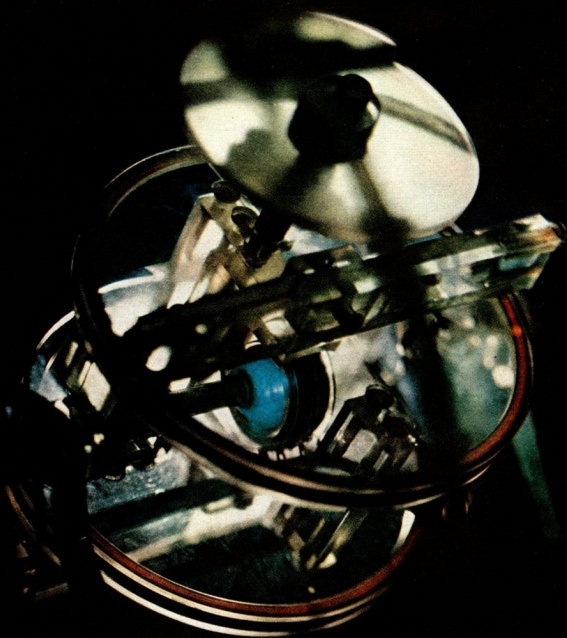
◊ Along with veteran Novelist-Propagandist Ilya Ehrenburg, whose controversial memoirs were being serialized in the literary journal *Novy Mir*. Last week it was reported that the next issue would not carry the usual installment and that *Novy Mir* Editor Aleksandr T. Tvardovsky had been fired.

chief of the Tselinograd Trade Board faked reports, rigged phony prices, and sold meat, butter and automobiles on the black market; in Pavlodar, three men managed to make off with no fewer than 300,000 bottles of wine and vodka. The entire party and government leadership of the Kzyl Orda region masterminded a ring of cattle rustlers; the local Communist chief organized blackjack games and set off an "epidemic of gambling."

Since Yusupov's own head was now on the block, there was almost a plaintive note in his concluding question: "Can one be expected to achieve good farming results under such conditions?" He had a ready answer: "Of course not," for this kind of thing explained why Kazakhstan last year delivered 8.2 million tons of grain to the state instead of the planned 14.1 million tons.

Moscow's Image Makers

With all the hoopla about American products coming out of Moscow last week, one might have thought Madison Avenue had been moved to Gorky Street. First came endorsement of blue jeans, a commodity the Kremlin had always disdained as a capitalist fad worn only by parasites. Nonsense, declared *Izvestia*. "Texas trousers" are "very useful," add-



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PEOPLE

In Rome a swell-stacked bundle of social realism named **Gina Lollobrigida**, 33, was giving Soviet Artist **Ilya Glazunov**, 32, some brand-new perspectives. "An extraordinary beauty," sighed Glazunov, the man who created a Moscow sensation a few years back by exhibiting a nude study of his wife. He first sketched Gina during the 1961 Moscow Film Festival, and finally, more than a year later, she wangled permission for him to come to Italy and limn a life-sized portrait. But, alas, no nudity. "Youth and spring," said the portraitist, "this is what I'll have to show through her pink formal dress."

As Congress moved toward bestowing honorary U.S. citizenship on Sir Winston Churchill, someone decided that it was time to repatriate Confederate General **Robert E. Lee**. Though pardoned under a post-Civil War proclamation by President Andrew Johnson, Lee was, in effect, a second-class citizen, excluded by Section 3 of the 14th Amendment to the Constitution (passed in 1868) from holding any public office, civil or military. Now Freshman Representative James H. Quillen, a Tennessee Republican, has introduced a House bill posthumously restoring full rights to the Southern hero in recognition of his "courage and integrity."

Whatever happens to **Joan Crawford**, 45, there seemed to be no room in her future for Pepsi on the Rocks. In Philadelphia with Adopted Daughter Cindy to accept an award from the Philadelphia Club of Advertising Women, the veteran screen star, widow of Pepsi Cola Chairman Alfred M. Steele and herself a board member, pooh-poohed those rumors that she might play First Lady to New York's dashing, divorced Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Highly unlikely, said Joan; she has only met Rocky once. Furthermore, "I don't need this publicity,

and I'm sure he doesn't. How can you be engaged to a man who's never asked you for a date?"

The enameled gentry of Palm Beach, buffed to a high gloss for opening nights at the swank Royal Poinciana Playhouse, struck Musical Conductor **Fred Waring**, 62, as nothing more than a bunch of well-heeled Beachniks. "The biggest, over-dressed, overstuffed snobs I've ever seen," said Waring, closing a one-week Playhouse stand *con brio*. "They leave early, and are past masters in the art of rudeness."

"Little Ingo," they call him, while Proud Father and former Heavyweight Champ **Ingemar Johansson**, 30, says of his three-week-old son: "The finest boy I ever saw. Look at his fists; he sure got them from me." Will the tyke go into the ring? "I wouldn't try to stop him," de-



NANCY & HUSBAND
But not in the chapel.

press barred from the chapel, much-photographed Nancy seemed to be putting all that behind her, but even the photographers stopped griping when she emerged, radiant, on the arm of her groom.



"LITTLE INGO" & DAD
Something in the fists.

clared Ingemar in Stockholm. Of course, he would have to be christened first, on Easter Sunday, but Jens Patrik Johansson already looked like a comer.

Sunburned and smiling, **Queen Elizabeth** arrived at the port of Darwin in Australia's remote Northern Territory, clearly enjoyed an easygoing interlude in her Commonwealth tour Down Under. At a luncheon aboard the royal yacht *Britannia*, Elizabeth and Philip entertained 20 guests, among them a full-blooded aboriginal from the local Rights Council, who departed happily with his souvenir menu but wanted to know just one thing: "What was that stuff that looked like water but didn't taste like it?" That stuff, someone explained, was a martini.

That winsome Miss America of 1961, **Nancy Anne Fleming**, 20, became Mrs. William Johnson at a formal ceremony in East Lansing, where both are students at Michigan State. With members of the

Ill lay: **Lord Home**, 59, British Foreign Secretary, downed by gastric flu, canceling all engagements prior to scheduled departure for Japan, at his London home; Indonesia's President **Achmed Sukarno**, 62, "maintaining routine vigilance" after treatment of kidney ailment by specialists from Peking, in Djakarta; **Burt Lancaster**, 49, 1963 Oscar nominee, with infectious hepatitis, at home in Hollywood; **Edward J. ("Knocko") McCormack**, 60, freewheeling Boston Democratic leader and brother of House Speaker John W. McCormack, recuperating from cancer surgery, at Veterans' Hospital, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

A silent spring crept over London, right into the House of Lords, where they were debating the dangers of pesticides and toxic chemicals. In the U.S., declared Lord Douglas of Barloch, practically every meal contained some DDT. Labor Peer Lord **Edward Shackleton**, 51, son of famed explorer Sir Ernest Shackleton, couldn't have agreed more. Why, there was a cannibal in Polynesia, said he, "who no longer allows his tribe to eat Americans. Their fat is contaminated. We have about two parts per million of DDT in our bodies. Americans about eleven parts per million." His Lordship's conclusion: "We are rather more edible."

To the bedside of **Princess Michiko**, 28, in the Imperial Household Hospital came Japanese Crown Prince Akihito, 29, bearing a potted vermilion orchid, her favorite flower. The occasion was not a happy one. For reasons of health, said Palace spokesmen, "at signs of impending miscarriage," the Princess had been surgically aborted by her physicians.



CINDY & MOTHER
Nothing on the Rocks.



EDWARD VILLELLA & ALLEGRA KENT IN "BUGAKU"
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MARTHA SHOPS

THE DANCE Never Mind the Ginza

To Choreographer George Balanchine, the dancers of the Japanese Imperial Household, who made an American tour three years ago, offered more than an unfamiliar art form. They gave him a novel idea: Why not apply the technique of the classic Western ballet to the spirit and music of Bugaku, the Japanese court dance? Bugaku's 1,200-year-old tradition of "noble music" left Balanchine unawed, and Composer Toshiro Mayuzumi was asked to write "some Japanese-flavored music" that Balanchine could set to dancing. Last week, with the New York City Ballet's premiere of the new *Bugaku*, Balanchine proved how right he could be by daring to go wildly wrong.

Sexual Fantasy. *Bugaku* opens on an empty stage suggestive of a court or an arena. The music begins with atonal violin glissandos so delicately feline that the sight of the first dancer coming on stage is a silent shock—like a slipper thrown at a cat. Five girls dance alone in a ritualistic lingo, then five men replace them, moving with the elaborate logic of karate fighters. Each gesture is answered with architectural symmetry, each movement implies a countermovement.

What was a ceremony becomes a seduction—or is it a wedding night? The lovers, danced with moody excitement by Allegra Kent and Edward Villella, are circled by their attendants and stripped of their outer robes. In bikini and tights, they dance a pulsing *pas de deux* that ends in a crouching embrace. Their attendants return, tug them apart and restore their robes, but the partnered dance that follows suggests the first steps of the love duet. The ballet ends—a courtly, exotic, unresolved sexual fantasy.

Balanchine's notion of the Orient is clearly more erotic than Mayuzumi's. The music is fragmented and ethereal, with no hint of sensuality in rhythm or dynamics. The dance, though, is something else again. The lovers stalk each other with expressionless hunger, and the postures they strike between movements are clear imitations of love. Balanchine did not intend to copy the traditional Bugaku, in

SHOW BUSINESS

which only men appear, but those who are misled by the borrowed title are likely to think that if such goings on are traditional in the Imperial Household, never mind the Ginza, get up to the palace.

Zen Spirit. Mayuzumi, 34, has already written some highly admired symphonic music (*The Nirvana Symphony*, *Bacchanale*) and some chamber work, but *Bugaku* is his first ballet score. His music, which retains Oriental overtones in an instrumentation for Western musicians (who don't play the *hichiriki* or the *sho*), slips in and out of tonality, but Mayuzumi is uncertain about the effect on Western ears. "I cannot say that my music is really Japanese-flavored," he says. "But I am a Buddhist and very interested in Zen philosophy, so I hope some kind of Japanese spirit reflects in my music."

Mayuzumi arrived in New York from his home in Tokyo barely in time to see *Bugaku's* final rehearsal. He had never

seen Balanchine's interpretation of his music before. He smiled enigmatically when asked if he had intended his music for a wedding scene, but said that everything was "just as I expected—only much better."

HOLLYWOOD Unlikely Myth

Yvette Mimieux is her real name; yet it sounds more like an anagram or a code phrase devised by aliens, vaguely but discernibly inventive. Her hair is naturally blonde, yet it is so impossibly pale, so much closer to moonlight than to anything found on any ordinary human head, that it seems the product of a prop department. Her complexion, clear as ice and the untroubled color of early dawn, hints of a makeup artist. Her eyes, too, momentarily blue, then grey, then aquamarine, then green, look to be explicable only if they are not eyes at all but varying sets of colored contact lenses. Everything about her suggests that she is not a real girl, but simply a contrivance, like a myth, put together by the gods (or publicity people), who dreamed her perfect.

But perfection, after all, is the stuff that Hollywood starlets, as well as myths, are made of; and to Actress Yvette Mimieux, currently picking up a cool \$60,000 a year as Hollywood's newest bit of fancy, the stuff seems genuine enough. So is her new-found stardom. At 21, with only eight films to her credit, Miss Mimieux (pronounced Mee-mee-er) captured the plum part of the rich, put-upon child-bride in the screen version of Lillian Hellman's *Toys in the Attic*, for which she receives top billing, right along with Geraldine Page and Dean Martin. Considering the fact that just three years ago she was playing Weena, the forward-thinking girl in a science-fiction fantasy, *The Time Machine*—and that only her role as the lovely but mentally defective girl in *Light in the Piazza* has won her any sort of critical recognition—her sudden spiral to the top seems astonishing indeed.

No Poodles in Shorts. But no more so than her life off-screen. Born of a French father ("He's distantly related to Bach," says her pressagent) and Mexican moth-



JULIAN WASSER

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er ("a descendant of a conquistador") in Hollywood, Yvette attended Catholic schools, studied for a year in Mexico City before settling down at Hollywood High School. She didn't get very far. For once upon a summer day, while horseback riding through the Hollywood Hills, she was startled to see a helicopter swoop down from the sky. Out stepped Pressagent Jim Byron ("that's spelled B-Y-R-O-N, as in Lord"), best known for having passed together a puffy collage known as Jayne Mansfield.

Yvette was only 15, and was easily persuaded to try acting; though she let Byron direct the general shape of her career, she insisted on avoiding "anything that is not myself. Like sticking poodles under both arms while dressed in shorts. I've never opened a supermarket, and I never will. When M-G-M wanted me to let my picture be put on the bottom of 90 million boxes of Kleenex, I refused. 'What could be worse,' I asked them, 'than being in 90 million bathrooms?'"

Bubbles for Shoes. Though she turned down the cheesecake, Yvette grew gluttonously fond of her new life. By the time she was 20, she had traveled through seven countries and crossed the U.S. half a dozen times. It was all too incredibly exciting. She sang and danced the night through with genuine gypsies in genuine caves in Granada, sipped chicory coffee at dawn with stevedores on the New Orleans docks, rolled hashish in a Tangier tavern. "I taste of everything the world has to offer," she says. Her tastes run from opera and religious music to modern art, though she takes time out from Baudelaire (which she reads in French) to catch up on *Peanuts* (which she reads in English).

She studies singing, piano and music theory, attends modern-jazz dancing classes five mornings a week ("It makes me feel as if I had soap bubbles for shoes"), and "dabbles in watercolors and short stories." Says she solemnly: "The lives of actors are centered round such transient things. What career can replace the total growth within the self?" She lives in an old clapboard house in Beverly Hills, spends most of her between-class hours walking alone through the woods, her evenings listening to her 1,000-record collection or playing chess with a friend. "Yvette has this kind of relationship with so many marvelous men," says Byron. "Like Glenn Ford, and Charles Boyer and Lee Cobb, who decided she was the best chess player they'd ever seen."

All of which leaves little time for the friendliest friend of them all, Evan Harland Engber, who has been married to Yvette for more than three years. Who he is, where he is, and what exact part he plays in Miss Mimieux's unlikely life is indeterminate; Yvette refuses to talk. "I don't want to sound mystical, but you have to reserve a part of yourself," she says. "Otherwise, you give too much of yourself away, and what's left is just your surface. One door leads to another, and you have to decide where you're go-

ing to close the doors. Open too many and there's nothing left behind where you can hide, where you can live."

On the other mystical hand, leave enough doors locked for a long enough time and people are apt to suspect that there is nothing there worth hiding—except maybe an industrious pressagent.

NIGHTCLUBS

Take a Boy Like Me

They are folk singers, it seems, and there are undeniably ten of them—the sporty, clean New Christy Minstrels. By the traditions of their trade, ten folk singers are nine too many, and when they all sing out together at their full-throated

many nuts in folk music," he says, "that when I chose our people, I made it a point to shy away from questionable people. I looked for the all-American boy or girl who had no political complaints and no sexual problems anybody would be interested in." To assemble his troupe he ran through 29 singers, including a few who resigned for technical reasons—such as the inability to read music.

Blond Mix. Sparks planned the Christys merely as a recording group, but Columbia Records demanded they stay together fulltime and build an "in-person vitality" and an audience. Starting off with a week's engagement at Hollywood's Troubadour Café last July, they did so well that they stayed for three months,



THE NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS
Impure but as ethnic as anybody.

best, ten are ten too many. But in less than a year, they have become the surest thing in polysaturated folk music since the Kingston Trio.

The Christys' music may be cotton candy, but their all-night sucker audience is already immense and still growing greedily. Their latest record album has sold 100,000 copies in a month, and this week they begin a three-week engagement at Manhattan's libidinous Latin Quarter, thereby reinforcing the direct appeal of near nudity with the mysterious charm of their grins and guitars. Such popularity is the personal creation of Founder, Leader and Guardian Randy Sparks, who at 29 has developed a keen ear for the lowest common denominator of public taste, uses it with the good sense of a born hustler. "What we try for," he says with conviction, "is middle-of-the-road fun music."

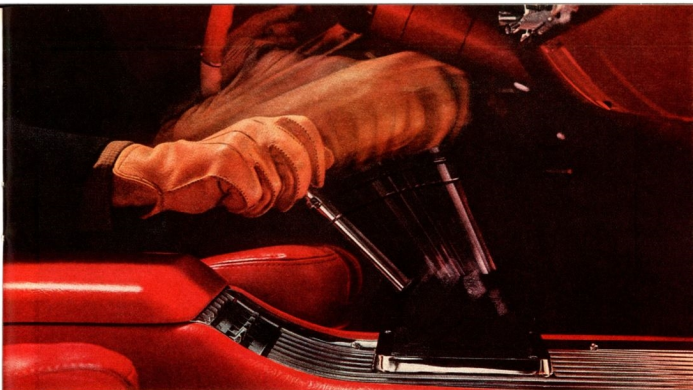
Hewed to Taste. Sparks's ambitions make him a traitor to the serious seekers of the ethnic. But Sparks makes no apologies. "I can sing just as ethnically as they can," he says, "and so can all of us. But we hew to the public taste because the public pays our salaries."

Sparks used a rigid, a-boy-like-me standard to pick his singers. "You get so

with crowds jamming the entrance and queuing up around the block.

Onstage, the Christys are one of the healthiest spectacles imaginable. They trot out from the wings, line up playfully, start right feet tapping in heavy unison, and burst into song. Their music is a bland mix of broad harmonies, familiar tunes, corny humor and just enough of the folk music spirit to cash in on the most avid adult record buyer—the man whose ear has been tuned by popular music but whose developing tastes lead him to folk music. Where the purer folk singers such as Joan Baez and Pete Seeger alienate some audiences with their austerity, the impure Christys, like the Kingston Trio, win them with the warm good cheer that makes everybody at least a vicarious minstrel.

The Christys give up their music with a fine array of instruments, but it is mostly the whanging of guitars ill-played. For variety, they sing a few solos—just enough to let the ten personalities peep out. If egos are hurt or sensibilities trampled, Sparks pours on the sweet salve of success. "A year ago," he says contentedly, "most of this group didn't have enough money to buy new shoes. Now practically everybody has a new car."



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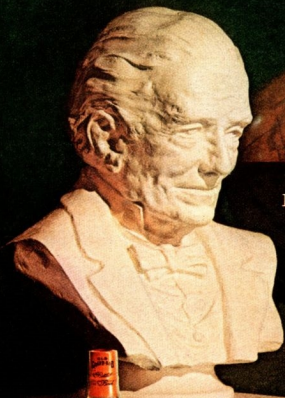
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SCIENCE

AERODYNAMICS

Slotted for Smoothness

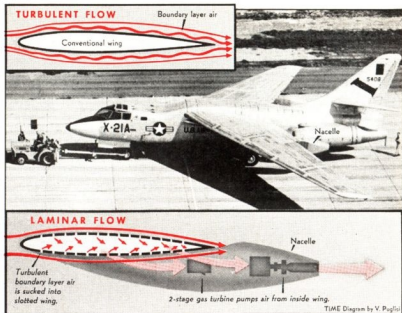
To the casual eye, Northrop Corp.'s brand-new X-21A airplane has the look of an already obsolescent bomber. It is a familiar twin-jet Douglas B-66 fitted out with oversize, swept-back wings. But a close look shows a more significant change. There are hundreds of paper-thin slots slicing through the wings' metal skin. And those slots, if the calculations of Northrop's Norair Division scientists prove correct, may well revolutionize the aircraft industry.

Designed by Swiss-born Aerodynamicist Werner Pfenninger, the intricate tracery promises to be the first practical answer to a problem that is as old as airplanes: how to smooth out the turbulent air that bubbles along the surface of a moving wing. Every airplane wastes some of its power overcoming the drag of that churning air, but not until modern planes moved up toward jet speeds did the drag demand a remedy. Slow planes can live with their own slight turbulence; a fast ship becomes a fuel-gulping monster as it fights the furious air waves that swirl and eddy over its wings.

Perfect Maze. The solution, surprisingly, has long been obvious. But while engineers knew that the laminar (smooth) airflow they wanted could be had by sucking any turbulent air into a wing's inner cavity, putting theory into practice proved a stubborn puzzle. Dr. Pfenninger worked on his LFC (laminar flow control) wing for 23 years before perfecting its closely packed slits that are only a few thousandths of an inch wide. Under each slit, a small chamber gathers the incoming air and channels it through pin-size holes into ducts that lead to streamlined nacelles hanging under each wing. Inside each of those nacelles, a pair of light, powerful gas turbines—one for the forward part of the wing, one for the more turbulent air in the rear—generate the suction that keeps the system operating.

Northrop engineers, who have run thousands of hours of wind-tunnel tests, say that once the suction is started, there is smooth, laminar flow over both top and bottom of their new wing. Up to 80% of the friction drag is eliminated—and this figure includes compensation for the drag caused by the nacelles and for the power needed to run the turbines. With drag so drastically reduced, an airplane uses much less fuel, thus can fly farther or carry more payload. The X-21A will not have its first flight tests until next month, but Northrop is already making a joint study with Lockheed to apply LFC to Lockheed's C-141 jet cargo plane. Project Manager Don Warner is sure that the sucking slots can increase a C-141's payload by 74% or its nonstop range by 50%.

Loitering Platform. Extra payload and range are all-important in commercial aviation, but the brightest prospect for the LFC principle is probably military. Aware that modern detection systems



and ground-to-air missiles are too effective to let many ordinary bombers get close to important targets, the Pentagon is hopefully looking forward to flying missile platforms. And an ideal platform would be a plane, loitering aloft, just beyond reach of enemy interceptors, ready to launch long-range air-to-ground missiles at targets deep in enemy territory. Existing bombers have small talent for loitering; the big B-52s, backbone of the Strategic Air Command, can stay in the air little more than 20 hours. Even if drastically rebuilt with LFC wings, their flight time might increase at most to 33 hours.

For really effective loitering, says Warner, an LFC missile platform should be designed from scratch. With economical new turboprop engines, the new plane would be able to stay in the air for three days, cruising almost anywhere on earth. One proposal is to arm these loitering ships with low-flying missiles capable of streaking to their targets under the searching beams of enemy radars. The mere existence of such deadly platforms would force an enemy into costly efforts to defend against them.

MARINE BIOLOGY

Cultured Prawns

Japanese Ichthyologist Motosaku Fujinaga was still a senior in Tokyo University when he decided on his life's work: a study of the life and loves of the 6-in., shrimplike creature known as the kuruma prawn. Dr. Fujinaga's selection was more than an exercise in esoteric biology. Kuruma prawns are Japanese delicacies and are usually kept alive until the very moment when they are either deep fried as *tempura* or skinned alive and eaten raw as *sushi*.

Trouble is, demand has drastically diminished the kuruma supply. Japanese fishermen working home waters last year netted only 3,000 tons; another 4,000 tons were imported. But the imports were far

from fresh by the time they arrived. The price of local prawns soared to \$5 per lb. Then, last week, Dr. Fujinaga announced that he was about to ease the culinary crisis. After 30 years of study, he has finally learned how to raise captive kuruma prawns in commercial quantities.

Brutal Female. Before his experiments began to pay off, Dr. Fujinaga had to go back to the beginning—he had to pry into the prawns' most intimate secrets. For reasons known only to themselves, the little creatures mate only between midnight and 3 a.m. on perfect summer nights in calm, untroubled water. Night after night Dr. Fujinaga waded hip-deep in his experimental salt-water pond, wielding only a flashlight. Not until 1940 did he see the first prawn mating ever witnessed by man. "The ritual is truly bewitching," he reported. "The male prawn first chases the female; then she molts, or undresses for him. The male next embraces the naked female, and she, in somewhat brutal fashion, absorbs his sex organ entirely, breaking it off. He is incapacitated until he grows a new one."

His scientific voyeurism taught him little of practical value, and Dr. Fujinaga continued to spy on his prawns. After



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Only between midnight and 3 a.m.

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYOWNERS. Portrait of a Northwestern Mutual "family"—the Senior Snokes and their three sons, all NML policyowners. Both Dr. and Mrs. Snoke are M.D.'s. Their eldest son Tom, shown with his wife and baby, is a third year medical student at Yale. Son Arthur is a physics major at Stanford. Michael (extreme right) attends preparatory school.



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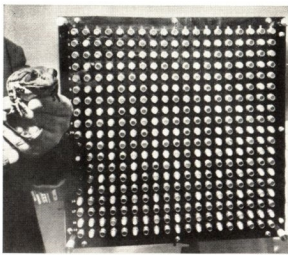
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FROG EYEBALL-TO-EYEBALL WITH FACSIMILE
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testing countless kinds of marine microorganisms, he found that during the first four days after hatching, larval kuruma prawns eat only microscopic *Skeletonema costatum*, a kind of diatom. When he learned how to grow his own *Skeletonema* in glass-covered tanks, his prawns survived their infancy. But Dr. Fujinaga could not manage to keep them alive longer than that.

In 1955, as head of Japan's Fisheries Agency Research Department, he went to a fisheries conference in Washington. There he heard about brine-shrimp eggs, on which American fanciers feed finicky tropical fish. When he fed the eggs to infant prawns back in Japan, he brought them safely through infancy into reasonably hardy youth.

Plankton & Clam Larvae. In 1959, modestly financed by fisheries companies, Dr. Fujinaga set up a pilot prawn ranch in abandoned salt-evaporation ponds at Ikushima on Shikoku Island. He now has 30 employees, and the place is jumping with prawns. The tiny just-hatched kurumas are coddled in indoor tanks and eat yellowish-brown *Skeletonema* plankton that have been grown in filtered sea water doped with chemicals. Other kinds of plankton, also specially cultured, carry them through the next stage. When they are one-quarter-inch long, they graduate to outdoor tanks and are fed clam eggs and larvae or brine-shrimp eggs. Then they move to the salt ponds, where they grow to delicious maturity on chopped trash fish and are fit for conspicuous consumption at elaborate geisha parties.

ELECTRONICS

Man-Made Frog's Eye

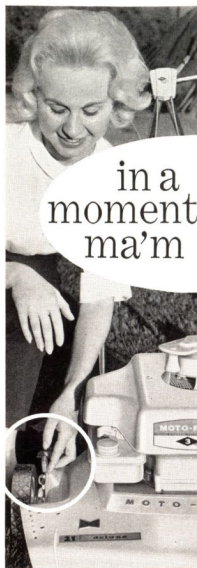
Crouched motionless on a mossy stone, a frog seems to be thinking about nothing, and in a sense this is true: the frog's brain is too small and primitive for real thought. But its bright, bulging eyes have a keen, built-in intelligence of their own. They select among stimuli and report to

the feeble brain only those visual items that are important to a frog's well-being. When a cloud drifts slowly over the sun, a frog's eyes do not bother the brain with the meaningless event. But when a bird swoops down, suddenly darkening the sky, special cells in the eyes cry alarm, and the frog plops hastily into the water. Other eye cells report the presence of the small moving objects that usually turn out to be insects—but only when the insects are close enough for the frog to have a chance of catching them. If they are too far off or are flying rapidly away, a built-in computing mechanism rejects the targets as impossible.

So sensitive and selective is the frog's-eye computer that human scientists have long tried to construct a duplicate. At a bionics^{*} symposium sponsored by the Air Force at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base last week, Radio Corp. of America demonstrated a reasonable facsimile. RCA's artificial eye is a heavy box, 40 in. by 40 in., its end studded with 1,600 small light detectors that simulate the light-sensitive cells of a frog's retina. Behind the detectors are layers of electronic components that serve as frog nerve cells. They are interconnected in such a way that they report to the "brain," a smaller light-studded panel, only those objects that a frog would see. If a disk held in front of the large "eye" panel is moving in the proper direction at the proper speed, it appears in lights on the brain panel.

No frog could catch insects with RCA's crude and ponderous eye, but the Air Force has high hopes of developing it into a practical instrument that can view a scene and make instant, frog-quick decisions. Unblinkingly focused on a radar scope, it might report only those aircraft or missiles that are potentially hostile. In an even more refined version, it could ride in a missile and steer its warhead toward targets that it had been trained to seek.

* A coined word meaning the development of artificial instruments based on living organisms.



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THE THEATER

Muzhikal

Tovarich is the largest disaster Vivien Leigh has been involved in since the burning of Atlanta. As Scarlett O'Hara, she shrugged off unpleasantness with "I'll think of all this tomorrow." Virtually all that will bear thinking about in *Tovarich* is the age-resistant loveliness, piquant charm, and skilled show-womanish of Vivien Leigh.

In this musical remake of the 1936 play, she is the Grand Duchess Tatiana Petrovna, a 1920s Parisian exile from the Winter Palace of Czar "Nicky." With her is her consort, General Mikhail Ouratieff, played with the suppleness of a tin soldier by Jean Pierre Aumont. For food, resourceful Tatiana steals artichokes; for fun, the local White Russians have dances in their peasant pantskis—Kazachoks, waltzes, soft shoe, maxixe, tangos, polonaises—name it, they do it. Mikhail carries around 4 billion francs that the Czar gave him "as a sacred trust," come the counterrevolution. As of 1927, a sly Bolshevik commissar (Alexander Scourby) is trailing Mikhail for the money, and Tatiana proposes that they give the Red the slip by signing on as maid and butler to an oil-rich American family.

It was a mild comic conceit at best, and time has made the resulting camouflage and persiflage dimly dispiriting. In 1936, Russia was remotely terrible but not dangerous, still exotic enough for period romance and period humor, attitudes no 1963 playgoer can sustain. *Tovarich* needed a boldly inventive face lifting, but its book and lyrics sadly sag. Its tuneshy music may please any metronomes in the audience. Sample wit: "Let's go down to the kitchen and get a potato and make our own vodka." Sample lyric:

*I go to bed, I go to bed
I pull the covers up around my
head . . .*

Just when a playgoer wishes he could do the same, Vivien Leigh divertingly



SUSAN STRASBERG
Worth a father's remembrance.



VIVIEN LEIGH
Worth thinking about.

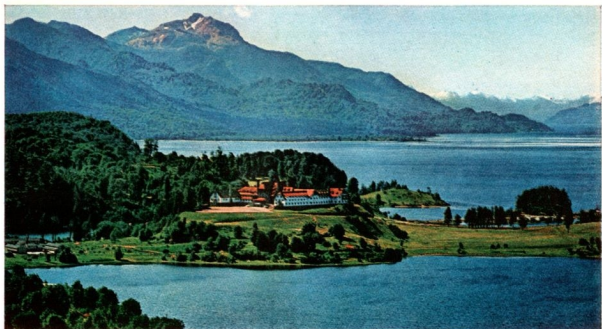
peps up the proceedings. She shimmies a madcap Charleston that ought to be recorded on a film strip of memorable moments from forgettable musicals. She torch-sings an affecting lament for lost first love (*I Know the Feeling*) in a bistro baritone that huskily recalls early Marlene Dietrich. In party scenes, she alone does not resemble a fugitive from a Vat 69 ad. Although her eyes seem candlelit with some private poetry of grief, she plays the regal scamp all evening, ornamenting with a playfully aristocratic touch the shoddy show goods with which Broadway's indomitable pitchmen hope to mulet the theatergoing muzhiks.

Wilted Camellias

The Lady of the Camellias. What prompted Franco Zeffirelli to "devise, design and direct" this revival of the dusty Dumas *film* sob opera is a question the ancients would have put to Delphi. The question on opening night was whether the dry eyes outnumbered the open ones.

Zeffirelli is the sort of director who needs a director. He likes to rough up a finished work of art so that it resembles a raw slice of life. In his much overpraised staging of the Old Vic's *Romeo and Juliet*, he injected bawling Renaissance vigor at the cost of turning a poetic tragedy into a documentary on 15th century juvenile delinquents. He tries to press *The Lady of the Camellias* between the pages of the Kinsey report, but the Dumas romance is too wilted for even hothouse sociology.

Playing Camille's lover, John Stride indulges in so much whinnying, snorting and foot pawing that it is not clear whether he is suffering from the onset of amour or the opening of Aqueduct. As for Susan Strasberg, daughter of Actors Studio Artistic Director Lee Strasberg, it is surely a father's duty to tell her. As the phthisical Marguerite Gautier, only a cough distinguishes her from the Chatty Cathy doll.



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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Non-Progress Report

Just when Manhattan's marathon newspaper strike seemed about to end last week, members of the International Typographical Union unexpectedly turned their backs on Local Boss Bert Powers' recommendation and Mayor Wagner's proposed \$12.63 settlement, 1.621 to 1.557. Prodded by the mayor, the printers agreed to take another vote this week. If they change their minds and approve the contract, the striking photoengravers will be the last to ratify a contract in the record 15-week shutdown.

Don't Swallow Everything

In the shabby George Washington Inn, where California Democrat John Moss's House Information subcommittee began looking into the Kennedy Administration's news policy last week, the talk kept coming back to the same subject: the stumbling tongue of Pentagon Press Secretary Arthur Sylvester. And Sylvester was a sitting duck for the eleven publishers, broadcasters and reporters who turned up to testify. What riled the witnesses particularly was Sylvester's statement about last October's Cuba crisis that the Government has the "right, if necessary, to lie to save itself when it's going up into a nuclear war."

That is "a philosophy of totalitarianism utterly foreign to our American precepts," argued Lee Hills, executive editor of the five-paper Knight chain. Said Publisher Gene Robb of the Albany (N.Y.) Times-Union: "A government can successfully lie no more than once to its people. Thereafter, everything it says and does becomes suspect." Roughest of all was the Des Moines Register's Clark Mollenhoff, who



WALLY BUTTS



BEAR BRYANT

All suited up.

suggested that veteran Newsman Sylvester, 61 (37 years with the Newark News), ought to resign.

All but one of the witnesses failed to mention the fact that, managed news or not, the stories in Washington are still there for the digging. In advance of Sylvester's rebuttal this week, New York Times Washington Bureau Chief James Reston did him the favor of shifting part of the blame to the working press. The Kennedys may "have conned a few reporters into being more sympathetic than good skeptical reporters should," said Reston, but that is mostly the reporters' fault.

It is all very well for newsmen to enjoy fine French food at the White House. Reston might have added, but they are under no compulsion to swallow everything that goes along with it.

MAGAZINES

So Sue Me

The rumor had been stirring up the South for weeks—from Florida baseball training camps to Birmingham bars and Richmond restaurants. The *Saturday Evening Post*, so the story went, was planning to print "a shocking report" of how former Georgia Football Coach Wally Butts and Alabama Coach Paul ("Bear") Bryant "rigged a game last fall." When the *Post* finally came out last week, the well-publicized story was tucked away strangely on the back pages, but it was every bit as sensational as billed.

Forget the Fallout. "Not since the Chicago White Sox threw the 1919 World Series," trumpeted the *Post*, "has there been a sports story as shocking as this one." The story came from George Burnett, an Atlanta insurance salesman who claims to have been accidentally hooked into a long-distance call between Butts and Bryant eight days before last season's opening game between Georgia and Alabama. Burnett says he heard the operator call the two men by name, and that when he heard Bryant ask Butts, "Do you have anything for me?" he began taking notes. But he stashed the notes in a bureau drawer and did nothing with them. Alabama, favored by 14 to 17 points, went on to trample Georgia 35-0. Months later, Burnett told a friend of the intercepted

phone call, and the story got to Georgia University authorities.

Worried that Butts's supporters would try to strike back at him by dredging up his own record of arrests for passing bad checks, Burnett hired a lawyer in Atlanta and decided to tell the story to the *Post*. As soon as "The Story of a College Football Fix" appeared on the newsstands, the FBI, the Governor of Georgia, Senator McClellan and just about everybody else in the football-happy Southeast announced plans to investigate.

The *Post* could hardly have been more delighted with the fuss that it had stirred up. Curtis lost \$18.9 million last year, and ever since brash young Clay Blair Jr., 37, was named editorial director of all Curtis magazines last fall, the *Post* has apparently been trying to hit its readers with a blockbuster a week, though its only previous success was December's notorious "eyeball-to-eyeball" account of the Cuba crisis. But as long as the blockbusters make a lot of noise, the *Post* does not seem much concerned by any fallout. "The final yardstick" of the magazine's impact, said Blair in a memo to his staff, is the fact that "we have about six lawsuits pending, meaning that we are hitting them where it hurts."

Bizarre Measure. By Blair's bizarre measure, the *Post* last week succeeded beyond its wildest dreams. Wally Butts's lawyers said that they would strain Blair's yardstick with a \$10 million libel suit. Already headed for the courts is a \$5,000,000 suit filed by Marlon Brando, after a *Post* piece said that "he wasted \$6,000,000 by sulking on the set" of *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Bear Bryant, who brought a \$500,000 action last fall, after the *Post* accused him of teaching brutal football, says that he will file another suit for the football fix story.

Butts and Bryant, given a pre-publication peek at the *Post* piece, went on television even before it appeared to issue strong denials. Afterward all the principals submitted to lie detector tests, and according to the results, all of them—Butts, Bryant, and Burnett too—seemed to be telling the truth. How the confusion would end, only the courts could decide. But for the time being, as *Post* ads like to put it, "People are talking about the *Post*."



SYLVESTER & REPORTERS
All become suspect.

RELIGION

PROTESTANTISM

How Prejudice Is Taught

Some Protestant Sunday schools, as recently as five years ago, were still teaching that the Catholics were "papists" and "enemies of the Gospel," and that the Jews had suffered through history under a curse because their ancestors had murdered Jesus. Most of such obvious examples of church baiting have now been blue-penciled away, often because they were singled out and criticized by Dr. Bernhard Olson, a Methodist who teaches at Union Theological Seminary. In a new book, *Faith and Prejudice* (Yale; \$7.50), Olson shows how religious-text writers have often carried teaching beyond the statement of the essential doctrines into the terrain of slurs that offend other faiths.

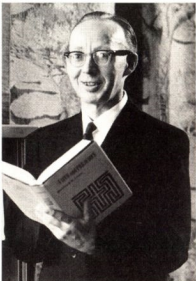
Olson's book is an analysis of religious lessons that have been used by four representative Protestant groups: the Unitarians and Universalists, the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, and the fundamentalist churches that subscribe to the materials issued by the independent Scripture Press. Olson makes clear that all four church groups are officially and staunchly opposed to anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism, and that most religious texts do provide a healthy antidote to prejudice. Nonetheless, he argues, there still exist lessons that can subtly evoke unfavorable attitudes to other faiths in pupils' minds. Olson blames textbook writers and editors who rely on outdated history, interpret their church's theology too narrowly, and who seem to lack "an awareness of their responsibilities" as teachers to present a fair picture of what other people believe.

Against Catholics. "The scars left by the Reformation struggle are still evident in the treatment Protestants give Roman Catholic attitudes and behavior toward them not only in the past but in the present," Olson observes. Although properly noting that many Catholics are opposed to religious persecution, one Presbyterian text warned: "The Roman Catholic Church has never formally disavowed the principle behind the Inquisition." Another read: "Personal relationships with clerical and lay Catholics can be cordial and cooperative, but ecclesiastical relationships are almost impossible."

One fundamentalist lesson said: "In the early centuries, under pagan persecution, thousands of Christians were put to death, and a thousand years later, during the popish persecutions, millions perished." A Missouri Synod text argued that "a Christian should not vote for persons whose religion makes them dangerous to

the welfare of the state. Roman Catholics are pledged to further the interests of the Pope above all other interests."

Against Jews. Judaism does not show up in Protestant religious texts as an ecclesiastical enemy, but a prejudice against living Jews may subtly be evoked by stories of the Crucifixion. "The Gospels illustrate how bitterly Jesus was hated by the Jews," read one conservative scripture commentary. "The Pharisees called Him Beelzebub, a revolting title, which they applied to Satan. Similarly, the Jews and other enemies of the church have called the Christians all kinds of bad names." Olson's analysis of this argument: "Here



CRITIC OLSON
Credo sometimes turns to slur.

the writer uses the responses of a small group of Pharisees to Jesus in a particular moment in history to project a series of generalizations 1) from a few to all Pharisees, 2) from all Pharisees to all Jews in the time of Jesus, and 3) from all 1st century Jews to Jews of any time or place."

Olson argues that it is impossible to present the doctrine of any one church—even of the syncretist, brotherhood-minded Unitarians—without a certain "partisanship or particularism." But he believes that the manner of representation is all-important, and that a "realistic handling" of the theological issues that divide the churches need not make out other faiths to be enemies or "oppressors."

Fortunately, religious-text editors agree. Since he completed the research for *Faith and Prejudice*, Olson has helped 20 Protestant churches reevaluate Sunday school curricula. When he presented his criticisms to the Missouri Synod, one of the church's editors told him: "You've done us a great service." Missouri Synod lesson references to Jews are now being

eliminated or softened, and a note newly attached to one text about the trial of Jesus warns: "Teachers must be careful not to give the impression that the Jewish people are under a curse to this day because some Jews 2,000 years ago brought about the Crucifixion of the Son of God."

WORSHIP

Blue Tongues

Glossolalia has come to Yale. The ability to "speak in tongues," possessed by the Apostles at the first Pentecost, has long been claimed by fundamentalist Protestant sects. In the last three years, glossolalia has also been tried out by a number of Lutheran and Episcopal churches in the Middle and Far West. Now 20 students in the secular, skeptical confines of Yale University report that they can pray in the spontaneous outpouring of syllables that sounds like utter babble to most listeners, but has a special meaning to the "gifted."

The Glossolalians are far from being Holy Rollers. One is a Roman Catholic, and most of the others are Protestants who belong to the sobersided Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship—Episcopalians, Lutherans, Presbyterians and Methodists. Five have Phi Beta Kappa keys, and six plan to enter the ministry after graduation. They date their experience to two campus visits last October by the Rev. Harald Bredesen, pastor of the First Reformed Church of Mount Vernon, N.Y., and a prominent advocate of glossolalia as a means of heightening the spiritual life of churches. His formula for speaking in tongues: put the vocal cords in motion, then prayerfully turn them over to God.

The students regard their "gift" as a sacrament and as a means of expressing their faith. They argue that any religious phenomenon approved in the New Testament—St. Paul, in *1 Corinthians*, regards it as a special gift to Christians like prophecy—clearly has a place in the life of the modern church. In practicing glossolalia, the students do not fall into any mystical seizures or trances; instead, on-lookers report, they seem fully in control as they mutter or chant sentences that sometimes sound like Hebrew, sometimes like unkempt Swedish. "I don't care what language it is," says one of the tongues-speaking students, "so long as it helps me live a Christian life."

Yale's opinion of the gift is mixed. The university chaplain, the Rev. William Sloane Coffin Jr., regards glossolalia as a genuine religious experience and as a natural way for students to gain "emotional release" from the tensions of college life. Another New Haven cleric rejects the phenomenon as "a gentlemanly fad." Students mostly take a dim view. "My grandmother had her Ouija board," says one. "My mother had her Bridey Murphy. Now they have this. It's all the same to me." The glossolalists expect skepticism, and respond with a rueful joke: "Maybe this is what St. Paul means by being fools for Christ's sake."

* Similar "self-examinations" of Catholic and Jewish teaching materials, inspired (as was the Protestant analysis) by the American Jewish Committee, are under way at the Jesuits' St. Louis University and at the Dropsie College for Hebrew and Cognate Learning.



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End of the Street

"Call me a come-in fighter. Call me a counterpuncher. Call me anything you want," said Featherweight Davey Moore, 29. "You really want to know what I am? I'm a street fighter, man, the best you ever saw."

Even after he won the featherweight championship of the world from Nigeria's Hogan Bassey in 1959, diminutive (5 ft. 3 in., 126 lbs.) Davey Moore liked most to boast of his boyhood reputation as the best fist-foot-knee-and-thumb fighter ever produced by Kiefer Junior High School in Springfield, Ohio. Son of a Negro clergyman, Moore was a professional of sorts by the time he was seven, fighting in impromptu preliminaries in Springfield's Memorial Hall and scrambling for coins tossed into the ring. Officially turning pro in 1953, he seemed only a so-so boxer until 1957, when he won 14 straight fights and the featherweight championship.

Davey Moore fought for only one thing—money—and he fought often. He gave Bassey a rematch, won that, and during the next four years he fought 22 times. "I ain't fightin' for no high ideals," he said. "I'm a hungry fighter, man, very hungry." Last week in Los Angeles, Champion Moore took on one more challenger, Cuban Refugee Urtimio ("Sugar") Ramos, 25, undefeated in 43 straight fights. Moore was cocky. "This is a business," he said, "just like any other business."

But from the start it was bad. In the fifth round, Moore lost his mouthpiece, was cut inside his mouth. In the tenth, Ramos ripped off a left that dropped him to one knee. Moore popped up, ran into a storm of punches, fell again. At the count of five, he lurched to his feet, staggered across the ring, and sprawled over the ropes. With that, his manager asked the referee to stop the fight.

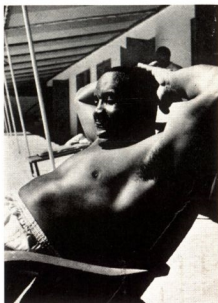
In his dressing room afterward, Moore told reporters: "I'd like to fight Ramos again." Then he seemed to fall asleep. He arrived at the hospital in a deep coma. Doctors diagnosed "severe contusions to the brain stem," listed his chances of survival "extremely poor."

One for the 19th

There is nothing more humiliating than to step up to a golf ball, plant your feet (closed stance), set your hands (interlocking grip), wiggle your hips (pros call it "waggle"), swing mightily, and miss. When it happens to a pro athlete—ha!—there's one for the 19th hole.

In Miami Beach it happened to Heavyweight Champion Sonny Liston. "Get this!" he yelled to a photographer. Whoosh! He whiffed. Ouch! He wrenched his left knee. That was more than a month ago. But last week Liston's knee still hurt, so much that he limped right out of his return bout with Floyd Patterson.

Still, it was more honorable than eating his way out. While he was supposed to be



MARK KAUFFMAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
LAID-UP LISTON
With a maimed meniscus.

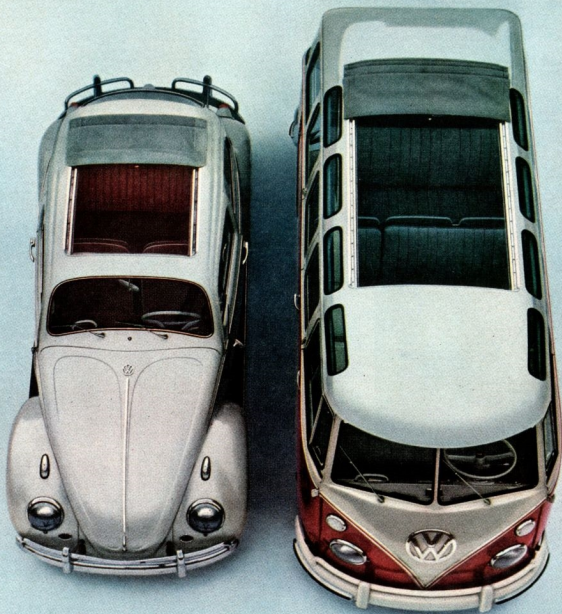
training, Sonny was clumping around Miami Beach nightspots. Estimates on his weight ranged all the way up to 245 lbs., or 30 lbs. over his fighting weight. With Liston facing surgery for a torn meniscus, or cartilage, and out of action for at least six months, the title fight was postponed indefinitely. But only \$75,000 worth of tickets had been sold anyway, and nobody seemed to care much.

WHO WON

► Kelso: the \$109,750 John B. Campbell Handicap, at Maryland's Bowie Race Course, thus becoming the third-biggest money winner in U.S. racing history (behind Round Table and Nashua). Carrying 131 lbs., Mrs. Richard C. du Pont's great gelding rushed from behind to nip Crimson Satan by three-quarters of a length. The victory, Kelso's second in a \$100,000-added race within a week, was worth \$71,337—pushing his total winnings to \$1,218,767.

► Oxford University: the annual 4½-mile boat race with Cambridge, sometimes called "the most ridiculous race in the world," for the 48th time in 100 races, on the River Thames. Preparing for this, their only race of the season, both crews spent three months in near-monastic training. Oxford poured it on to win by five lengths—sparked by Stroke Duncan Spencer, an Old Blue from Yale ('62) turned new Blue at Oxford (Christ Church, reading honors English). Said he: "We just had a good row."

► The Soviet Union: the world amateur ice hockey championship, trouncing Canada, 4-2, at Stockholm. The U.S., which won the world title in the 1960 Olympics, won only one game this time, wound up frozen in last place.



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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Crisis at Catholic U.

Catholic University in Washington, D.C., has a high aim—"to search out truth scientifically, to safeguard it, and to apply it"—qualified in practice by a timid feeling that now and then some of the truth has to be suppressed. The newest case of suppression has the school's faculty in revolt and deeply worries many of the 239 Roman Catholic bishops in the U.S., who are C.U.'s guardians.

Barred from a student lecture series at C.U. last month were four eminent Catholic intellectuals, including two of the nation's top Jesuit theologians, Fathers Gustave Weigel and John Courtney Murray; a noted Benedictine liturgical scholar, Father Godfrey Diekmann; and one of the official theologians at the Vatican Council, Germany's Father Hans Küng. To Monsignor William J. McDonald, rector of Catholic University of America, giving a forum to these scholars might seem to place his school on the liberal side in debate at the council (now in adjournment until September)—and he did not want the school to be on any side.

An Indignant Cardinal. The ban was a case of caution carried to outrage, and it was with outrage that U.S. Catholics responded. At least 23 Catholic newspapers lamented what Wisconsin's Green Bay Register calls "one of the saddest pages in the history of intellectual Catholicism in the U.S." One editor denounced C.U.'s "authoritarianism"; another labeled the university a "citadel of mediocrity." Snapped Bishop John K. Muccio of Steubenville, Ohio: "Legitimate controversy should not be sidestepped by a center of learning. Suppressing views is no service to truth." In a stiff letter to Rector

McDonald, St. Louis' Joseph Cardinal Ritter described himself as "dismayed" and "indignant."

More than 200 of the university's 350 faculty members appealed McDonald's "speaker ban" to the 40-man board of trustees, which consists of all U.S. cardinals and archbishops, plus five bishops and six laymen. And where at first it seemed that only one incident was at issue, C.U.'s eminent church historian, Monsignor John Tracy Ellis, went on to charge that "for nearly a decade, this type of suppression has been going on constantly at this university."

Every Catholic Contributes. C.U. is the only "national pontifical university" in the U.S. As such, it is controlled ultimately by the Vatican's Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities. It is the only U.S. Catholic university whose rector must be approved by the Pope (the others are run by religious orders or individual dioceses). Every U.S. Catholic is supposed to contribute to its support via an annual collection in all churches (1962 gleaning: \$1,500,000).

In practice, Catholic University has been run by its rectors. They influence the rotating executive committee of trustees to which they report. They preside over the peaceable academic senate below them. In the 1930s one of them tried to build the school's reputation with big-time football (in 1936, C.U. actually beat Ole Miss in the Orange Bowl) and piled up a huge deficit. Another allowed the engineering school to lose accreditation (since restored) in the 1950s.

"Little Rome." C.U. began as a graduate school for priests, and although it let in undergraduates in 1904 and women in 1920, it is still something of a graduate-level seminary. Dominated by the vast

National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, the campus is ringed by 87 houses of study for various orders, giving rise to the nickname "Little Rome." One-third of the 5,300 students are nuns, priests and other religious. The effect is unusual—pretty coeds in skirts and sweaters mixing with bearded Capuchin brothers in robes and sandals and studious Sisters of Charity in swooping white headdresses.

The only Catholic member of the prestigious Association of American Universities, C.U. is one of only three Catholic campuses with a Phi Beta Kappa chapter (others: Fordham and Minnesota's College of St. Catherine). Though its \$16 million endowment is paltry, its 600,000-volume library is tops for Washington campuses. Its first-rate drama department has enlivened capital culture with some 200 plays attended by 550,000 people. It boasts the nation's only school of canon law, complete with a topflight lay lawyer who converted from Judaism. Sometimes called the "West Point of the U.S. clergy," C.U. counts among its living alumni some 55 bishops and more than 40 college presidents.

Catholics have long thought of C.U. as a model of academic freedom—subject to neither "the hand of an order" nor the pressure of a state legislature. Even in student rules, it is unusually liberal for a Catholic campus (no "lights out," no supervised study). Yet in recent years, notably under Irish-born Rector McDonald, who took over in 1957, the faculty has increasingly complained of academic timidity at the top. Items:

► Rector McDonald vetoed as "imprudent" a proposed C.U. symposium on evolution and Christian theology during the Darwin centennial in 1959—while similar symposiums were held at three other Catholic universities (Fordham, Duquesne, and Chicago's Loyola).

► Sociologist Father Raymond Plotvin was forced to withdraw from a major study of family planning in cooperation with Jesuit Georgetown University. Reason: McDonald refused to approve Plotvin's request for a Ford Foundation grant to study "family size preference of American Catholic college girls" because the subject was "too controversial."

► Father Edward F. Siegan, associate professor of sacred Scripture, was ousted last year "for reasons of health" despite an 18-2 vote of protest by the faculty of sacred theology. Rumored reason: Siegan's probing scholarship irked Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi, the apostolic delegate to the U.S., who also takes a dim view of Theologian Küng.

► By Vatican request, C.U.'s canon law faculty prepared for the council a list of proposed reforms of obsolete church laws. In Rome, U.S. bishops waited expectantly but in vain to hear the C.U. ideas. Reason: Rector McDonald never sent them. His critics call this "even more serious than the speaker ban."

By last week, six major faculty groups had backed resolutions calling on the C.U. administration to rethink its notions



C.U. CAMPUS & NATIONAL SHRINE

To search out the truth—and suppress it a little.



RECTOR McDONALD

“Baseball players are ruffians and roughnecks. They’ll never set foot inside my hotel!”

With that cry, a Florida hotel owner chased Dodger manager Uncle Wilbert Robinson out of his lobby, in 1915.

LIFE Magazine this week pictures the changes that nearly 50 years have brought to the lot of the big-league baseball player in spring training. It’s a long slide from the day rough Rube Waddell displayed his wrath over a tough steak by nailing it to the dining room wall. To appreciate the difference, you need look no further than LIFE’s photo of the Angels’ Bo Belinsky enjoying a tennis game on the courts of the plush Palm Springs hostelry where he and his teammates are working themselves comfortably back into shape.

In this nostalgic story, LIFE notes that most of the changes stem from a change in the players themselves; since World War II, the number of college-educated big-leaguers has risen from 8% to more than 40%.

LIFE

... New trend in the national pastime; new record in the national budget; new progress in national defense: each week, LIFE focuses on the broad spectrum of issues and ideas that shape the world we live in. This kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction for people who care. People you like to talk to read LIFE.



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of academic freedom. "Now all this is out in the open," says one faculty man. "The trustees cannot bypass the situation as it exists." Rector McDonald himself gave a sign that all the protest was having a telling effect. He announced the appearance at Catholic University next month of a timely guest speaker: Augustin Cardinal Bea, a towering liberal at the Vatican Council. Bea's topic: "Academic Research and Ecumenicism."

SCHOOLS

Classroom Communiqué

A child's riddle has it that the room no one can enter is the mushroom, but sometimes it seems just as hard for ordinary citizens to enter and observe the U.S. classroom. One man who does go to school, and reports what he sees in readable books, is David Mallery, 39, Long a teacher (of English, at Philadelphia's crack Germantown Friends School). Mallery now works for the Boston-based National Association of Independent Schools, which sends his reports to public and private schools, teachers, parents and school boards. The effect is to inspire them with the wide range of classroom experimentation, comfort them by showing the similarity of their problems, and warn them away from false goals.

Who's Cute & Dirty? From California to Connecticut, Mallery has scouted scores of schools to publicize pioneering ventures in everything from astronautics to paleontology. At the Miquon School near Philadelphia, for example, he found a remarkable math program in which expert teachers set up "actual experiences of discovery" and math becomes almost a spoken language. In one rapid-fire dialogue, Mallery records a class of fourth-graders wildly multiplying not just numbers, but numbers that stand for adjectives in a code. Teacher: "Someone is cute and dirty—who is it?" Cute is 5, dirty 13; multiplied they are 65, the digits of which add up to 11. Sarah, who has been assigned the number 11 leaps to her feet: "Sarah is cute and dirty!" The class roars. The game grows in complexity, until at length one boy is able to make the rolling pronouncement: "I am very, very, very, very eccentric, cute, well-liked, nice, bald and 47!"

At the Cabot School in Newtonville, Mass., Mallery found a successful system of providing individualized reading for second graders. Banning graded readers. Teacher Dorothy L. White provides hundreds of regular books at all levels of difficulty. After a child reads a book, he is "checked out" on new words and story meanings: "Did the bunny really want to run away?" "What do you call it when a crew seizes a ship?" The kids write little résumés of "what the story told you," get so interested in reading that one year 29 of them polished off 1,500 books, including high school books, on everything from the Alps to the Civil War.

The Trouble with Harry. Mallery's classroom anecdotes say more about children than pages of generalized psychology.



REPORTER MALLERY

One man who goes to school.

He tells, for example, of Harry, 7, who seemed to go off in all directions, understanding but never completing an assignment. One Halloween a teacher offered him a sheet. "You can come as a ghost, Harry," the teacher said. "No, I think I'd rather go as the circulatory system," said Harry. Without help, he covered the sheet with a good diagram of the veins and arteries for his costume. The moral: Harry—and lots of chaotic-appearing kids—are good learners but rather impatient of proving their scholarship by doing routine assignments.

Mallery early set out to study the effect of Sputnik speedups on U.S. high school students. Shunning the big abstractions that one had called "bull questions," Mallery spent six months visiting eight sample schools, all but one public, in the Northeast and Midwest. His 1962 book, *High School Students Speak Out* (Harper; \$3.75), showed that in many schools pressure for good grades was subtly obscuring the goal of learning. "School is not a place to get educated in," students told him earnestly, "it's to get you into college." Said one: "Our real aim—to grow intellectually—is blocked by this terrific marks-for-college hassle." Fearful that "every tenth of a point is crucial," students were cramming so hard for objective exams and atomized answers that no time remained for searching study. What students yearn for, says Mallery, is a way of "seeing some point, some design, of making some discovery oneself."

With more than 16,000 of his monographs in circulation, Mallery has become the nation's most skilled conveyor of one teacher's technique to another. With fresh teaching tips pouring in from all over the country, Mallery plans new monographs focusing on geography, choral music and anthropology. "I'm not terribly thrilled about the typewriter," he says. "But when I see something in teaching that deserves a push, it's a pleasure to push it."

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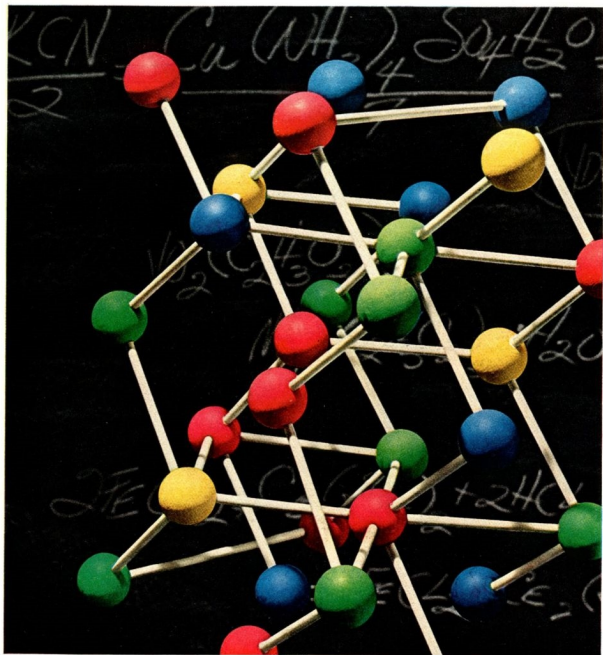
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MODERN LIVING

MANNERS

School for Wives

In the naughty old Paris of the turn of the century, Maxim's was a wicked wonderland. Girls with velvet names like Lolo, Dodo, Cloelo and Froufrou lolled there hoping to meet a king, a count, even a pretender, and were celebrated by Franz Lehár in his *Merry Widow* ("Now I'm off to Chez Maxim, where it's always so intimate"). Today the wine and the food are still among Paris' best, and there are girls there still, but they are rather a different sort. They are going to school.

Social Filter. L'Académie Maxim's was founded two and a half years ago by Maggie Vaudable, wife of the restaurant's present owner, to instruct a carefully selected group of girls in "the special sense of *savoir-vivre* that the French have prided themselves on since Louis XIV." Though the school claims to be open to all girls sufficiently familiar with the French language and culture to benefit from—not simply get along in—the all-French classes, in practice the students are recruited through a social filtering system that stretches through Europe and the U.S., Canada and Latin America.

L'Académie accepts no more than 30 girls a year. Members of the current crop include Henry Ford's daughter Anne (whose sister Charlotte graduated with the première class in 1961), Melinda Fuller, granddaughter of onetime Massachusetts Governor Alvan Fuller, and Genevieve du Pont of the Delaware dynasty. Tuition for the eight-month course is \$2,800, covers the girls' social outings to theaters, balls, concerts and weekend house parties (escorted vacation cruises to Greece or Egypt are optional). Students do not live in dormitories, but (at an additional cost of close to \$2,000) are placed with families who can offer both high social standing and—an even more difficult requirement—a private bathroom for each lodger.

The Treatment. The girls get special treatment in every move they make. They take the Sorbonne's famed French civilization course, but Madame Vaudable's girls do not have to claw for seats with the 2,000 ordinary students who also take the course; the girls are taught in a special room in a special private session given by the course's regular lecturers. When the girls go to the Louvre or Versailles, they are guided by a curator. They are invited to see the famed family art collections of Baron Edouard de Rothschild and Greek Shipowner Stavros Niarchos. France's best-known art auctioneer, Maurice Rheims, receives them in his home and talks to them of French period furniture. The Baron Alexis de Redé entertains the girls in his private apartments at the Hôtel Lambert (the oldest occupied mansion in Paris), where, beneath Le Brun's painted ceiling, they sip champagne served by footmen. Duke Philippe

de Luynes, president of the French Society for the Protection of Historical Dwellings, escorts them through his castle (Luynes).

In order to "prepare students for their future tasks as hostesses in their own homes," the Art of Living program requires them to take lessons in flower-arranging and cooking, and under the aristocratic instruction of the Countess Marie-Pierre de Toulouse-Lautrec, they learn such dishes as *oeufs Maintenon* and *bœuf en croûte*. Distinction in wine tasting is provided by M. Vaudable at the restaurant, and these occasions are some of the rare times the girls set foot in Maxim's itself. There is a weekend ball on the estate of the champagne-making Taittinger family, where, besides dancing and riding with the country gentry, the girls are treated to a long look at and tastes from the family winery. There is a backstage visit to the House of Dior just before the spring collections, and weekly hair appointments, at a discount, at top salons like Alexandre's. The better to see gracious living at work, the girls troop off, come spring, to watch the Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes prepare for a large reception in her home.

No Mart. Though Maggie Vaudable vociferously insists that she is not running a marriage mart, an occasional student does give up indoctrination for a trip to the altar. This year's loss was Catherine Schulthess, 21, of Los Angeles, who hardly lasted through the semester's opening weeks before running off with Count Constantin Sczanicki, 32, whom she met at Mme. Vaudable's introductory cocktail party. Mme. Vaudable was not pleased—

particularly since the guest list at the year's first party is carefully chosen to provide escorts who will improve the girls' social competence, not involve them in unmannerly activities like love affairs. Accordingly, the men are usually a little too old (35 to 45) to be readily eligible and are carefully briefed by Mme. Vaudable. Said a student of this year's party: "They seemed to know all about us in advance, where we came from, who our parents were. It was creepy."

Creeps notwithstanding, the academy is a striking success. So much so, in fact, that Headmistress Vaudable, currently in residence at Manhattan's Hotel Carlyle, is as busy as a little French bee recruiting and screening applicants, who cannot wait to get started on their ways toward *savoir-vivre*.

RECREATION

The Sound of Music

People who think they are hearing things may be right after all. More Americans are tooting, scraping, twanging and hanging than ever before. By the end of 1962, according to estimated figures released last week by the American Music Conference, there were 34 million amateur musicians in the U.S., compared with 19 million in 1950 (a 79% increase, compared with a 24% population growth). The number of musical instruments owned



THE GIRLS AT VERSAILLES

Also champagne served by the baron's footmen.



MAGGIE VAUDABLE



WINE TASTING AT MAXIM'S

Light makes a better day's work

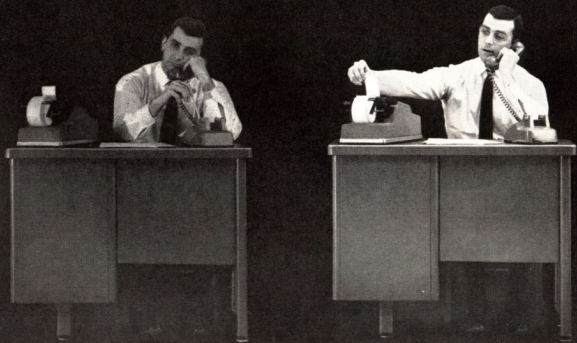
(General Electric makes the difference in light)

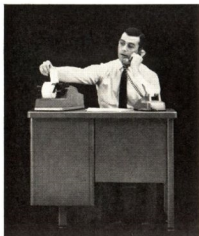
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BARVIN RAND

LAS VEGAS' MCCARRAN FIELD
And a soaring mural depicting the history of gambling.

increased from 23 million to 39 million, and the 1962 retail dollar volume of instruments, sheet music and accessories sales was \$630 million—more than 2½ times what it was in 1950 and more than seven times what it was in 1940. According to the current growth rate, do-it-yourself music (as opposed to records, concert and opera going) will be a billion-dollar business by 1970.

The main factors responsible for all this noise, according to A.M.C., are more leisure, more money and more concern about music in the schools. The combination has spawned both serious and lighthearted groups of after-hours instrumentalists in almost every community.

Atlanta, for instance, has the "Sorta 40," a dozen prominent (and fiftieth) business and professional men who began meeting about seven years ago when one of them discovered his old banjo in his attic and found some kindred spirits who decided it would be fun "to get together and play some." The Sorta 40s play for dances, and turn their fees over to charity—as does another Atlanta outfit called The Seventeen, which includes three architects, a doctor, an investment counselor, the plant manager for a box factory, an engineer, a lumber company vice president and an adman.

In Boston there is the ten-year-old, 20-man Probuc (PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS) Club, among dozens of other such groups. Cosmopolitan Washington has its Recorder Society. Foggy Bottom Chamber Music Group, and Potomac English Handbell Ringers. And Manhattan, naturally, has an ad-agency outfit called The Many Splendored Stompers, whose theme song is *Man in a Gray Flannel Stomp*.

TRAVEL

The Word Is Soar

For years after it had become obvious that the airplane was here to stay, it seemed as though nobody on the ground believed it. U.S. airports in general were miserable places—drab and drafty sheds

that looked as if they had been thrown together for processing prisoners of war. But no longer.

Stimulated by the replanning required for the big new jets and by federal allocations averaging \$75 million a year, city after city has broken out a brand-new terminal during the past two or three years. A town without new airport construction on the ground or at least on the drawing boards seems heading for an urban inferiority complex. And a "soaring" airport is getting to be the most in of all.

Pacesetter of the "soaring" design was the late great Eero Saarinen's TWA building at New York's Idlewild. Washington also went soaring with Saarinen in its new Dulles International Airport. Latest to soar is the most air-served city for its size in the U.S. No fewer than seven airlines have been pumping people in and out of Las Vegas through one of the shabbiest airports in the land. But last week's crop of gamblers, conventioners, vacationers and divorcees found themselves arriving and departing through a \$4,500,000 air terminal that looked as though it were about to take off.

Designed by Architect Welton Becket (who has worked on the new airports expansion projects at Los Angeles and San Francisco), McCarran Field's 38,850 sq. ft. hexagonal waiting building consists of three identical sweeps of vaulted concrete like wings, arching from the ground to a 45-ft. peak, and illuminated by vast areas of tinted glass "to portray the beauty and grace of soaring flight and the simplicity and endlessness of space. From the moment the passenger enters the winglike ticketing building to the time he leaves the spacious, vaulted terminal with its feeling of motion, he will be exposed to design as functional and dramatic as the airplane itself." Inside are a 220-seat restaurant-coffee shop, a nursery where one can check the children, and a cocktail lounge decorated with a 44-ft. mural depicting the history of gambling.

And of course, there is a double bank of slot machines.

ART



MALDARELLI'S "CARES"
Nature brought to near perfection.

"The Only True Mission"

Not too many sculptors concentrate on the figure today. Of those who do, only a few make it recognizable, and fewer still beautiful.

Orzio Maldarelli, who died last January, took for his favorite theme the female nude, for he believed it to be nature brought to near perfection. "The only true mission of sculpture is the beauty of shape and form. It was good 10,000 years ago and it is good today," he said. How much beauty Maldarelli captured could be seen last week in a retrospective of his work at Manhattan's Paul Rosenberg Gallery.

At the time of his death, Maldarelli was a professor emeritus of sculpture at Columbia University—a professor who never went to high school. Born to a goldsmith in Naples in 1892, he was brought to New York when he was nine. He became a jeweler's apprentice by day, an art student at night. While roaming Europe in the early '30s, he flirted—but only flirted—with the abstractionists' world of pure forms and shapes. Back in Manhattan, he turned almost exclusively to nudes, refining his style until his surfaces were as smooth as a young woman's skin.

Over the years, he turned out a family of voluptuous women; and even the few other shapes he produced—from sea shells to tulips—had a feminine sensuousness

and grace. But Maldarelli was not concerned with sensuousness alone. "It isn't the flesh but the spirit I'm interested in. I wouldn't waste a minute to represent the physical aspect. I'm trying to create a form, beautiful harmonies of shapes." To isolate the spirit, Maldarelli used models only for preliminary sketches; for the finished work, he fell back on memory, trusting it to capture the essence that his eye might be blind to. With their looping, twisting solid geometry, Maldarelli's nudes remain fluid and somehow elusive—the lips, noses and eyes are usually only fleetingly perceptible. His women may be solitary figures in repose, misty images that suggest a sense of renewal or emergence, or group studies combining two or three figures that share some common movement or emotion and thus seem to melt into one.

Maldarelli sometimes worked in terracotta, plaster, limestone or wood, but his favorite material was marble. With it, he said, "you can play a chisel as a musician plays an instrument." It was while he was working on a piece of fine marble one day in January that a heart attack struck him dead—an artist due, like many another, to win greater fame after death than he ever knew while alive.

Restless Glass

The story of Georg Meistermann's life under the Nazis follows the classic pattern of almost all of Germany's modern artists who were branded as decadent. He well remembers the night that he got back to his home in Solingen to find a heap of his paintings, which had been on exhibition, "standing in front of my door in the rain, having been thrown out of the gallery by the Brownshirts." But Meistermann's miseries had one positive twist. "In those days, my paintings reflected my darkened state of mind. They were full of heavy black lines. Suddenly, this gave me an idea." The lines were like the patterns of stained-glass windows, and they led Meistermann to a new art form.

Today, at 51, Meistermann is not only a first-rank painter but also Germany's master of the stained-glass window (see opposite page). Though such artists as Matisse and Chagall in France, as well as Abraham Ratner in the U.S. and John Piper in Britain, have helped give this once-neglected art a new prestige, Meistermann is probably the most prolific designer of all. He has done dozens of windows for clubs, chapels, offices and public buildings all over West Germany.

Skeleton & Skin. He now works in Karlsruhe, but the difference from the old days is that the city furnishes him with a studio that is 60 ft. wide, 90 ft. long and three stories high. There he labors over the massive cartoons for his windows. In starting a commission, he cooperates closely with the architect, for his designs come out of the "possibilities and opportunities afforded by the architecture of a given project. Take, for instance, a modern church that has a square-patterned concrete backdrop behind the altar. People don't like to see jail-type grids or bars

behind an altar, so I design windows that destroy such patterns."

Meistermann regards architecture as the skeleton of the structure, his windows as the muscles and skin. "Modern architecture often tends to be utterly frugal, without fantasy or color," he says. "Man needs something human, a colorful element to break through such monotony. You cannot live with either water or desert solely. Stained glass provides the living elements, the human touch."

Energy & Power. Actually, Meistermann's achievement is not so much in his human touch as in his feeling for energy, which he regards as a main characteristic of the world today. For a radio studio, he once tried to capture in visual terms the feeling of such phenomena as wave length, directional beams, high frequency; and behind all his designs there is always a sense of invisible power.

The Cologne city hall window is almost like an aerial view of streets and highways, buildings and bridges—an intricate quilting of glass that seems to vibrate beneath the viewer's feet while at the same time it soars above his head. In the Schweinfurt window, the huge teardrops of grace fall not as a gentle blessing but as a blessed force. Meistermann's windows provide not rest but ceaseless rhythm.

New Direction in Mexico

The manifesto that appeared in Mexico City in 1961 seemed like the usual bombast from angry young painters out to attract as much attention as they could. In big blue capital letters, it blasted just about everything sacred to the Mexican art world. Damned as *academismo* were slavish and parochial imitations of Diego Rivera's once-revolutionary social realism. Damned as dehumanization decoration were equally slavish imitations of the abstract styles imported from other lands. "We strive," said the manifesto writers, "for an art that communicates in the clearest and most direct way possible our commitment to man."

Today the manifesto is no longer regarded as bombast; it cemented together a powerful group of young painters who are attracting an increasing amount of attention, not only at home but also abroad. Though they were separately painting their agonized pictures before 1961, it was not until U.S. Art Critic Selden Rodman published his acerbic little book called *The Insiders* that they realized they had a philosophy in common. As a diatribe against abstraction, Rodman's book got a trouncing from many U.S. critics; as a summons to a "new humanism," it found an enthusiastic response in Mexico. The young Mexicans even call themselves *interioristas*, though their movement is now known as "The New Presence."

Copies of Copies of Copies. If the group has a Mexican ancestor, it is José Clemente Orozco, but its father is José Luis Cuevas, 29, who has been taking

© They have recently been taken on by Manhattan's Cober Gallery.

MEDIEVAL MEDIUM IN MODERN SETTING

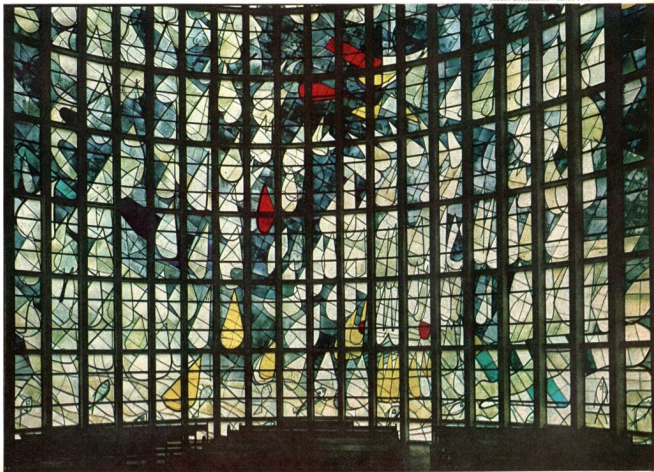
GEORG MEISTERMANN, a top West German abstract painter, designed 30 ft. by 42 ft. window for Cologne city hall. Small panels and circles contain names famous in the history of Cologne.




WALTER SANDERS

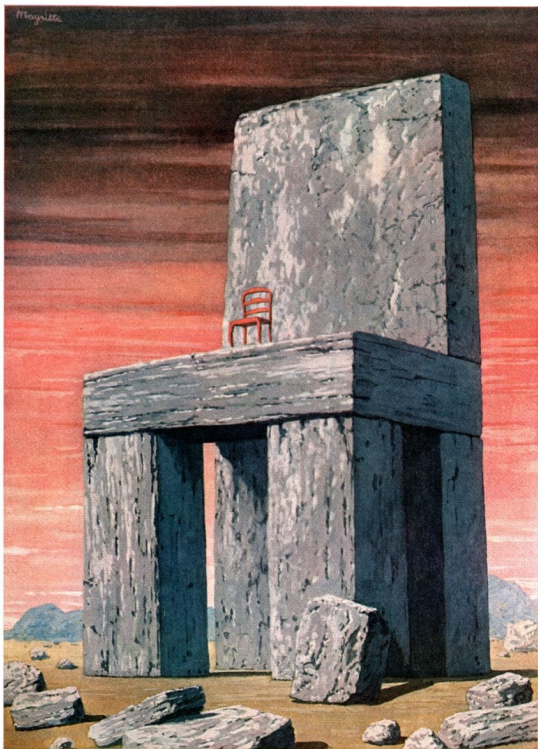
WINDOW FOR CHURCH in Schweinfurt is nearly 46 ft. high, represents Miracle of Whitsun. Fish symbolize Christian seekers; grace is shown as falling teardrops.

ROBERT LACKENBACH—BLACK STAR



those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it

george santayana, the life of reason,
great ideas of western man . . . one of a series
container corporation of america 



artist: rené magritte

quotation from the life of reason, charles scribner's sons, 1905



LITHOGRAPH FROM "RECOLLECTIONS"
Penned in hot haste...

shots at the Mexican art establishment for years. In 1954 he accused the Bellas Artes of selecting for its annual shows nothing but "copies of copies of copies of the so-called Mexican school." In 1956, while on a visit to Venezuela, he was asked why he so cruelly kept attacking the aging (and currently jailed) Communist firebrand David Siqueiros, and he bluntly replied: "For the same reason that the students of Caracas attacked Dictator Pérez Jiménez," Siqueiros, he said, was a "comic dictator with the intolerant habits of a totalitarian politico." He insisted that while Rivera had turned out a few masterworks in his time, he had eventually sunk to producing "assembly-line paintings to fill the bags of American tourists."

As Cuevas' notoriety grew, so did the appreciation of his art. In time, his compelling black and white figures, penned in hot haste as if they were apparitions that might disappear, began to fetch prices higher than the drawings of even Mexico's famed Rufino Tamayo. Of the 100 copies of his newly published *Recollections of Childhood* containing twelve original lithographs (Kanthos Press: \$500), about half have already been sold.

Blind Alleys. Always the rebel, Cuevas rather grandly refuses to associate himself with any group, even the *interioristas*. But his mark and leadership are there nonetheless. "Mexican art was at a dead end. Now we are free," he said, and the other *interioristas* enthusiastically agree. Canadian-born Arnold Belkin, 32, one of the co-authors of the manifesto, says that Rivera, chiefly significant as a social-protest painter, had the byproduct effect of leading Mexican art "up a blind alley—two generations of picturesque Indians making tortillas or setting out candles for the Night of the Dead." When abstraction invaded the country, it turned out to be another false trail. "Mexican gallery-goers began to accept 'action painting' as the expression of our times 20 years after the battle had been fought

out in New York, Paris, and Rome."

The *Insiders'* work ranges from the violent canvases of Leonel Góngora, 30, to the near fantasies of Emilio Ortiz, 28, to the fleshy, bulbous creatures of Artemio Sepúlveda, 27, to Francisco Corzas' fascination with hallucinations as "universal themes." Throughout the work, the palette is muted; Francisco Icaza, 32, argues that "reducing color makes form clearer." The results are uneven, occasionally repellent; but there is always a stark force about the *Insiders* that reaches out to the heart as well as the eye. José Muñoz, who at 34 is senior member of the group, explains his own anguished figures with a touch of poetry. "I am interested in finding the smile of a child, tenderness, the most human emotions. What I am painting now is those conditions which prevent these emotions. I am painting a cry of protest. It might cause people to feel a little more pity."



CUEVAS SELF-PORTRAIT
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Washington, D. C.	Pick Motor Inn
Youngstown, O.	Pick-Oniso

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MEDICINE

PSYCHIC RESEARCH

LSD—And All That

For a couple of free-wheeling years, two young Harvard psychologists have carried on wide-ranging experiments with mind-altering drugs. At the university's Center for Research in Personality, they sent their graduate-student subjects floating off into other-worldly visions of new and fantastic forms of "reality" and a new meaning of life. Now the cosmic ball is over. Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert, both Ph.D.s, are being dropped from the Harvard faculty because university authorities agree with the medical profession that the drugs they used are too dangerous for campus experiments. But the two psychologists are acting blithely unconcerned.

In Boston's newest medical building on



JOHN LERNARD—LIFE

DR. PRESNELL POURING LSD-25

at the International Foundation for Advanced Study in Menlo Park, Calif., is largely a result of the extraordinary potency of the drugs. Psychiatrists, who have been using them for a dozen years and are fully aware of their hazards, call them hallucinogens (giving rise to hallucinations) or psychotomimetic drugs (mimicking the psychoses, the most crippling of mental illnesses). There are three in wide use.

• **MESCALINE**, the oldest, is extracted from the tops, or buttons, of peyote, a cactus common in the Southwestern U.S. and Mexico. The buttons are used as a communion host by the Native American



WILL RAFFERTY

LEARY TESTING SUBJECT

In a power struggle over control of human consciousness.

Unqualified Buddies. Just who is entitled to use the drugs has long been a difficult legal question. They are not narcotics. The Food and Drug Administration has authority over the manufacture and distribution of LSD and psilocybin, which it has cleared for investigational use only. These two drugs are produced only by Sandoz Pharmaceuticals of Basel, with U.S. offices in New Jersey. Sandoz has supplied them to dozens of investigators, mostly psychiatrists, and to clinical psychologists working closely with psychiatrists. But some imported supplies of all three drugs, and especially LSD, have appeared on the black market. A competent organic chemist, with the proper raw materials and the know-how spelled out in patents, could make LSD in his own lab.

By last fall, it became clear that some psychiatrists and some investigators who were supposed to be experimenting only with animals were slipping LSD to unqualified buddies, who were using the



SAN BERNSTEIN

ALPERT

Emerson Place last week, they were settling into plush offices with the ostentatious title "International Federation for Internal Freedom" on the door. They sounded as euphoric as any of their experimental subjects still under the influence of psilocybin, their favorite "consciousness-expanding" drug. Said Alpert, who has taken the drug himself 50 times: "Two years ago, dismissal from Harvard would have frightened me very much. But now, with deeper, intuitive understanding of myself, I'm perfectly comfortable." Said Leary: "This is much more important than Harvard."

Potential Hazards. "Our research has almost limitless possibilities for the expansion of the human mind," say Leary and Alpert, and they plan to pursue that expansion through their federation as long as their supplies of psilocybin hold out. Before Harvard cracked down, they had already given 3,500 doses of the drug to 400 subjects, mostly graduate students in psychology and theology, plus a smattering of M.D.s, artists, and inmates of a state prison.

The controversy that has flared over the Leary-Alpert work and similar studies

Church, which claims 200,000 Indian adherents. They are taken for kicks by beatniks and hipsters, from San Diego to Greenwich Village, whenever they are available. The effect on the user is a wide-screen, three-dimensional vision, usually in Technicolor, with the dimensions of time and space distorted.

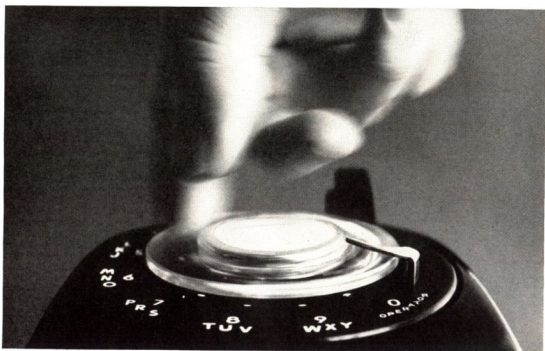
• **LSD-25** (short for D-lysergic acid diethylamide), by far the most potent, is a chemical relative of the ergot drugs, synthesized in 1943 by Swiss chemist Albert Hofmann. As Discoverer Hofmann found, and countless psychiatrists have since confirmed, a dose of LSD-25 can be so small as to be almost invisible and still destroy a man's mental equilibrium, at least temporarily. As little as four-millionths of an ounce is sometimes enough to throw an emotionally wobbly individual into a mental hospital. One victim, ill for months, was a psychologist who was trying out LSD himself.

• **PSILOCYBIN**, which Hofmann first extracted from Mexican mushrooms and then synthesized in 1958, has much the same effect as the other two. It apparently falls somewhere between mescaline and LSD in potency.

drug for kicks. In Los Angeles, beatniks and assorted addicts lapped the stuff up, buying (for \$1 apiece) lumps of sugar in which a drop of the potent raw material had been absorbed. Leary and Alpert, in their Harvard days, got a supply of psilocybin from Sandoz. Then, under last October's amendments to the Food and Drug Act, came stricter control. Sandoz, in an earnest effort to keep the drugs out of unlawful channels, promptly cut down its clientele to animal experimenters and scientists who are getting federal or state grants for research with human subjects.

Kaleidoscopic Future. According to some psychiatrists, all three drugs are useful, but only if they are given in small doses under the strictest supervision. Then the drugs sometimes speed up psychotherapy by increasing insight, and LSD has been acclaimed as a trigger mechanism that enables many alcoholics to face the emotional bases of their addiction.

But psychiatrists and other physicians in general are solidly arrayed against non-medical application of such potent drugs. They report many cases of mental illness precipitated by their unwise, unprofessional use. Clinical psychologists, who are

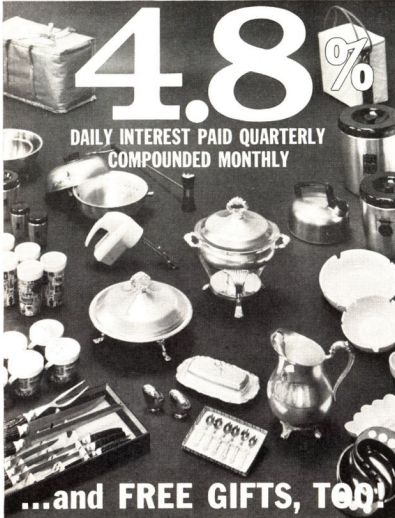


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on the borderline of qualification to use the drugs, are themselves divided. The Los Angeles Society of Clinical Psychologists has gone on record resolving that "no psychologist shall collaborate with a physician in the use of any experimental drug, such as LSD, except for research purposes in a hospital or university setting."

To Leary and Alpert, though, the controversy represents a power struggle over the control of human consciousness. They accuse psychiatrists of being behind the times and interested only in mental illness. (But I.F.L.F. has a medical director, Dr. W. Madison Presnell, a qualified psychiatrist, who now supervises the giving of all drugs.) They see a kaleidoscopic future for men with expanded consciousness.

Soon Leary and Alpert plan to set up a utopia in an old hotel in Mexico, billed as a "community of transcendental living." Within staid Massachusetts, they hope to have "multi-familial transcendental living" in big old houses—if they can get around current zoning regulations. They dream of perfecting an "experiential typewriter," to record the pink elephants, rampaging musical waterfalls and the other phenomena their subjects experience—"so far beyond our normal experience that they cannot be expressed in our language."

"If anybody shows us a better road to happiness," says Leary, "we'll drop our research. But we don't think they will."

DRUGS

For a Female Complaint

After the narrow escape from the thalidomide disaster last summer, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration has been understandably cautious about approving any new drug. But last week U.S. doctors were putting unprecedented pressure on FDA to approve Flagyl, a new drug that is the most potent remedy to date for a common female complaint.

The white vaginal discharge, leucorrhea, is sometimes caused by infection with bacteria, and when it is, the familiar wonder drugs will usually cure it. But the most common cause is a tiny parasite, the protozoan *Trichomonas vaginalis*, against which medicine has had no effective defense. Of 50 or more remedies listed in doctors' reference books, all must be used locally. Flagyl (chemical name: metronidazole), synthesized by France's Rhône-Poulenc laboratories, is the first effective trichomonocidal taken by mouth; it gets into the bloodstream and can track down the parasites in internal glands where some of them hide. For this reason, it is also the first useful drug for men, who often pick up the parasites from their wives and may suffer urethritis or prostaticitis.

It is more than four years since French doctors began reporting Flagyl cure rates as high as 100% in patients of both sexes. Chicago's G. D. Searle & Co., U.S. licensee for Flagyl, has supplied it for "investigational use only" to 750 doctors, who have treated almost 50,000 patients. U.S. investigators are as enthusiastic about Flagyl as their colleagues in France, Britain and Canada. Last week

remarkable trips at remarkably low prices



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the A.M.A.'s Council on Drugs, which has never endorsed a drug not yet licensed by FDA, reported favorably on Flagyl, suggesting simply that "it should not be administered to women during the first three months of pregnancy."

Disillusionment at FDA

Just as physicians were building a fire under FDA to speed approval of one new drug (see above), a doctor on the agency's own staff raked it over the coals for having approved too many drugs too fast. Pediatrician John O. Nestor, 50, joined FDA's New Drug Division two years ago because he thought it was underestimating the hazards to infants and children of drugs that might be safe enough for adults. Dr. Nestor was so disillusioned by what he saw of FDA's operations that last week he appeared before Senator Hubert Humphrey's Government-operations subcommittee and charged that:

- ▶ At least three drugs were approved for sale even though the manufacturers had insufficient evidence of their safety.
- ▶ Two of them were left on the market for months after signs of danger appeared.
- ▶ At least one drug was approved although some of the evidence in its favor came from a medical investigator suspected of supplying "questionable data."
- ▶ Medical men in FDA were overruled by nonmedical bureaucrats.

FDA Commissioner George Larrick retorted that most of the drugs about which Dr. Nestor complained are now off the market. If they are not, last year's Drug Amendments Act, which goes into full effect in May, gives the FDA power to order withdrawals promptly without waiting for final proof of a drug's suspected dangers.

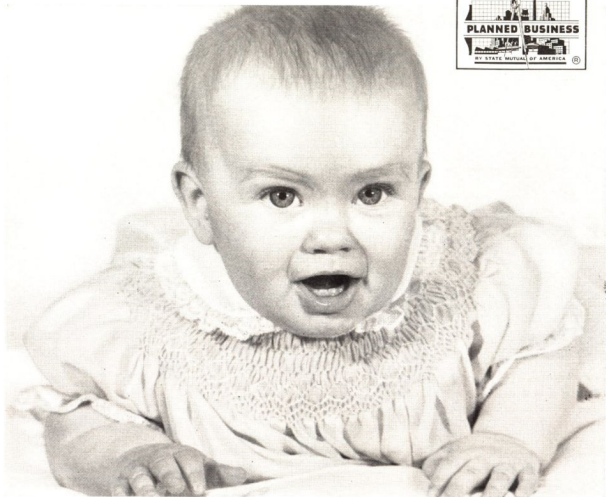
VACCINES

Two Against Measles

The U.S. Public Health Service skipped almost a month of red-tape requirements and issued quick licenses to two manufacturers of measles vaccine last week. The speedup was to get the vaccines into doctors' hypodermic syringes in time for the March-through-May period when measles outbreaks can be a peak.

Doctors as well as parents are likely to be as confused about which measles vaccine to use as they are over Salk and Sabin polio vaccines. PHS licensed Merck Sharp & Dohme to distribute a live but attenuated vaccine, like the one developed by Dr. John F. Enders (TIME cover, Nov. 17, 1961) at Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston. It is immediately available and is highly effective. But in many children, it causes some fever and a rash, so many pediatricians will simultaneously give the child a shot of gamma globulin in the opposite arm. This lowers or eliminates the fever. Merck will distribute the gamma globulin with the vaccine.

Also licensed was a killed-virus vaccine made by Charles Pfizer & Co., which will have supplies ready in about a month. This vaccine causes no fever or rash, but it requires three injections spread over several weeks.



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MILESTONES

Died. Frederick Charles Wood, 51, cocky confessed killer of five who rebuffed all efforts to win him a stay of execution, telling everyone "I really want to ride the lightning"; in the electric chair at Sing Sing. Just before the straps were fastened he said: "Gents, this is an educational project. You are about to witness the damaging effect electricity has on Wood."

Died. Lizzie Miles (real name: Elizabeth Landreaux Pajaud), 68, one of the last of the great Negro blues shouters, a laughing, mountainous, born-and-bred Bourbon Streeter who belted them out for the jazz bands of Kid Ory, King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton and Fats Waller; of a heart attack; in New Orleans.

Died. Elisabeth Marie Petznek, 79, only child of Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria and Princess Stephanie of Belgium and last link to the 1889 "Mystery of Mayerling," in which her father and Baroness Marie Vetsera in an apparent murder-suicide pact that left the Austro-Hungarian throne of the Habsburgs without a male heir; in Hütteldorf, Austria. Only five when her father died, she grew up to marry Prince Otto zu Windisch-Grätz but grew steadily disenchanted with her royal life, divorced him after 23 years to drift into socialism, marry Austrian Social Democrat Leopold Petznek and become known as "the Red Princess."

Died. Manuel Cardinal Arteaga y Benavente, 83, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Havana, a slight, stooped man who opposed both Dictator Fulgencio Batista and Castro; in Havana.

Died. Rush Harrison Kress, 85, younger brother of the late dime-store king and famed art collector, who as president of the Samuel H. Kress Foundation since 1955, carried on his brother's 20-year project for the donation of \$50 million worth of art treasures to U.S. museums; in New York.

Died. Chauncey Brewster Tinker, 86, Yale's great teacher of English literature (among his students: Stephen Vincent Benét, Sinclair Lewis, Archibald MacLeish, Thornton Wilder) and the university's keeper of rare books, world-renowned for his 1925 discovery of a supposedly destroyed collection of Boswell papers; of a stroke; in Hartford, Conn. Tink's literary sleuthing uncovered the papers in Ireland's Malahide Castle, but he was unable to persuade Lord Talbot de Malahide. Boswell's great-great-grandson, to part with the vast trove. It remained for Lieut. Colonel Ralph Isham, a wealthy Manhattan collector, to accomplish that, and in 1949 he passed the papers on to Yale (for a reported \$500,000), where at last they were published (seven volumes so far) and became part of Curator Tinker's rare books collection.

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TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine



1. Rod Laver, only player besides Don Budge to win "grand slam" of tennis—Australian, French, U.S. and Wimbledon men's singles championships—beams for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED photographer and displays U.S. trophy after his 1962 victory.

2. Greek Amphora (c. 510 B.C.), art treasure owned by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, is given annually in replica to the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sportsman of the Year to recognize the achievement of that degree of excellence expressed in the ancient Greek concept of arete, a unity of mind and body to which the complete man of every age must aspire. First won in 1954 by Roger Bannister, in 1962 it went to Terry Baker.

3. Varsity Challenge Cup, donated in 1898 by Louis L. Seaman of Cornell, for Intercollegiate Rowing Association eight-oared shells, has been won 20 times in 60 regattas by its current holder, Cornell.

4. Walker Cup, donated in 1921 by George H. Walker, is the prize for competition between U.S. and British men's amateur golf teams. Currently held by the U.S., it has been won once by Great Britain in 18 matches.

5. The America's Cup, called the Hundred-Guinea Cup when the schooner America won it in a race against British yachts off Cowes, England in 1851, was deeded to the New York Yacht Club by America's owners and became the symbol of world yachting supremacy. Since then it has been successfully defended against 18 challenges, the latest by Australia in 1962.



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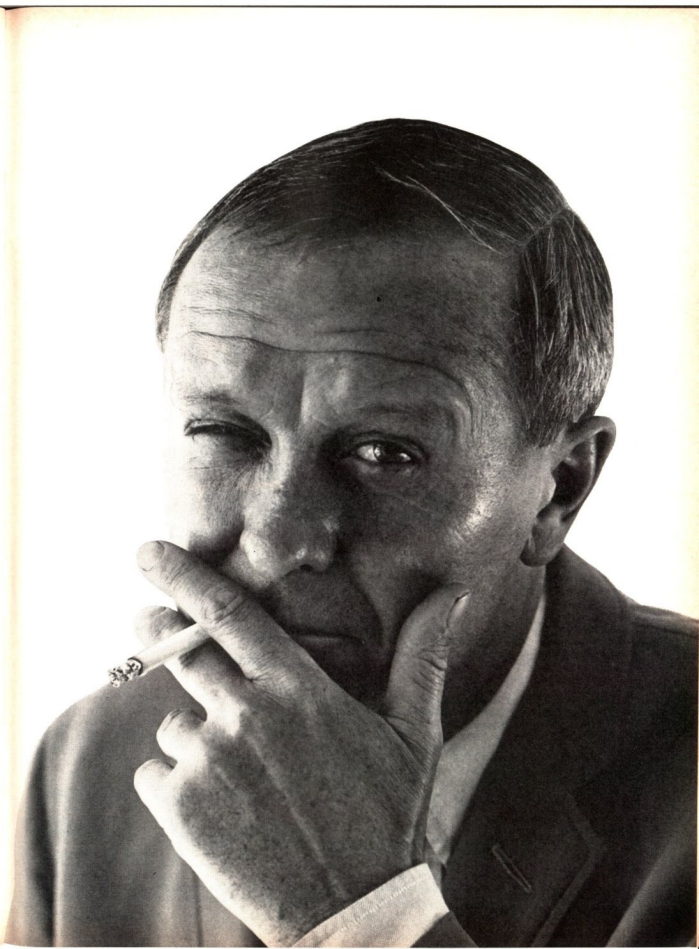
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Wausau Story

By DOUG BLANKENSHIP,
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★ Jaycee-sponsored civic improvement programs give young men the opportunity and direction to serve their communities. Here Doug Blankenship visits the beautiful new Woodson YMCA which Wausau Jaycee-raised funds helped to build. The fellow autographing the baseball looks a lot like Tony Kubek, New York Yankees shortstop. He is, Tony selected Wausau for his off-season home, likes to work out at the "Y."



★ Employers Mutuals salesmen Jim Fletcher (left), of Fond du Lac, was one of Wisconsin's five Outstanding Young Men. Here he and Doug Blankenship, who makes his career with Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company in Atlanta, Georgia, take a coffee break. Being both Jaycees and insurance men, Doug and Jim talked of the personal satisfactions and opportunities in community service and insurance careers.

"As Jaycee President, I've traveled over 175,000 miles getting to know Jaycees and what they are doing for the 4600 communities they serve. Recently I was invited to Wausau, Wisconsin, to attend a Jaycee awards dinner. Besides Jaycees, I met many business and professional people. My visit proved that what I had read and heard about this energetic city is so. Jaycees there are as progressive a group as I've seen anywhere, and they've got the enthusiastic support of the whole town. Yes, it's true what they say about Wausau! They're friendly, cooperative, hard-working people."

What's true about Wausau is true about Employers Mutuals of Wausau, too. Ours is a 52-year-old company, big, strong, growing. We are a mutual company, dedicated to the prevention of loss. Through our coast-to-coast network of 145 offices we serve businesses of all kinds and sizes. We are one of the largest writers of workmen's compensation insurance. We also write all other forms of casualty and fire insurance for firms and individuals.

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U.S. BUSINESS

RESEARCH

The Short Happy Life

New products are the lifeblood of U.S. business, but many a company in 1963 uses up a lot of its own lifeblood in the race to bring them out. Once, U.S. corporations had only to develop a few new products every year or so, confident that they would dominate the market long enough to show a healthy profit. No longer. Today's new products not only take more time, effort and money to develop, but face a far shorter life at the hands of the fickle consumer. There are plenty of companies to woo him; so many firms now have fast-moving research labs and trigger-ready marketing techniques that few new products are far ahead of competing copies or improvements. "Lead time is gone," laments Du Pont Chairman Crawford Greenewalt. "There's no company so outstanding technically today that it can expect a long lead in a new discovery."

Lestoil Syndrome. Du Pont had the nylon market to itself for 15 years, and did well with Dacron too. But when it went into production of its tough new Delrin plastic—a breakthrough it considers as important as nylon—hardly two years passed before competing Celanese Corp. hit the market with an almost identical plastic developed by its own chemists. U.S. Steel recently developed a new, economical "thin tin" plate—only to find other steel companies out in six months with a tin tin that customers liked better because it gleamed brighter; Big Steel is now copying some of its competitors' gleam-fining methods. Sunbeam's new electric skillet was imitated so widely that the market was saturated within a few years, and Squibb's electric toothbrush is getting the same treatment.

Rivals are so quick to follow in the wake of any successful product that smaller, weaker originators are frequently swamped. In industry, this is now known as the Lestoil syndrome because of the experience of Lestoil Products of Holyoke, Mass. Lestoil scored a hit with its liquid household cleanser and gleefully watched sales climb to \$25 million. Then Lever Brothers followed with Handy Andy, Procter & Gamble with Mr. Clean; recently Colgate weighed in with liquid Ajax. Lestoil's sales have fallen to \$16 million, and the company has had to stop paying dividends.

Britain's Wilkinson Sword Ltd. has had such success in the U.S. with its long-lasting stainless steel razor blades that American Safety Razor and Schick have produced copies, and Gillette is now preparing to assault the market. Finding themselves unable to keep up the pace against competitors with greater resources, some companies have chosen to sell their new ideas to larger firms. Even giant Monsanto, first into the market with a soap for automatic washers (All), even-



LESTOIL & RIVALS

tually got out of the hotly competitive market rather than try to match the budgets of soapmakers.

Little Protection. Sometimes company research moves so fast that it makes a company's own products obsolete. Du Pont's Dacron is giving tough competition to the company's nylon and rayon, and Du Pont has decided to give up making rayon altogether. General Electric's recently announced silicon transistor will sell for half the price of its own germanium transistor.

Patent protection often means little; copycat firms know that a copied product may have spent its life cycle by the time lengthy litigation is finished. Westinghouse recently found a company copying its new hair dryer so exactly that even the instruction book was the same. In desperation, many inventive companies now license their competitors before they can copy, hoping at least to collect some royalties.

Companies that once simply devised a new product and then offered it to the public now go to the consumer beforehand to find out what products he wants designed, or old ones changed. Even such basic industries as steel, which once sold products only to fabricators, now try to recognize the uses new alloys or materials can be put to, and aim their research at end products for the consumer. Says Edward Green, vice president of Westinghouse Air Brake: "Companies must become more oriented not only to what the customer wants today but also to what he'll want five years from now."

Tribute to Vigor. In many ways, the short, happy life of new products is a tribute to the vigor of free competition, but it inevitably means a harder life for companies. Big companies often suffer a profit cut or even a loss on a new product that is quickly copied or improved upon, and even the copiers frequently cannot recover the expense of tooling and production before the product succumbs to



WESTINGHOUSE DRYER SQUIBB TOOTHBRUSH
Making the consumer a king.

newer, better or flashier things. The race to get to the consumer first has forced companies to shorten their product development time, and in some cases has actually made the product secondary in the sweat to sell it. Chicago's Alberto-Culver was so eager to beat Procter & Gamble's Head and Shoulders shampoo to market that it filmed the TV commercials for its Subdue shampoo even before it had developed the product.

COMMODITIES

Soaring Sugar

For the past four years, the world's supply of sugar has outrun demand so consistently that sugar-beet and sugarcane growers cut back on their plantings in 1962. But Europe's winter storms damaged beet crops there, and the yield of Cuba's inefficiently handled cane crop seems certain to be some 15% less than last year. As a result, speculators gambling on the likelihood of sugar shortages later this year have been pushing up the price of sugar futures. Last week these prices reached their highest levels in 40 years. Raw sugar futures were up as much as 35¢ per 100 lbs.

To offset a rise in raw prices, the big U.S. sugar refineries have raised prices on refined sugar to the highest since the early 1920s. Such companies as American Sugar, SuCrest and National Sugar have

hiked prices twice within a month, to \$10.25 per 100 lbs. The consumer will soon feel the difference. Many big sugar users—particularly soft-drink bottlers, canners and bakers—are planning to raise their prices, and candymakers are talking again of cutting back on the size of their candy bars.

AUTOS

Off to the Races

Amid the full-throated roar of straining engines and the squeals of hot rubber biting into turns, a 1963 Ford Galaxie blazed across the finish line last week to win the Atlanta "500" stock car race. Ford also had entries in last week's Sebring twelve-hour endurance race in Florida, will have aluminum Ford engines powering two racers in the Indianapolis "500" Memorial Day. In fact, Ford is racing all over these days, openly defying both its critics and a six-year-old industry pledge against racing or ballyhooing of speed and horsepower in order to sell cars. Says Ford Division Boss Lee Iacocca: "We are going to continue to enter all kinds of competition to improve the breed."

Ford is racing to improve its sales as much as the breed. Despite record industry sales, only Ford's Galaxie and Mercury Monterey have bettered their 1962 performance thus far in 1963. While General Motors' share of the auto market has steadily risen, Ford's share has slipped from 30% to 24% in two years. G.M. has cleverly helped to build its sales on the racing victories of Pontiacs and Chevrolets entered by dealers or private drivers. Until recently, Ford held back; now it intends to fight G.M. on the track, hoping that victories will spur its sales.

Still Awed. Oddly enough, Ford's problems come at a time when its dollar sales and profits are at records and its quality control is the best in its history. Yet, suggests a Chrysler executive uncharitably, "somehow the entire Ford line for the past few years has lacked sparkle." While such Ford styling features as the

squared roof have set the trend for the rest of the industry, Ford stylists have failed to hold their lead. In Detroit, it is said that both Ford's profit success and its current selling troubles hark back to decisions taken by Robert S. McNamara, Ford's decisive president before he became Defense Secretary. Ford executives are still awed by the memory of McNamara. "He is the only true genius I've ever known," says one. But he adds: "His refusal to consider that the consumer would respond emotionally, rather than rationally, has resulted in our weakness today."

With his heavy reliance on computers to cut costs and to show the direction a product should take, McNamara made Ford into a case study of the possibilities and the limits of electronics logic. He and his staff were right when they predicted a big market for the four-passenger Thunderbird. They were dead wrong when they helped the cost cutters overrule Ford auto men who felt that the public would soon get tired of the same styling of such Ford makes as the Falcon, Comet, and Thunderbird, none of which has been drastically changed in three or four years, while the rest of the industry has moved ahead with restyled models. Consumer research dictated that Ford concentrate on economy features in its models; but G.M., with a more intuitive feeling for the shifting desires and quirks of motorists, had the field almost to itself when the public began demanding sleeker convertibles and pizzazz features.

Shift & Run. Fortunately for Ford, McNamara's methods also left it operating at peak efficiency and able to move quickly to correct its products' weaknesses. Racing is designed to bring the speed worshippers back to Ford; the 1964 T-Birds, Falcons and Comets will boast drastic styling changes to attract lovers of change. Both the Ford and Lincoln-Mercury divisions are paying dealers rebates of from \$75 to \$165 per car for every sale over set quotas. "We're almost through shifting gears," says a top Ford official. "We're going to give G.M. a run for its money."



ALLEN SQUILL
STEVENS, DILLON & RUFFIN
To put out the fire.

INDUSTRY

Textile Troubles

"Frankly, Rome is burning." The 800 textile men at the annual convention of the American Textile Manufacturers Institute near Miami last week hooted, hollered and stamped their agreement at this ominous warning from Robert Stevens, onetime Secretary of the Army under Eisenhower and now once again president of his family's big J.P. Stevens textile empire. Stevens was discussing the plight of the U.S. textile industry, and his words were directed at Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, a beleaguered visitor to the convention. The textile men had hoped that Dillon would show up with at least part of the Kennedy Administration's long-promised relief program for textiles, gave him only grudging applause when he did not deliver.

More Competition. While U.S. textile men pay the official farm-propping price of 32½¢ per lb. for cotton, their foreign competitors pay only 24¢ because the U.S. subsidizes its cotton exports by 8½¢ per lb. in order to compete in world markets. This is one reason that, since World War II, the U.S.'s long-held textile trade surplus of \$300 million has turned into a gold-draining deficit of \$400 million yearly as foreign textile men push low-cost, cheap-labor textiles into the U.S. market. The Textile Institute's President William H. Ruffin, who will be succeeded in the job later this year by Stevens, captured the general mood of the convention: "All that this industry wants is a chance to buy American-grown cotton at the same price it is sold to foreign competition."

The U.S.'s cotton subsidy program, which costs \$500 million a year, is just one blade of the scissors that the textile industry finds itself caught between. U.S. foreign policy is the other. More than 50 countries have virtually embargoed U.S. textile imports by one means or another. Japan last year exported 135 million yds. of cloth to the U.S., but permitted U.S.



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Ford's IACocca



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imports of only 490,000 yds. The State Department resists imposing stiffer import quotas and tariffs because it does not want to damage the economies of nations that the U.S. is trying to prop up. When President Kennedy himself proposed an 8½¢-per-lb. tariff increase on imported cottons to win cotton-state support for his Trade Expansion Act, he was turned down by the usually compliant U.S. Tariff Commission. Since then, the Administration has vaguely proposed to subsidize domestic cotton buyers to the tune of 5¢ per lb., which would cost the taxpayers another \$225 million or so a year. Partly because domestic textile men are holding out for a still higher subsidy, that idea has got nowhere.

Shrinking Force. No one disputes the fact that the textile industry has been shaken. Cutthroat competition and increasing automation have combined since 1947 to reduce the number of U.S. textile producers from 8,157 to about 7,500, and to shrink the industry's work force from 1,240,000 to 880,000. Though sales rose 13% last year to about \$16.5 billion, profits of close to 6% on invested capital were three-fifths of the average for all manufacturing. Textile manufacturers are also running into rough competition from such textile substitutes as paper napkins and plastic seat covers, and to an extent suffer from the longer life of synthetic fibers.

Trying to help themselves, textile men are stepping up their switch to synthetics, spent \$620 million on new plant and gear last year—up more than 100% since the low year of 1958. Among the many research projects, 150-year-old J.P. Stevens & Co. is working with papermakers to develop disposable clothing, and Deering-Miliken is reportedly experimenting with a process to manufacture textiles by pressing bits of fiber together instead of weaving them. But the industry cannot prosper as it should until some sense is brought into the pricing of its raw materials, which account for 50% of its production costs.

CORPORATIONS

Borden's Green Pastures

After 106 years of peddling milk and ice cream, the Borden Co. next month will move into pickles too. When Borden acquires a Michigan pickle firm called Aunt Jane's Foods, no mouths will pucker in the modest Madison Avenue building from which robust Borden President Harold W. Comfort, 66, bosses an operation stretching from Argentina to Australia. Milk and milk products still account for 73% of Borden's sales, but Borden's has diversified so widely—into everything from applesauce to acetylene, wall coverings to wax beans—that no one is surprised any longer at even the most incongruous mixes. Diversification last year helped push earnings to a record \$32.4 million on \$1 billion in sales, ranking second-place Borden (after National Dairy Products) an easy first in dairy industry profitability.

Cows on Shipboard. Borden's founder, Gail Borden, set up the company to condense milk after learning that some transatlantic ships carried herds of cows to keep passengers supplied with fresh milk. In 1875 the company moved into fresh milk, lapped up so many smaller dairies in the late 1920s that it was soon the biggest U.S. milk distributor. It did not spread far beyond milk products until the mid-1930s, when it developed its own synthetic resin glues for plywood, furniture and, eventually, automobile brake linings. After World War II, it moved on to other chemical products, including thermoplastic glues, and into plastics and formaldehyde (of which it is the biggest U.S. producer). It now turns out 800



PRESIDENT COMFORT & FRIEND
Spreading without fat.

chemical products and has worldwide chemical sales of \$122 million. Last year it joined with U.S. Rubber in building a \$25 million Louisiana complex to make acetylene and vinyl chloride monomer from natural gas.

Borden's has diversified most widely in foods. In the 1950s, it moved eagerly into convenience foods, putting the Borden label on new products (gelatin salads, packaged potatoes, refrigerated biscuits) and acquiring such smaller firms as Snow's (clams), Wyler's (dehydrated soups and vegetables), Brandywine (mushrooms) and RealLemon (juices and concentrates). It is now the nation's fifth largest food company. To cut costs, it is building 14 to 18 automated warehouses to replace its 136 small warehouses around the U.S., has so automated its plants that one man and three machines now do the biscuit-making work once done by 60 women.

Dieters & Jerseys. Because bulk buying of milk in supermarkets has replaced home delivery, Borden's is moving away from its longtime role as one of the biggest U.S. milkmen. Now it acts principally as supplier, but it still has to worry

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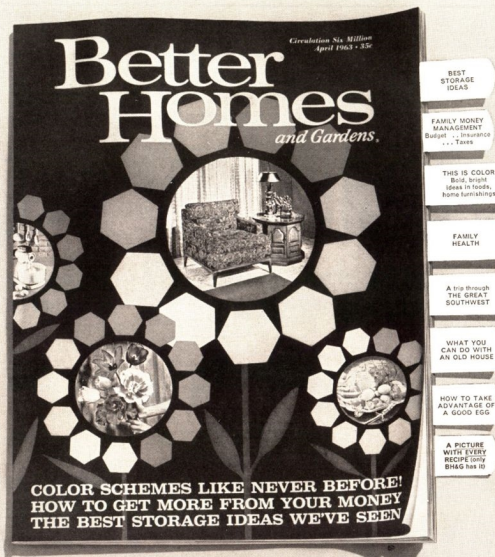
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***JET* NATIONAL**

about the threat to fat-rich dairy products from dieting and cholesterol consciousness, Borden's has met the challenge by producing its own 900-calorie Ready Diet and Lifeline, a low-fat, high-protein fortified milk. For dieters, it also pushes its buttermilk, skim milk and cottage cheese.

About the only thing that has not changed at Borden's in recent years is Elsie, the sloe-eyed Jersey that has long been Borden's trademark. Yet even Elsie has diversified, in a way. Thanks to the uniform color and appearance of Jerseys, Borden's uses several Elsie's (one at a time) to tour the U.S., has also put Elsie's family to work: Elmer, her husband, is the trademark for Borden's chemicals.

TECHNOLOGY

Tower of Steel

Though the U.S. is the world's largest steelmaker, most of the dramatic new techniques for better steelmaking have come from the other side of the Atlantic. Austria's famed LD process, for example, has enabled U.S. steelmakers to make steel more quickly and at a lower cost by lacing their furnaces with liquid oxygen. Last week U.S. Steel, the biggest U.S. steelmaker, announced that it is borrowing yet another technique from Europe—one that may revolutionize the U.S. steel industry.

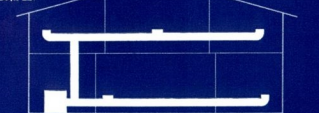
That technique is the continuous casting process, in which molten steel is formed into semifinished slabs in one unbroken step. Originally conceived by Sir Henry Bessemer, Britain's 19th century steelmaking genius, the process was developed in Germany in the 1930s, but has been seriously put to use by European steelmakers only in the past year. The Soviet Union claims to have produced nearly one million tons of steel last year by continuous casting.

In the conventional method of making steel, molten steel is poured from the furnace into molds, forming ingots. After cooling, the ingots are placed in pit-type furnaces, reheated, and then put on blooming mills and rolled into semifinished slabs. All this takes hours, and sometimes days; continuous casting takes less than an hour. In it, the furnace is set on a tower directly above a tall, vertical mold, which is water-cooled. As the molten steel is poured into the mold, it solidifies and inches downward, emerging as a glowing sheet of steel at the bottom of the mold, where it is cooled further and chopped into slabs for convenient handling. Meanwhile, molten steel is steadily added from above so that a continuous ribbon of steel is produced. The continuous casting process can be almost completely automated, produces a uniform grade of steel, and in German plants has saved as much as \$10 a ton in production costs of regular carbon steel. Though a handful of other U.S. steelmakers had already begun experimenting with continuous casting, U.S. Steel's adoption of the process means that it is sure to sweep the U.S. steel industry.

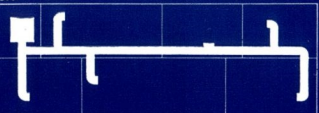
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can be the most expensive, unless it is done right with the right equipment. That's why you should talk to your G-E dealer.

The 3 steps to home air conditioning. The first step in getting an efficient installation is a survey of your home. Your G-E dealer will make it—free of charge—and give you an estimated price. There's no obligation. He'll also explain how you can finance the cost, on easy terms.

The second step is to match the equipment to your needs. This can be done from General Electric's complete line of central units. Finally—because installation costs can account for up to 50% of total costs—it is wise to deal with a reputable businessman like your G-E dealer.

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WORLD BUSINESS

GOVERNMENTS

The Grabbers

Many of the world's impatiently developing nations almost inevitably turn to a form of do-it-yourself foreign aid: simply nationalizing any foreign-owned properties around. Often the biggest banks and businesses belong to foreigners, and the hosts suffer from both the weakness of envy and the need for cash. Last month Burma's government nationalized 14 foreign banks, and this month Nyasaland seized a German-controlled brewery on the pretext that its beer was designed to lull natives out of any fight for independence. Last week in Manhattan, even while seeking U.S. aid, Brazil's Finance Minister San Thiago Dantas reaffirmed his country's intention to nationalize all foreign utilities. The U.S. State Department accepts the likelihood that before long almost all Latin American nations will expropriate their foreign utilities.

Something for Nothing. The one restraint on many nations in their get-rich-quick desire to seize foreign holdings is their acute need to attract more foreign investment. Many of the new African nations, who have all too little to expropriate as it is, have pledged to protect foreign capital; so have the oil sheikdoms of the Persian Gulf, which profit so hugely from the presence of foreign-owned oil companies. But in many other places, nationalization is growing along with nationalism.

Syria, which nationalized all its banks and insurance companies after it melded into Nasser's United Arab Republic and later denationalized some when it broke

away, is now expected to enter a new period of nationalization. Iraq last year nationalized virtually all the exploring concessions of the Iraq Petroleum Co., which is controlled by British, Dutch, French and U.S. oil companies. Indonesia is pressuring three major oil companies—Caltex, Stanvac and Shell—to turn over their refineries and sales outlets to the government, and Tanganyika last week informed a Belgian-controlled dock company that it will be nationalized.

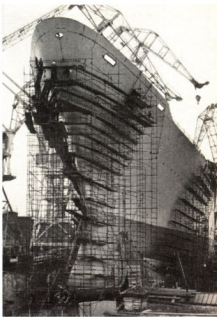
As for compensation, one U.S. State Department official says: "A lot of times we have to be happy with anything we get." Only the more mature nations are apt to pay up. Brazil intends to nationalize five refineries that it identifies as being U.S. financed, promises to pay a fair price for all expropriated properties. Mexico, after its costly oil expropriations in the '30s, now shuns such crude methods, instead is enforcing "Mexicanization" laws and decrees that call for the sale to Mexican citizens of majority capital in many foreign-owned industries. The U.S. Congress last year wrote the Hickenlooper Amendment into the Foreign Assistance Act to cut off foreign aid to any country that expropriates U.S. properties without compensation. Ceylon was the first to be hurt, losing out on U.S. aid because it neglected to pay for the U.S.-owned gasoline stations and oil depots that it grabbed a year ago.

High Losses. Have-not governments usually justify their expropriations by claiming that they can do more for their people than foreigners. All too often, however, expropriation leads only to money-losing bureaucracy and featherbedding, frightens off new foreign investors and inspires the remaining ones to kick up their prices to reap a quick profit before they too are grabbed. Through its anti-Dutch expropriations, Indonesia lost its best technicians and much of its export earnings, and is now nearly bankrupt. Argentina's \$365 million budget deficit is due almost wholly to its losses from the nationalized railways and utilities that it took over during the Perón era from their British and U.S. owners. Warned a U.S. report on foreign aid, released last week by the Clay committee (see THE NATION): "Agitation for the expropriation of foreign enterprises is destructive to rapid economic progress."

ITALY

Dream of Domination

Despite the considerable competition of the queenly Cunarders, the chic French liners and the efficient U.S. Lines, Italy dreams fondly of the day when its liners will dominate transatlantic passenger service. The state-owned Italian Line, which already ranks second on the North Atlantic run (after Cunard), is working hard to make that dream a reality. Hit by the loss of 31 of its 37 vessels in World War II



"RAFFAELLO" ON THE WAVES
Gambling to rule the waves.

and the national tragedy of the *Andrea Doria* disaster in 1956, it came back by building the *Cristoforo Colombo* and the *Leonardo da Vinci* in the 1950s, six months ago launched the *Michelangelo*, a 43,000-ton superliner for the North Atlantic run. Last week, to the crash of band music and the splash of champagne, *Michelangelo's* twin, *Raffaello*, slid down the ways at Trieste. When the two ships go to work next year, replacing the prewar *Saturnia* and *Vulcania*, they will be the fastest liners on the New York-Mediterranean run, cutting the voyage to Naples from eight to seven days.

The twin launchings represent a \$100 million gamble for the Italian Line. "I can see them building one ship," says a competitor. "But two? They're crazy." At a time when maritime operations are in trouble the world over and planes carry three times as many transatlantic passengers as ships, the Italian Line is already losing money on its North Atlantic run. But the line senses a trend in the 4.3% rise in transatlantic ship travel last year, believes that Americans, who make up 65% of its passengers, have traveled to Europe often enough so that many are now willing to trade speed for luxury. "Airplanes will never replace ocean liners," says President Giuseppe Zucconi. "The airplane satisfies only a need of time. The ship satisfies no less a need for comfort and relaxation."

Both *Raffaello* and *Michelangelo* will be among the most luxurious and comfortable passenger ships afloat. Each will carry 1,800 people (540 first class, 560 cabin, 700 tourist) in roomy cabins, have 30 salons and six swimming pools, closed-circuit TV, overall air conditioning and 18 elevators to serve eleven decks. (Still highly sensitive to the *Andrea Doria* disaster, the line has also installed extra watertight compartments and two mod-



NATIONALIZING A BANK IN BURMA
Itching to get some cash.



From a collection made for Bankers Trust Company by Henri Cartier-Bresson / Magnum

Inspector. This gentleman needs clear vision in his job at Bankers Trust. He approves and controls transactions in the Securities Clearance Division. Securities require close inspection. So do financial problems. At Bankers Trust, we give careful examination to the problems of businessmen, large and small. If you're in need of financial help, inspect the ideas available at Bankers Trust.

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY  **NEW YORK**

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ern radar systems.) The new ships' motto is "Living like a lord." For passengers who find it hard to relax even amid such luxury, the Italian Line will offer special therapeutic treatments designed to calm nerves.

WEST GERMANY

Rosenthal's New Look

To more than three generations of housewives around the world, the name Rosenthal meant German china with rococo curlicues and baroque designs. Nowadays, would-be buyers do a double take over the clean, contemporary simplicity of Rosenthal porcelain, which has taken



BEGUM & ROSENTHAL

The aim: to be everybody's dish.

the play away from Wedgwood to become the largest-selling quality china imported into the U.S. from Europe. Rosenthal plans to set up its own self-contained china units at stores throughout the U.S., recently opened one at Manhattan's Altman's and plans to open nine more before year's end.

Back to Selb. More than the patterns have changed at Rosenthal. With sales last year of \$20.6 million, Rosenthal proudly claims that it is the world's largest china "publisher." Founded in 1879, the company was taken away from Philip Rosenthal in 1938 when the Nazis "Aryanized" German industry. His son Philip, then a student at Oxford, renounced his German citizenship. When war came, he joined the Foreign Legion, ultimately linked up with British intelligence and became a British subject. After the war, young Rosenthal, now 46, returned to the company's headquarters in the Bavarian village of Selb, found that one of the men who had forced out his father was still running the firm. Philip sued, in 1950 won 6% of the company's shares, a seat on the board and a job as advertising director.

Once inside, Philip began to steer the

company away from making "pompous imitations of the past." Carefully selecting artists whose works span the spectrum of contemporary design, he recruited Raymond Loewy, France's Raymond Peynet, Finland's Tapio Wirkkala, and Germany's Hans Theo Baumann. From their designs the company produced its simple, elegant Studio Line. As the Studio Line's sales rose, so did Philip's influence in the company; in 1958 he became president. Though he has kept a good many older patterns for nostalgic buyers, the Studio Line now accounts for 67% of Rosenthal porcelain sales. Among Studio Line patrons are Elizabeth Taylor, Audrey Hepburn, the Shah of Iran, the Begum Aga



"RHAPSODY"



"VARIATION"



A SAMPLER

Khan, Thailand's Queen Sirikit and Belgium's Queen Fabiola.

Eating on Ladders. In ten years, Rosenthal has quadrupled its production, now has eight dinnerware, two glassware, and eight technical factories employing 9,360 people. Philip Rosenthal is planning to build a new \$4,000,000 plant in Selb, but intends to keep his office in a converted factory building, where he can maintain its rumpled atmosphere and his collection of rejected porcelain models and toy monkeys. Intense and charming, Philip dresses like a tattered English country squire, lives in a manor house whose living room has a copper floor and a ceiling made of floor boards. He runs two miles home to lunch to keep in shape for mountain climbing. Says one baffled Rosenthal executive: "I guess he is really a British eccentric." Rosenthal's fourth wife Lavinia, a London socialite, is no less so. When Sweden's Count Bernadotte came to dinner one evening during one of the frequent remodelings of the Rosenthal manor, Lavinia set the table on a high scaffold. The guests sat precariously eight feet above the floor—eating, naturally, off Rosenthal china.

JAPAN

Profitable Toy

Its competitors insist that it is not even a part of Japan's auto industry, and one Japanese automaker sneers that it is "in the toy business." Some toy, Hiroshima's thriving Toyo Kogyo Co. Ltd. outproduced all other Japanese automakers last year and had the industry's fattest profit margin on sales of \$231,500,000. This month it turned out its millionth vehicle. What irritates Japanese automakers is that Toyo Kogyo owes its success to a tiny and unconventional vehicle: a three-wheeled truck that is easy to operate over Japan's narrow roads, easy to park on its crowded streets, and so simple to drive that only a motorcycle operator's license is needed.

Irritating Switch. Toyo Kogyo was only a small machine shop when Owner Jujiro Matsuda, inspired by the sight of delivery boys' three-wheeled bikes, decided in the early 1930s to make a three-wheeled truck. His inexpensive Mazda truck was a boon to small businessmen who had neither the money nor the volume to afford bigger, four-wheeled trucks. Toyo Kogyo switched to making rifles and airplane parts in World War II, escaped serious damage from Hiroshima's A-bomb, which fell only three miles from its plant, because of freakish blast waves. The firm was too small to attract the attention of U.S. trustbusters at war's end, and quickly resumed production.

Toyo Kogyo still makes 56% of Japan's popular three-wheelers, but they now account for only 20% of its production—a switch that irritates Japan's automakers even more than the three-wheeler did. The company has expanded its line to concentrate on small four-wheeled trucks and four-wheeled midget autos, which now dominate Japan's small-car market. Says President Tsuneji Matsuda, 67, son of the founder: "Times are changing. I won't be sorry to see the three-wheeler disappear, because it will be a sign of increased prosperity."

Coded Lights. Toyo Kogyo's plant now sprawls over 204 acres, and Matsuda is planning to reclaim 1,000 acres of land from the Inland Sea near Hiroshima and invest at least \$60 million in new plant and equipment over the next three years. Additional millions will go into welfare projects for his employees, many of whom already live in below-cost company housing; all employees also receive free care in the company's hospital. Though a benevolent employer, President Matsuda also demands unflinching performance. He has installed in his office an intricate system of coded lights that tells him where every key employee is and whether he is alone or has visitors in his office.

Japanese automakers fear that their government, in an attempt to win textile trade concessions from the U.S., will allow U.S. automakers for the first time to assemble and sell cars in Japan. But Matsuda is unconcerned; he figures that his cars are so small that American makes would not compete with them.

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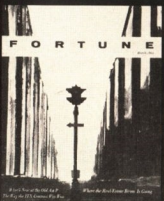
PERSONAL INVESTING: throughout the magazine, valuable insight into the future of companies and industries. In addition, the monthly Personal Investing Column investigates new areas of investment and freshly examines some of the old ones.

LIKE YOU, FORTUNE FORECASTS THE OUTCOME

Leading businessmen tell us they most highly prize FORTUNE's competence in spotting trends—and its willingness to make firm predictions of how these developments will affect the business community.

BUSINESS ROUNDUP is the backbone of FORTUNE forecasting—a monthly feature which predicts the economy's future movements as far ahead as 18 months. Its record for accuracy is virtually untarnished. Throughout 1962's gloomy days, for instance, FORTUNE outspokenly predicted no recession, did in fact forecast the present strength point by point. Roundup kept insisting that the economy was sound because it was free of excesses (notably in inventories), consumer buying would hold up, and the profit squeeze was easing. And they are. A special series of articles examined the most crucial sector of all: Capital Goods Expenditures. The prediction: this prime mover of the economy is now in the early stages of a long ascent that should carry it to lofty heights.

THE FEBRUARY ROUNDUP really put it on the line with this opening trumpet call: "Neither businessmen, nor many economists, nor for that matter the President of the United States have caught up with the real strength of the American economy. Actual business news is confirming beyond cavil that the economy has been and is now resurgent everywhere. The next advance will, perforce, be rapid, not gentle, and in production the rise may well be explosive."



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B. Franklin

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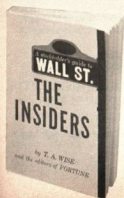
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NEW YORK RADIO

PEOPLE

BOB MAXWELL—Fri., March 29—4:15-6:00 P.M. Music. Man Robert Preston who's too good to be true in his current Broadway offering is Bob's guest. A very amusing discourse on whether it's more creatively fulfilling to repeat yourself a thousand times on Broadway or film it once for the movies.

ED JOYCE—Mon., April 1—1:15-3:00 P.M. Cyril Ritchard takes a sly look at American actors who "do the British bit" and British actors who try to sound American in their roles. A probe into a very interesting international image problem.

TED STEELE—Wed., April 3—3:15-4:00 P.M. Hatter Lily Dache, one of the more vocal designers of our century, discusses something of great interest to women. Women. A great lady who knows what females will go for comments on the why's. Few men will understand this interview... and they go on the pan, too.

MUSIC

FESTIVAL OF MUSIC OF BROADWAY—Monday, April 1, 10:10-11:00 P.M. Lee Jordan's big extravaganza from Carnegie Hall for the Cancer Crusade. (One day delay.) Anthony Newley, Nanette Fabray, Rudy Vallee, Orson Bean, Florence Henderson, Anita Gillette, Jack Haskell, Richard Kiley, Nancy Dussault—more stars than you can count. Jay Blackton's big Broadway orchestra, the Merill Station Choir.

MUSIC 'TIL DAWN—Thursday, April 4, 1:15 A.M. Giuseppe Tartini's Flute Concerto in G, Aurele Nicolet is soloist with the Lucerne Festival Strings, conducted by Rudolf Baumgartner. Saturday, April 6, 2:35 A.M. George Frederick Handel's "Six Little Fugues for Organ." E. Power Biggs is soloist; Sir Adrian Boult conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

SPORTS

YANKEE BASEBALL—The Grapefruit League, still making unlikely matches and scores, goes into the final two weeks. Friday, March 29—1:25 P.M.—The St. Louis Cardinals at Ft. Lauderdale; Saturday, March 30—1:25 P.M.—The Chicago White Sox at Ft. Lauderdale; Sun., March 31—1:25 P.M.—The Sox at Sarasota; Mon., April 1, 1:25 P.M.—The above on both AM and FM. (Regular season opens on WCBS Radio on April 9 with the Yanks at Kansas City.) Mel Allen, Red Barber and Phil Rizzuto ably handle play-by-play.

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CINEMA

Such Talk

The Playboy of the Western World. A lonely public house perches on a dune above the wild coast of Mayo; a flute and pipes keen an eerie obbligato to the complaining of the surf. Into the tavern stumbles a tatterdemalion lad, and to the landlord's daughter he says: "I'd trouble you for a glass of porter, woman of the house. I'm destroyed walking."

This touches off the torrent of language, the beautiful cadences of the Irish tongue, that ripples and sometimes spews through John Millington Synge's 1907 comedy. Such talk has not been heard since the poets of the Dingle Bay, and it very nearly keeps this straightforward and modest little film version of *Playboy* out of trouble. But trouble there is. Siobhan McKenna, for all her gloriously peat-boggy voice and her fine face with its mouth shaped like a shamrock leaf, is 20 years too old to be playing the fiery-tempered Peegen opposite the likes of boyish Gary Raymond. A pity, too, for the magic goes well until a closeup breaks the spell.

Raymond plays Christy Mahon, the dreamy wanderer whose bloody tale of parricide bewitches every hearer on that lonely and scandal-starved strand. Peegen clucks over him like a pullet, the Widow Quin sets traps for him, and a bevy—for there is no other word to describe these refugees from some amateurish *Pirates of Penzance*—of young girls pelt him with penny zigzags and surfeit him with breakfasts of duck eggs, fine fat boiled hens, cakes, and pats of butter wrapped in cabbage leaves. Too many cooks can spoil a broth of a boy, and Christy's vanity spurs him on to further embroideries on how he killed his wicked old father. Then father appears—and Christy Mahon, the golden-tongued playboy of the western world, crumples into a cringing figure of contempt before all his fine new friends. But whist! Christy-boy gets himself up, chases his old da outside, and with a whack of a loy, lays him low.

Synge's plot saves its surprises for the end. But what lingers behind is the recollection of all that brave, gorgeous language and one fine scene when Christy and Peegen declare their love against a hillock of dune grass, with the dappling sunlight going dim and bright all the while behind the hurrying October clouds.

In a Temple of Illusions

The Balcony. The first brothel was a temple. In antiquity the Mother Goddess was worshiped in the person of the sacred prostitute. Today the idea of erotic relations between heaven and earth persists in the fantasies of a frightening Frenchman named Jean Genet, an abandoned child who became successively a thief, a prostitute, a convict, and the most ferociously brilliant poet now at work in the French theater of the absurd. In *The Balcony*, a drama that resembles both a burlesque

Panama

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PRIZE!



Only 2½ jet hours from Miami—5 from New York, Panama is the country beguiling as its little San Blas Indian girls—

many *viridas* in baubles, bangles and the *mola* that pre-dates Columbus!

Your warmest welcome begins in Panama—even the currency is *simpático* with the balboa and U.S. dollar par value and interchangeable. Speak English or Spanish, whichever you choose. In well-stocked shops look for popular brands you always buy at home. And forget all about diet "taboos" for with the purest water and ultra-modern agriculture, Panama is the place to meet your gourmet friends—cuisine that ranges from exotically Latin American to conservative field and french fries.

Hotels? Panama offers you a choice of at least 40, from 4-star deluxe to "inexpensive but good." Play your hunch at the Hilton or Continental Casino, at the internationally known President Remon racetrack (you are admitted free). Don't miss "Switzerland in Panama" in the famed coffee-growing Chiriqui Highlands—stay at an Alpine-to-goodness chalet!

PANAMA, slender Isthmus Republic with beaches as lush as Tahiti—shops that can match Hong Kong! And safaris for the elusive *tigrillo*, fishing that's already set a score of world's records. Panama is the prize—for the most exciting vacation south of the U.S.A.

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Newest jet in the air

The world's newest jetliner, the Boeing 727, made its historic first flight on February 9. It turned in a performance that exceeded all expectations.

The new Boeing jet, shown above lifting off on a recent test flight, is now undergoing one of the most intensive test programs in airliner history.

When the 727 goes into service early next year, passengers will be

delighted with its roomy, quiet cabin and its wonderfully smooth and restful ride.

The 727 will carry from 70 to 114 passengers, at speeds up to 600 miles an hour. Designed to operate from runways as short as 5000 feet, the new 727 will bring the advantages of jet travel to hundreds of smaller cities.

Already, 131 Boeing 727s have been ordered by these leading

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"The uncommon whisky for the uncommon man"

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NEW ISSUE

March 18, 1963

\$30,000,000

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The First Boston Corporation Eastman Dillon, Union Securities & Co.

show and a Black Mass. Genet expounds his fantasies in a monstrous metaphor: the world is a vast brothel operated by an infernal, supernal, eternal Madam who sells her customers illusions in return for the surrender of their masculinity.

The film version of the play, produced in Hollywood for \$300,000, is relentlessly funny, shaggy, shocking. A revolution is raging as the picture begins. Society is collapsing, but prostitution is undisturbed. "Sometimes as a theater, sometimes as a church," the Madam (Shelley Winters) proclaims, "this house will always be here." In the film the house is situated in a film studio, in a pavilion of illusions. One chamber is arranged as a hall of justice: in it an office worker, satanic in black robes, buys the illusion that he is a judge and cruelly extracts a confession of a prostitute (Ruby Dee). A second cham-



RUBY DEE

Funny, shaggy, shocking.

ber is arranged as a chapel: in it a gas-meter reader, in miter and chasuble, buys the illusion that he is a bishop and lovingly receives a confession of a prostitute. A third chamber is arranged as a stable: in it a milkman, bristling with chest lettuce, buys the illusion that he is a cavalry general and prepares to mount his whorse.

Enter the local strongman (Peter Falk). The rebels, he says, are winning. The real chief justice, the real archbishop, the real general are dead. Why not substitute the counterfeit dignitaries, the world of illusion for the world of reality? He does, and illusion works just as well as reality. The rebels are defeated.

At this point, Genet's play dissolves hideously into myth: the immortal myth of the new king who conquers the old king, and then celebrates his marriage to the Mother Goddess with a rite of self-castration. The rebel leader comes to the brothel, buys the illusion that he is the strongman, and at the climax of his impersonation mutilates himself. To delete



“Our sales jumped to the highest level in our 93-year history ...right after we began advertising in LOOK”

FRANK B. RHODES
VICE PRESIDENT, ADVERTISING-MERCHANDISING
GROCERY STORE PRODUCTS CO.

Kitchen Bouquet, famous as an ingredient for making gravy and as a sealer to be brushed on meats, poultry and fish, was first sold to the public back in 1870. Today, it is enjoying one of the biggest sales booms in its history, and its maker—Grocery Store Products—gives much of the credit to LOOK.

“We went into LOOK for the first time in June of 1962,” reports Frank Rhodes, G.S.P. vice president in charge of advertising. “Other Kitchen Bouquet ads ran in LOOK in July and November. Almost immediately after we made LOOK our key advertising medium, we began setting new all-time records in sales.”

In addition, he notes, “bulk sales of Kitchen Bouquet—to hotels, restaurants and institutions—rose tremendously toward the end of 1962.

Apparently, LOOK is read by purchasing agents as well as by the younger, more affluent families who are the biggest buyers of our product.”

Kitchen Bouquet's plans for 1963? “We'll be back in LOOK,” states Mr. Rhodes. “And with a bigger budget than before.”

In 1962 vs. 1961, LOOK led all other magazines in food advertising revenue gains and in total advertising revenue gains. Because LOOK gets results. Because LOOK *means sales*.

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TM-329

this episode is to castrate the drama. The moviemakers delete it and the play ends not with a scream but a snigger.

In earlier scenes, however, the low jinks are vigorous and apropos. Genet has a gruesomely pictorial sense of humor ("Is the archbishop dead?"—"I hope so. His head is tied to the handlebars of a little boy's bicycle") and Scenarist Ben Maddow has a cute wit of his own ("The world is full of whores, but a good book-keeper is hard to find"). Too often, unhappily, the film is cute where the play was poetic, too often Director Joseph Strick permits his performers to natter what they are intended to intone. But moments of lurid lyricism survive, and vestiges of atavistic ritual. Genet is not, *pace* Sartre, a sick saint. He is a perfectly healthy witch doctor, and when he chooses he can cast a potent spell.

Beware the Dog

Mondo Cane is Italian for "a dog's world," and this film is anything but man's best friend. The movie draws its scenes, documentary style, from every available source of contemporary bestiality and human foible, and comments on them by shocking juxtaposition. It is filmed in all-too-living color. Fast pace, sophisticated commentary and occasional hilarity mitigate its lack of taste, but most of the film is openly calculated to raise eyebrows as well as gorges. If there is a message, it is that people are no damn good. A sampling:

► After ogling a beachful of bikined bosoms, the camera cuts abruptly to a woman in New Guinea nonchalantly nursing a small, bristly pig, cuts again to a nearby village, where screaming hogs are being clubbed to death by natives in preparation for a barbecue.

► At Pasadena's pet cemetery, mourning "mothers" sob as tiny coffins are lowered, a fat man in a sports shirt crosses himself over a grave, and a French poodle comments succinctly on the scene by relieving himself on a headstone marked "Judy Baby—our darling girl."

► Gaggling geese in Strasbourg are forced by husky women who stuff funnels down their gullets, the better to make *foie gras*. A herd of hefty women on the Bismarck Archipelago bolt down endless helpings of tapioca, the better to make fat wives for the scrawny chieftain.

► An underwater graveyard off the Malay coast is a litter of bones, picked clean by the sharks that come there to feed. The natives take advantage of the fact by catching the sharks and selling their fins to rich Chinese, who prize fins as aphrodisiacs. But the shark fishermen pay a price for their enterprise: scrambling over the beach to tend the drying fins, each shows the stump of a leg, a maimed hand, the nub of an elbow.

► A restaurant in Formosa follows the practice of many a good American seafood house: the patron is invited to select his dinner before it is cooked. There are cages of boxers and dachshunds and mongrel pups to choose from, but chow is considered the best.

WHAT HAS FOUR WALLS AND A PERSONALITY?

A room at The Plaza, of course! It's bound to have walls. No problem there. Yes, it's cool in the summer and warm in the winter. And it's beautifully decorated. Yes, the telephone means instant service. Yes, there's a television set with a Musak channel. Yes, the bathrooms are big enough to wash baby elephants in. And there are plenty of towels. And ash trays. And writing paper. And hangers in the closets. And so forth.

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Now there's Woman's Day.



Why don't women pass along Woman's Day?



"Whoever heard of passing along your grandmother?"

So many publishers today are boasting about how much their magazines get passed around that we'd like to tell you what happens when a magazine gets kept. First, it gets used. Over 1/2 million women a year write to us requesting further information on how, when, where, how much. Second, the advertiser gets more ad readers per dollar. Over the past ten years, Woman's Day has dominated the entire women's service field in ad readership scores, both color and black and white. Third, the publisher stays healthy. Woman's Day 1962 advertising revenue was up 31% over 1961. The average gain for the rest of the field was 3.6%. Pass along, indeed!

Sources: Starch General Magazine Advertisements Reports; PIB.

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

BOOKS

Love Among the Ruins

A FAVOURITE OF THE GODS (287 pp.)—*Sybil Bedford*—Simon & Schuster [\$4.50].

It is not true that Freud, Joyce and general confusion in the mind have made it impossible to write novels in the manner of Anthony Trollope. Sybil Bedford does just that. She is not an existentialist desperado; she does not go into psychological swivets; she has no new material for Dr. Kinsey. She just tells a plain tale



SYBIL BEDFORD
Of gilded larks in a family tree.

with an old-fashioned Trollopean sense of the importance of what people wear, the houses they occupy, the jobs and property they get and lose, and the inherent drama of the tables of consanguinity. To this concern she adds a truly female tongue for the arts of conversation and a grasp of the idiom of appearances.

With this admirable equipment and range of interest, Mrs. Bedford wrote *The Legacy* (TIME, Feb. 11, 1957), a family study of the antediluvian fabric of Catholic European civilization that is regarded by a small but devout body of readers as a minor masterpiece. Now seven years after, she has followed it with *A Favourite of the Gods*, in which another family of aristocratic Europeans (this time, Italian-English-American rather than German-English) plays the complicated game of living by the exacting rules of class and faith.

No Place like Rome. Anna Howland, an American heiress who looked like a Botticelli, arrived in Rome trailing clouds of 19th century transcendentalism and money. She quickly became a princess (by marriage) and a Catholic (by conversion). Her New England cash restored the frescoes in the Roman *palazzo*, and her new

Catholicism reinforced her temperamental prudery. It seemed incredible to her princely in-laws, but she did not know what all Rome knew—that Prince Rico, her husband, had lived throughout their marriage in devoted adultery with a Princess Giulia Monfalco. She created a tremendous fuss when she found out, decamped with her daughter Constanza to lead a diminished but still sumptuous life in London, and went into a huff that lasted the rest of her life.

Constanza grows up believing that Papa's unmentionable crime was some dark, monstrous Byronic business. When she finds out that Mama's big Mad Scene had been over nothing more than poor Papa's peccadillo, she is unimpressed—particularly as she is already giving her aristocratic English husband a bad time, not because she won't put up with his love affairs, but because, sophisticated and all that, he just can't put up with hers. So Constanza is left with her daughter Flavia, who at the age of ten shows similar signs of wit and wantonness. It is very Grand Opera indeed, complete with a potty plot, gorgeous scenery, some nice, old-fashioned novelistic business about missing rubies and revoked wills, and mercifully crisp recitative.

"All Wrong, Mr. James!" Sybil Bedford also has some fun with another character, an Anglicized American dilettante called Mr. James, apparently introduced so that the novelist may let us know that the old master Henry did not know all he was supposed to know about American heiresses—or American simplicity muddled by European sophistication. "You are all wrong," Constanza tells Mr. James. "It is the Italians who are simple; they did not have any novelists to tell them what they are like."

The Quick-Disposal Doubt

A FORTUNE IN DIMES (338 pp.)—*Mary Carter*—Atlantic-Little Brown [\$4.95].

"Life in California" has long been reserved as a topic headline in *The New Yorker* for items indicating that something more rich and strange than ordinary human life goes on out there. West Coast Novelist Mary Carter also argues that California, specifically Pasadena, is a special enclave within the Affluent Society—more trouble-free, less wrinkle-prone, where nothing intrudes to clutter up the sunny living space but the quick-disposal doubt.

Teen culture embraces all generations in Pasadena, and Novelist Carter's hero shows how painless is the cure for a small case of doubt in the full, rich, empty life. He is Decker Wells, 6 ft. 3 in. tall, a high school senior about to become a freshman at U.C.L.A., where his major will be "kind of general, maybe I'll end up in business administration." With his fellows he stands "in a lump," distinguishable only by name, weight, hair coloring, and

small variables within high-bracket Pasadena youth society.

Brownie Points. Unlike Salinger's magic Holden Caulfield, Decker is inarticulate, and the internal musings of this gilded mooncalf are gruesomely awkward. When he behaves well, he thinks of himself as "making Brownie points human-wise." Others undertake to explain him to himself, like his college roommate. He is a Siwash Indian who is the first of his tribe to go to college, but he tells Wells: "You fascinate me. Wells. You are untouched. No diseases of the outside world have tinged you. You're part of an aboriginal race, maybe. I wonder if it has something to do with the climate in Pasadena



MARY CARTER
Of a full, rich, empty life.

... the anthropologists are wrong. Leisure doesn't always lead to culture."

As anthropology, Mrs. Carter's guided tour of the Pasadena paradise is indeed fascinating. The pattern of the perfect life is disturbed by nothing but slight cases of alcoholism or misdating outside the tribe. Mother worries that Decker might get hooked on a starlet and bring on Jerry Giesler with a paternity case. Sister has already married a mathematician from Cal Tech, who appears to her as a wonderful being, "exotic and remote as a maharajah"—but who makes less money than the gardener, Decker's father—still hung up on a bogus buddyhood with war cronies—is a martini-oiled mechanism, a country-club wine-and-food snob and bore. His grandfather is a picture of the indigence of a foolish old age. After a successful life as a real estate shark, the old phony has set himself up disguised as a grizzled sourdough pioneer of the Old West—he came from Iowa—and runs a California-type museum devoted to the world's greatest collection of whorehouse pianos, amassed by himself.

Brief Muddle. Will Pasadena's teenagers, who congest the sands of nearby Balboa like mating seals, detach them-



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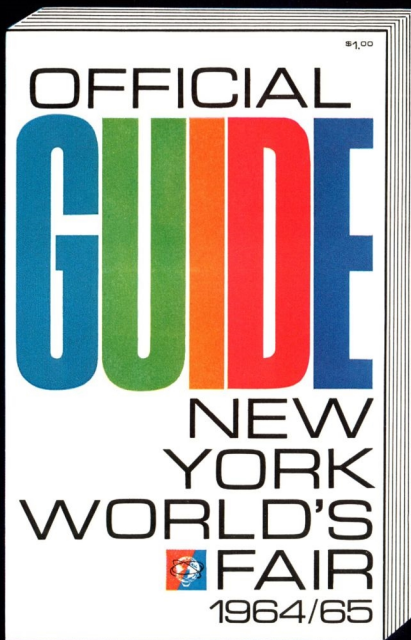


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People who prize Scotch pay the price for Pinch®

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. HEMFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

selves from the herd and grow up to be men and women? It seems unlikely. Only death, like poverty or God, an unmentionable fact of life, offers Decker a vision of life in its grave reality. He flunks a child-watching chore, and his little cousin Buddy dies a Californian death by surfboard. This muddles him for a time, but we are given to understand he will soon settle down to life with the other seals. One of his friends, however, is moved by the event to chuck the good life and become a monk. The motivation of this holy man may puzzle the reader, though it is suggested that life in a monastery is at least one way out of Pasadena—as drink is said to be the quickest way out of Philadelphia.

Pogrom in Yorkshire

THE KING'S PERSONS (284 pp.)—Joanne Greenberg—Holt, Rinehart & Winston (\$4.95).

London, 1189: the coronation of King Richard *Coeur de Lion*. Suddenly a Jew, pushing through the assembled throng to present a gift to the new King, jostled a Christian. "Assassins," cried the Christian, and the mob turned savagely on the hated and distrusted Jewish delegation. Beating, kicking and slashing, the Christians surged through the Jewish quarter of London putting the torch to its tinderbox houses. From the capital, the flames of anti-Semitism fanned northward into Cambridge, Norwich, Lincoln, and finally to the city of York, where in an orgy of bloodletting the city's Jewish population was systematically massacred during its Passover celebration.

Smoldering Decay. Joanne Greenberg, a Colorado housewife and part-time medievalist, spent five years digging into the historical records on the York slaughter for her first novel. The result is a fascinating and minute examination of 12th century English life. The feudal structure was beginning to decay. Paranoid religious fanaticism sapped the strength of the monastic community, and the power of the baronies was gradually being clipped by the Crown. Lack of funds postponed the start of the Third Crusade, which was expected to revive both faith and the church's fortune. As setback piled on setback, the smoldering resentment of Britain's Christians focused on the Jews.

Though the Crown declared that "all Jews are under the protection and defense of the liege King" and they were commonly known as the King's Persons, Jews were nevertheless outcasts in a Christian society that viewed them as heretics. They were prohibited from owning land or holding titles, and lived by the illegal profession of moneylending. Bled by royal taxes, the barons and priests were forced to mortgage their lands to the moneylenders for gold and silver.

Pariah & Servant. The richest of York's moneylenders was Baruch of Northstreet. He flaunted his wealth on his bejeweled fingers, had no qualms about cheating the Christians who kept him a social pariah. But Baruch's son Abram was his

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novel of the
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of missiles
and
missile men

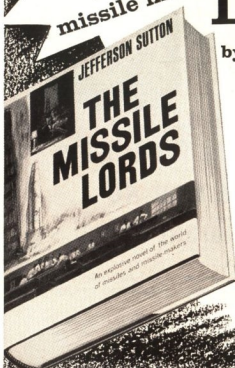
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by JEFFERSON
SUTTON

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An intimate biography of
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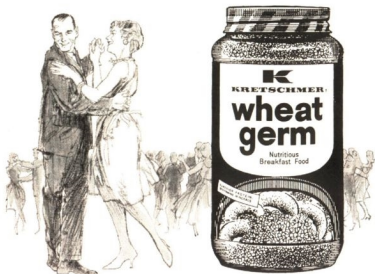
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- **Kretschmer Wheat Germ** is the "growth" part, or germinating heart, of the wheat made into tiny toasted flakes. It can be added to cereal or fruit, used in baking and breadings, served in many interesting ways.
- **Why not help** build up your pep and energy by adding Kretschmer Wheat Germ to your meals? It's economical, costing only about 3¢ a day. You'll find Kretschmer Wheat Germ, plain or with Sugar 'n Honey, in vacuum-sealed, screw-top jars in the cereal section of your food store.

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father's despair. A failed rabbi, Abram despised Baruch's vanity and usury, refused to learn the lending trade, struck up a friendship and a religious dialogue with a simple Catholic monk. To the consternation of his parents, Abram also gradually fell in love with Bett, their poor Christian servant girl.

Author Greenberg is placed in the ambivalent position of having written a bad novel and a good book. Her plot reads like a combination of Abram's Irish Rose and a study of that tedious 20th century malaise, *Lack of Communication*. But if her fiction is wanting, her historiography is not. With painstaking care, she has



JOANNE GREENBERG
A bad novel, a good book.

woven each of the skeins of medieval life into a vivid tapestry that shows the loutishness and insensitivity of the baronial landholders, the obtuseness of the peasantry, the twisted fervor of churchmen who found virtue in the wholesale slaughter of heretics, and the disturbing contrast between the warmth of Jewish communal life and the demeaning nature of usury.

Good Bad & Bad Bad

A FREE AGENT (318 pp.)—*Frederic Wakeman*—Simon & Schuster (\$4.95).

Critics will never admit it, and the reader's good sense denies it, but sometimes bad writing is best. Good writing would never have produced Eliza crossing the ice, *Scarlet* and Rhett, *Ivanhoe*, *Amber*, James Bond, *Arrowsmith*, *Queeg's* ball bearings, or any of the Bobbsey twins. The best and most enjoyable bad writing ever done by an American is Hemingway's in *To Have and Have Not*, but when some anthologist pastes together the definitive collection of *Great Moments from Bad Novels*, he should give a secondary dedication, at least, to *Frederic Wakeman*.

It was *Wakeman*, in *The Hucksters*,



The American Mutual Reinsurance Company of Chicago had an unusually successful year in 1962. Its surplus gain was \$811,460, out of which \$375,000 was added to the reserve for the redemption of debentures, bringing this total reserve up to \$1,125,000. These debentures will be redeemed by the Company with the approval of the Securities and Exchange Commission in accordance with the Indenture Agreement.

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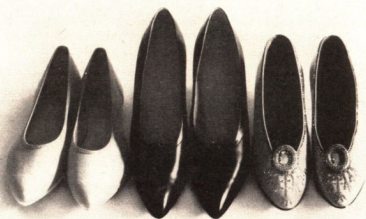
AMERICAN MUTUAL REINSURANCE COMPANY

ASSETS

	1962	1961
U. S. Securities (Amortized Value)	\$ 7,836,114	\$ 9,147,412
Other Bonds (Amortized Value)	5,748,794	4,928,157
Common Stocks (Market Value)	1,020,896	839,895
Cash in Offices and Banks	827,900	909,548
Premium Balances Receivable	(340,722)	(60,913)
Reinsurance Recoverable	2,035,482	681,437
Interest Accrued on Investments	101,727	96,920
Total Admitted Assets	\$17,230,191	\$16,542,456

LIABILITIES

	1962	1961
Reserve for:		
Premiums Unearned	\$ 1,003,389	\$ 1,666,370
Losses	983,562	1,094,582
Expenses	24,894	24,080
Federal Income Tax	102,294	108,563
Interest Accrued on Debentures	16,875	16,875
Reinsurance Not Admitted in Illinois	432,426	289,829
Debenture Redemption	1,125,000	750,000
Fluctuation in Values of Investments	0	500,000
Funds Held under Reinsurance Treaties	6,361,429	5,992,157
	\$10,049,869	\$10,442,456
*Guaranty Fund (3% Debentures)	\$ 1,125,000	\$ 1,125,000
Unassigned Funds (Surplus)	6,055,322	4,975,000
	7,180,322	6,100,000
Total Liabilities, Reserves & Surplus	\$17,230,191	\$16,542,456



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and there are shoe buyers

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By GENE GLEASON

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—BERNARDINE KIELTY, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*. "The work of a craftsman who gathered his facts well and set them down in easy reading style."
—*Christian Science Monitor*. Photographs. \$5.95

The Duchess of Dino

By PHILIP ZIEGLER

The story of the formidably beautiful and ambitious woman who was Talleyrand's niece and hostess — and may have been his mistress. "Lively...rewarding...distinguished."—*Washington Post*. "Excellent."
—ANDRÉ MAUROIS.

Illustrated. \$5.95

YOUNG PEOPLE AND DRINKING

By ARTHUR H. CAIN

With younger persons primarily in mind, a specialist in alcohol studies presents the physiological and psychological facts about alcohol. The tone is objective. "Excellent...a thoughtful survey."
—*Library Journal*. \$3.25



The Amazing Mississippi

By WILLARD PRICE

One of the world's best travel writers tells the story of Old Man River, yesterday and today. "Fascinating." — CARL CARMER. "Reveals the many moods of the great river and the life along its shores."
—WALTER HAVIGHURST

Illustrated. \$5.50

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THE JOHN DAY COMPANY
New York 16

who began the Madison Avenue genre, but none of Wakeman's imitators approached him for Great Moments. There were three genuine Moments in the book: the first when Victor Norman—Hamlet as hidden persuader—threw away his black knit necktie and bought a sincere \$35 hand-painted number on the way to a job interview; the second when Norman, newly hired as an account executive at \$35,000 per, amusedly dropped \$8 out of his office window; and the third when Norman watched his client, Evan Llewelyn Evans, spit on the board-room table to illustrate a point in mnemonics. There was nothing much to the rest of *The Hucksters*, and there didn't need to be.

If Wakeman had dropped from sight after *The Hucksters*, he might have been remembered as the Jack London of Manhattan's midtown. Instead, he kept on turning out novels, risking the law of averages. A *Free Agent* is the worst of a dreary descent. The author has lost his knack of writing badly well. Worse news, the hero is not world-wise but incredibly doltish, even allowing for the fact that he is supposed to be some kind of intelligence agent.

The Harmless Drudge

JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY, A MODERN SELECTION [465 pp.]—E. L. McAdam Jr. and George Milne—Pantheon [\$6.50].

Anyone who has ever used pen and ink ("the black liquor with which men write") has cause to be grateful to Dr. Samuel Johnson, who compiled what was almost the first and for a long time the best dictionary of the English language.

Before civilization became overcluttered with low pragmatic fellows, a man of letters cut a fine figure in the world. None was more pompous ("splendid; magnificent; grand") than Dr. Samuel Johnson, known to his contemporaries as the Great Lexicographer, or the Great Cham of literature.

His dictionary was a prodigious ("amazing, astonishing, portentous, enormous") feat, a one-man job ("a low word now much in use") comprising 2,300 folio pages of definitions and examples accomplished in nine years (from 1746 to 1755), with the help of only six copyists. Only a fopdoodle ("a fool") or a slubberdegullion ("a paltry, dirty, sorry wretch") would deny the greatness of the work, and only one who had carried it out had the right to define a lexicographer (as Johnson did in the dictionary) as "a harmless drudge." Privately, he was no so humble. As he told his Boswell: "I knew very well what I was undertaking, and very well how to do it,—and have done it very well."

Two Johnson scholars have now had the bright idea of compiling a selection of the great work. They, too, have done it very well. It will amuse the word buff and inform those who might be interested in what the language was like before it was run over by two centuries of social change and technological revolution.

Even those who just like to soss ("sit

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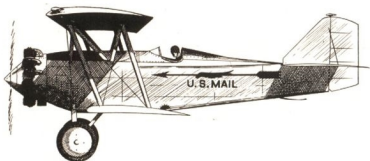
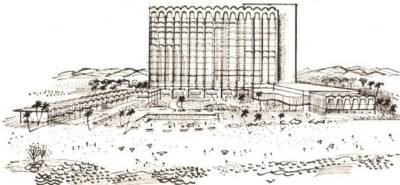


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lazily in a chair") will notice what a fine, manly style of address Johnsonian English really is. Johnsonian English, which has come to mean a sonorous and orotund Latinity of style, anfractuouly embellished with dependent clauses like the marble ornaments of a baroque memorial in a Wren church, was as close to the farmyard, the tavern and the brawling life of London streets as it was to the Latin grammar.

"Rotgut," a word that sounds as if it were coined no later than Prohibition, meant much the same thing to Johnson; it was "bad beer" in his day. A Hollywood flesh peddler, *i.e.*, actor's agent, has



LEXICographer JOHNSON
A fig for fopdoodles.

a philological ancestor in Johnson's London, where a pimp was a fleshmonger. "Bum" Dr. Johnson defined with magisterial simplicity as "the part on which we sit."

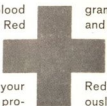
To Johnson, a flatterer was a "claw-back"; a bad doctor, a "quacksalver." Only a wantwit or a clodpate can fail to get some notion of Johnson's character in his definition of a dedication as "a servile address to a patron," or a pension as "pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country." Though Johnson is said to be the great Latinizer of English, English never did get Latinized. Today no one calls a cow pasture a "vaccary," and infants are weaned, not "ab lactated."

There were a lot of things Johnson did not know. A tarantula is not "an insect whose bite is only cured by music"; a cassowary is not a bird of prey; and only a jack pudding or zany would believe that pygmies are devoured by cranes. Whether today's lexicographers are wiser is another matter. Johnson may not have known what a masochist was (the eponymous Herr von Masoch had not yet been born to give his name to those who find pleasure in their own pain), but Lexicographer Johnson had a word for the type of man: he was a "seeksorrow."



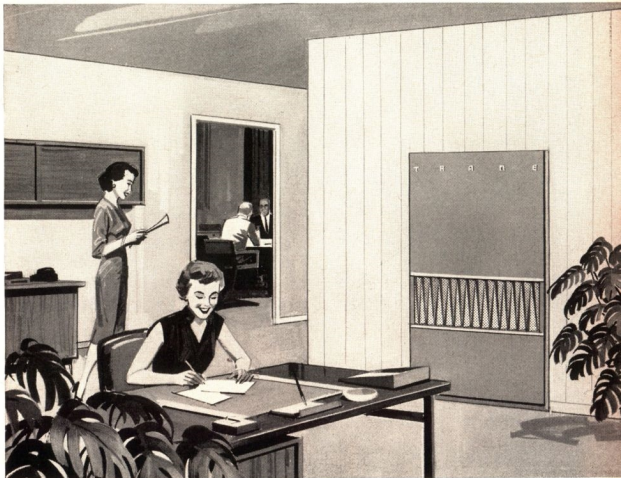
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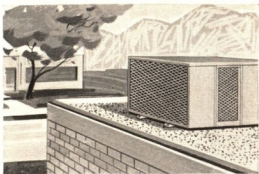
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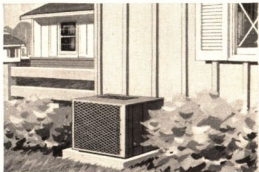
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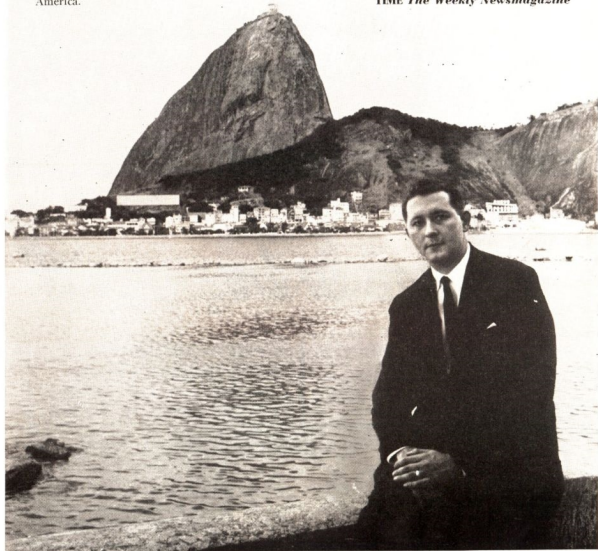
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JOHN BLASHILL: RIO DE JANEIRO "Brazil is a growing giant. It has close to 75 million people and by 1975 will have 105 million. In land area it is larger than the continental U. S. It is a giant unsure of itself and full of complexes, suffering the teen-age pains of growing up. But it *is* growing up. It is a developing democracy whose people value freedom as much as life."

Thus does Rio Bureau Chief John Blashill describe the enormous nation which he covers for the editors of *TIME*. Ohio-born, Blashill broke into radio newscasting in Santa Ana, California. During the Korean War he became enlisted news chief of the Army's radio station in Tokyo. On his return he ran the full gamut of jobs on the small Beverly Hills *Citizen*, then headed for Europe. *TIME* found him as a wire service correspondent in Madrid, later brought him to New York as a writer in the Hemisphere section. Assigned to Rio in late 1961, Blashill found Brazil torn socially and economically by its long-raging battle for political stability. Now, some of its scars are healing. But, reports Blashill: "Brazil is still in deep trouble. It needs drastic, immediate reforms to control its inflation, spiraling at the rate of 65% a year. It needs a vast basic education program to enable its millions of unskilled workers to earn a living wage. Many Brazilians are uneducated, and every Brazilian I know is a nationalist. Nationalism combined with ignorance can lead to demagoguery. Brazil dominates Latin America; if its teen-age bewilderment becomes adult rebellion, the effects of its wrath will shake every nation in South—and North—America."

TIME *The Weekly Newsmagazine*





Photographed at Dumbarton, Scotland, by "21" Brands

A squad of geese guards Ballantine's

At Dumbarton, Scotland, thousands of oaken barrels of Scotch Whisky destined to become Ballantine's lie racked in the aging sheds. They are guarded by a proud squad of 13 white Chinese geese, led by a crusty old gander irreverently called Mr. Ballantine. Any uninvited visitor must first deal with these stern sentinels. For one shrill cackle starts another and soon a tuneless symphony brings the authorities.

Here the 42 fine Scotch Whiskies that go into Ballantine's are brought to maturity. Rolling

mists from the nearby Clyde gently wrap each barrel in a silken blanket. As the whisky in each barrel "breathes" this moist Scottish atmosphere, it slowly loses any sharpness, emerging with its characteristic sunny-light flavor.

Once harmonized into Ballantine's, the result is Scotch Whisky unsurpassed in authentic taste—never heavy or brash...nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. Just a few reasons why: ***The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.***





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